THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Weekly
Fou[illegible] Franklin

DEC. 16, '22 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada

THE PRINCESS OF PARADISE ISLAND—By Kenyon Gambier
ART FOR RED GAP'S SAKE—By Harry Leon Wilson

"KEEPING WATCH"

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Company *Copyright 1922 by Cream of Wheat Company*

Why are Vests Open Below the Collar?

As early as the year 945, A. D., the linen shirt became a mark of taste and distinction. Good linen was then so rare that none but the rich "dandies" could afford it. So they cut away the vest in front to let the shirt be seen!

That's why your vest doesn't button up to the neck today.

Our McBedwin Finish is a strictly modern feature—appreciated everywhere by gentlemen of taste. No body-lining is used. By means of exquisite tailoring alone the inside of the coat is finished more beautifully than even full silk lining, yet costs you nothing extra.

See your Adler Collegian dealer. He has smart styles for every man of 17 to 70.

DAVID ADLER & SONS COMPANY
Milwaukee

The McBedwin Finish

THEY KEEP YOU LOOKING YOUR BEST

ADLER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

The best gift for him

A Hart Schaffner & Marx overcoat

What more pleasantly expresses the warm, friendly spirit of Christmas than a warm, stylish overcoat of good fleecy wool?

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Copyright, 1922, Hart Schaffner & Marx

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1922, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Galveston, Tex., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 195 — 5c. THE COPY, 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, PA., DECEMBER 16, 1922 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 25

ART FOR RED GAP'S SAKE

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Red Gap Had Its First Good Thrill. And After That Potlatches Was Held at Other Refined Homes for the Noble Couple

AT TEN o'clock that morning Ma Pettengill had suggested a little jaunt over Wild Horse Canyon way. She said it would show our interest in the general rodeo after dry stock that currently engaged the Arrowhead yeomanry. As the phrase "little jaunt" was cleanly enunciated—even stressed—I went all unwitting to my fate, escaping death from starvation by the narrowest margin. Expecting enough exercise to promote a decent luncheon appetite, I had been led on and on into a grim welter of hills, over bleak passes, into strange valleys and so to Wild Horse Canyon, a winding and precipitous defile that in any self-respecting railway folder would be entitled Devil's Gorge. The trip could be called a little jaunt only by one using words in a big, careless way. There was no luncheon whatever, and the pinch of famine was felt during the early startled hours of the mad sortie.

My betrayer was unmoved, even callous. She seemed still to believe we were taking a little jaunt. When, after six hours of the brutal progress, I piteously inquired "Have we gone over into Idaho yet, or is it Montana?" she merely remarked that a mountain trail is the longest possible distance between two points, which was not an answer. Darkness fell and still the crazed woman rode on. When it became apparent that we were lost, that we must pass a foodless night in the open, where the innocent one of us would perish miserably, at least twenty difficult miles from sustenance, a gap opened unreasonably in the line of hills and below us gleamed the Arrowhead lights. The trail must somewhere have furtively turned upon itself.

Half an hour later we were warm in the Arrowhead living room, closely watching a too deliberate Chinaman move between his kitchen and a set table. My hostess, now dight and caparisoned in a trailing robe of luminous tints and with too much powder athwart her sunburned nose, withdrew from a secret recess a bottle of Scotch whisky anciently garnered before the name of a certain congressman was known beyond a narrow circle of intimates. Having inflated portions of this with a restless water, Ma Pettengill announced, sipping the persuasive stuff, that she was a mite hungry. She said it always made her hungry to ride all day with no lunch. I began a retort to be biting with irony, but let it early expire when I heard the woman say we might as well have a few of them little Italian dofunnies in oil before the main show begun. Which we had—three tins of them; small fish or fishlike organisms, unctuous, pungent, provocative. They bridged a wait, yet in a moment were but piquant memories. When dinner was announced it became as if we had tasted no food since morning.

The edge of the great platter encircled a mounting hill of spaghetti. It was more than a charming hill; it was a volcanic mountain playfully eruptive with geysers of fragrant steam. Instantly before this gracious eminence the all-soul became aware of its oneness, its unique pattern cut from the undivided flux, as Monsieur Bergson might have said had he been among us and as avid as we. The theme opened with a note of startled consciousness, succeeded by a mellowing concept, the coloring essentially somber though relieved at intervals by shreds of mushroom, and culminated triumphantly in emotions of a chaste refinement to which the attenuated juices of tomato and onion, the passion of scarlet peppers, the robust counterpoint of a sound cheese and a broad hint of well-smoked bacon richly contributed. I mean to say, life had not only been prolonged but beautified. Its hard angles were now fluent with the suave, sinuous twinings of spaghetti plus art.

Many active but delightful moments passed ere I had leisure or wit to reflect that no unschooled Chinaman could have achieved this supernal balance among oils, juices and savors. A Chinaman could learn, but who had taught this one? Later I must ask about this. It would have to be later. For the moment—it was a spaghetti of which one might chamber vast quantities without it seeming, so to say, to register.

With dessert came an Italian cheese of haunting bouquet and this caused an echo to ring down memory's now beauteous corridors—the hors d'œuvres also had been veritably Italian. And with coffee I was fit for cunning surmise. I surmised that the Arrowhead had somehow been latinized. On this I observed a new art work gleaming from the wall before me in gilt investiture. It hung between the architect's drawing of Pettengill Block, Fourth & Main Streets, Red Gap, and the lithographed portrait of Mister Perfection, a Hereford of distinguished ancestry, ponderous and benign. The new picture again sounded the Italian note, for it was a pastel of Vesuvius.

Italy lay about us. It embraced even the Arrowhead help, for at this moment the men left their table in the kitchen and on the porch as they paused before their saunter to the bunk house the voice of him called Fresno whined in casual balladry:

They needed a song bird in heaven
To sing when the angels would pray—

"Ain't he the coyote tenor?" observed his employer. "And wait till you get his sob-gulp." I waited. The lyric fainted with distance but the sob-gulp carried:

He's gone to that sweet land of sunshine,
Forever and ever to stay;
They needed a song bird in heaven,
So God took Caruso away.

Italy was persisting. I grouped my clews: Hors d'œuvres, spaghetti, cheese, Vesuvius of the flame-lit summit—a song bird in heaven. They enforced a conviction. As Ma Pettengill relaxed in her favorite chair before the fire I said brightly, "So this is Italy!"

It seemed to be too blunt; the lady replied that with everything under fence and wood hauling done, it looked as if she might be able to get some ditch cleaning started next week; that is, unless she decided to quit the game entirely. Yes, sir; she might quit any time and go back East to join a union. What union? Well, she'd just read the paper about it. She found the paper.

"The only union I ever heard of that seemed to have room for me," she boomed; "the Middle Class Union. Yep, organized and incorporated. It says here 'Its membership will consist of that host of refined but unorganized individuals who are neither labor unionists, politicians nor capitalists.' Don't that let me in? I'm certainly unorganized, just a poor old dud that's made a failure of the cattle business for thirty straight years in one spot, and that shows I ain't a capitalist; and I never tried to be a politician. Of course I ain't any too darned refined—still! The only thing that puzzles me, after they get organized what they going to do to be saved? If I knew I'd go down there tomorrow; bating that, I may stick on here another month."

Again I brought Italy into the talk. As the woman listened this time and as she seemed puzzled, I stooped to details; Italian comestibles, Italian art, Italian song in this remote hutch! What about it? Did it happen or was it planned?

"Both, in parts." The lady's eyes glistened. "Say, you ought to of seen the count the time he was up here showing how to cook up the dope for that spaghetti. Most always once is enough to show a Chinaman anything, but the count had to show him three times by reason of so many trifles going into it that it looks like nothing would happen if you left one or two out. But you can't fool the count or the countess either."

Count—countess! Strange speech this!

"Excuse me! I didn't know we touched the nobility here. But very well. Count Who, Countess Who, where from, why?"

Ma Pettengill drew shut her tobacco sack by catching one end of the draw string between her teeth, deftly fashioned the cigarette and put flame to it. The light revealed a vast musing in her slightly narrowed eyes. Then with a flick of the burned match into the fire she shifted the musing gaze to me.

"What do you say life is like?" she suddenly demanded.

I did not wish to say, but it seemed imperative, so I made up something that would not too long delay the principal speaker of the evening.

"Life," I said, feigning interest in my words, "is to me like a trout stream winding down through a canyon. You fish along, getting one here and there, but what keeps you going isn't the fish; it's that you want to see what's around the next bend. If you come to an open space where you can see ahead you lose interest, but as long as a bend hides something you keep on. Of course it's foolish; you know it will be the same old creek, but something goads you. It says maybe you'll find a pool better than all other pools, and bigger fish. You don't believe it with your head, but something else believes it and you can't quit, whether the fish are few or many. That's why we keep going till the dark comes, and suddenly realize that we're ten hard miles from home or a good twenty years or some such matter. How's that?"

The lady continued to muse, then: "Not so bad. I guess that tells why I stay in a business where aces are wild one hand and deuces wild the next and you're never told which it's going to be—but the count got me to thinking something different about life." She paused, did minor repairs to the cigarette and dreamed above it: "What I think, human beings are like these here bugs that sew themselves up in cocoons. A professor of such that was up here one time told me about their silly habits. First it's a wormish critter, then it sews itself up and comes out a butterfly; then the butterfly lays eggs that hatch out another worm, and what does it do but sew itself up again and come out a butterfly. What's the sense of such doings? What good do they get out of it? Wouldn't you think they'd get wise and quit? Around and around in a circle that gets 'em simply no place—nothing to look forward to.

"Well, humans are like that, at least partly. They're hatched and right off they begin to sew themselves up into a cocoon. You can't see this cocoon, but it's there; spun out of what their families and other folks think they should be. Pretty soon they get the habit of doing what other folks think, and there the poor things are, sewed up tight in their own habits. Of course no one knows if they come out butterflies or not, but up to that stage they're sure insects. You take any person from forty on—he's sewed up; all he'll ever do is spin a few more threads to make it tighter."

I replied that between us we had covered this point. I added that the suggestion of human grubs winding themselves about with thought habits until they formed a prison from which no escape was possible enlightened and refreshed me; but the strands of my own cocoon being composed largely of curiosity, and the winding process still continuing, I wished to be told more about the count; how the spinning of his cocoon chanced to comprise spaghetti at the Arrowhead, and what about the countess?

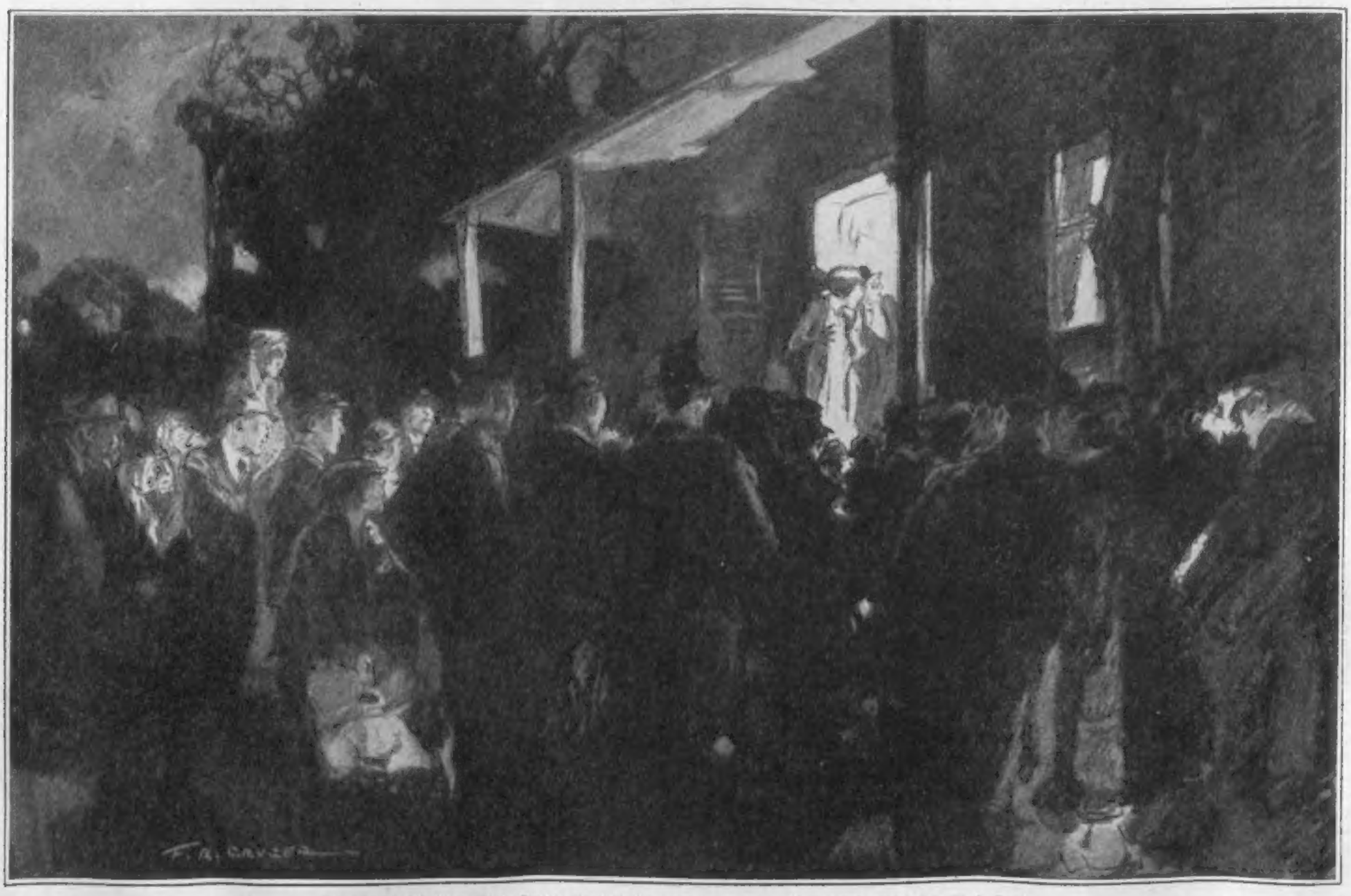
"It's about him I was thinking," replied my hostess. "It's him give me that cocoon notion because he's an insect that got his cocoon nearly finished and then done something few of his fellow bugs have the sense to do, which was to bust out of the old one that was already tight around him and start another that was downright different. I reckon if we could all do that and keep on doing it life wouldn't have any end.

"Of course this count had help. You might say he was wrenched out of the old cocoon. Still, he showed the savvy to begin a grand new one where most of us would of curled up and quit."

I waited for the making of another cigarette. When its end glowed I said that the faultless spaghetti alone had made this wrenching of the count seem worth while. Still, who wrenched him and why?

Well, in the first place the countess is Luetta May Leach, of Red Gap. She's a countess by marriage, the daughter of Ross Leach, who is the Merchants' National Bank and some other mercenary things. Old Nine-Per-Cent, they call him, and he's vain of the title. Say, there's someone in Spokane right now that should have a gold medal for daring and reckless enterprise. I see in yesterday's paper that Ross was up there—being a member of our Civic Purity League he probably went up to investigate vice conditions—and some fiend took a diamond stud worth twelve hundred dollars from his shirt front. It tells a lot about him. And I bet it's the only loss he's suffered since Luetta May wed into the nobility. Ross' face is just as kind and smiling and amiable as a set bear trap. He's an egg that's been boiling in Devil's Caldron ever since Yellowstone Park was throwed open. Still, he can't have regarded Luetta's

(Continued on Page 98)



Rose Opens the Door While Luetta Trembled and Clung to Him. A Horrible Sight Met Their Eyes

The Princess of Paradise Island

The Eyes of the Two Met in a Swift Frank Scrutiny. He Was Vainly, Hopelessly Searching for Words Which Could Say His Thought

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

HE LISTLESSLY tapped "9" on the adding machine, the last stroke of the day. Had he known that the tap was a final farewell to sums by machinery his fist might have come down with a bang; but that is doubtful, for he was too inert for an impetuous act. He took out the tabulated sheet, dropped it into a drawer, pulled his hat over his eyes and slouched out with a curt nod. Miss Peters, cashier at the electric-light company's and superior official of Capt. Charles Bonsal, late officer of the American infantry, flipped a lip corner at his back, but her eyes were sympathetic.

Mrs. Timmons, born and bred in London, paused in extracting dollar notes from a thin pocketbook and remarked that he was a fine figger of a man for all his grouch against the world; to which snappy Miss Peters, as she receipted the lady's account for light, retorted that it was time he came to himself and got a move on.

"Fancy 'im pounding out them bills," said Mrs. Timmons, pointing to her account with a roughened skinny finger, "and 'im a son of Mars, and looks it too." To Miss Peters' inquiry about his mother she explained that she had used a war saying which signified a gallant 'ero.

The son of Mars moodily strolled through the wearisome street to his dull little room and vacantly read the empty small-town evening paper; he went home that way every week day. Three years before he had come of age in years and in physique, but not in brain. He had been neither stupid in mind nor listless in play or work; had plodded cheerfully along an ambitionless road without lifting his eyes to see where it would end; had been indifferent that others had gone ahead of him as electricians in the works; had been of those slow developers who come to themselves in their own good time and often catch up in a spurt and forge swiftly ahead; but such are hurried at their peril. He had been seized and ruthlessly hustled into a man's job which to him had been detestable; his narrow vision, critical, uncomprehending, unawakened, included only what was around and about him, and he struck no general balance of good and bad in mankind. He had a fine physique, thorough French, acquired incidentally in boarding with a French teacher who had an American wife; and this physical quality and this mental acquirement had, in his own phrase, made a monkey of him. In the war he had been promptly commissioned, made liaison officer, attached to staffs always, in attendance on colonels, on generals, on a French field marshal for a time. He could not escape this decorative ceremonial life, safe and comfortable in the rear, and when he ended with the rank of captain he conceived his army career as that of a liveried upper servant, holding a French decoration that he had not earned and receiving newspaper notices that he did not deserve. He had been dropped down behind the scenes of the great drama. Jealousies, levities, antagonisms, were close about him; he saw these with the hot astonishment of a boy; he hardened without expanding, and by degrees became a silent military machine, punctual, unforgetting, thorough. He was not liked, but he was trusted; he was solid, stolid, without nerves or weakness; a commanding figure, of whom lieutenants stood in awe; in reality he was a small-town youth astray among big things. The root of all this was his bitter disappointment at the kind of work demanded of him: he might, if he had been a doughboy, have come back from war to enjoy that belated and joyous youth which sometimes comes to boys who were too fat at fourteen and whose development of brain lags behind growth of body.

Long after Armistice Day he had come from Cologne with a general, whom he had kept dry and warm in Paris while the general went from dinner to dance; this had ended in double pneumonia, a long convalescence, a sick soul and a listless body.

When at last he came back to Griggsville he slipped secretly into the little town. He refused an ovation, bluntly telling his warm-hearted fellow townsfolk that he had hardly seen danger, had suffered few hardships, had never once had a chance to use his brains to save life or avert peril, and that he might just as well have been on the parade ground. He told them the truth about the war as he saw it, and his words, heard at first with incredulity and chagrin, ultimately brought more than the respect that is given to sincerity trying to utter what it thinks naked truth; they brought sympathy and pity. People who are repelled protect their vanity by finding reasons other than that they themselves are objectionable, and a legend quickly developed about experiences so dreadful and hardships so insupportable as to have maimed and distorted a noble character.

Girls cherished this idea and put up with humiliating rebuffs, not intentionally given and all the more humiliating for that; and some wise and kindly men proffered practical friendship. He did nothing so definite as to reject these advances, but let them glide by. He accepted one of several promising positions offered, but soon threw it up to return to the old place, but not to the old job. The adding machine did the work; he did not have to see anybody or talk to anyone, and the mechanical tapping of the keys was easy.

"You must get into a warmer climate," Doctor Wallace said in October.

"I can't afford it," was the indifferent answer.

"Nonsense! There are jobs in Florida."

Bonsal shivered, dreamed for a week of warmth and sunshine, and tried in vain to shake off his heavy burden of spiritual and mental torpor. Then he got out his heavy overcoat, went on tapping keys, inertly hoped that winter would be mild, and took to wearing this overcoat in his room. On this afternoon in which he had struck "9," not knowing it as a farewell, he laid down his paper to put on

the coat, and saw what he had overlooked when he came in—a bulky envelope on his table.

He examined it incuriously and when he read "Callao" on the postmark he was sure that his uncle was dead; for this only relative never sent more than a postal card at Christmas. He moved two steps to the window and gazed aimlessly down at the week's washing hanging in the back yard. He regretted that he had not written from France or since returning home, to his uncle, and he hoped that this final message would make no demand on him for action. If his uncle had left anything it was sure to be mining property, and that never paid unless you worked it yourself, and it would be high up on the Andes, where it was always cold. Bonsal shivered, turned, stretched out his hand to the envelope, withdrew it, and again stared out of the window. He was relieved to hear the supper bell; postponement of action of any kind was always a relief.

She Conveyed the Impression That All This Was a Matter of Course, That This Rescued Mariner Was Only One More of a Number

A half hour later he opened the envelope without hesitation; for he had resolved not to be dragged away to wild cold mountain tops to think and plan and scheme for money, which was no use to him when he got it inasmuch as he did not care for anything that money could buy. The American consul general in Callao wrote that Marcus Bonsal after retirement from his profession, and on the way to his home, had died in the hospital; that on entering the institution there had been found on his person letters of credit, and so on, and cash amounting to $11,691.17; that his personal effects were of little value, but would be forwarded if desired; and that his will and certain documents relative to his estate in the Bahamas were inclosed. "His last effort with the pen," the consul wrote, "was to address to you the inclosed letter and to sign the will, which leaves everything to you."

There followed directions as to securing probate of the will and the money. The letter ended with expressions of condolence worded with that expert sympathy which consoles sorrowing widows; they do not know that when consuls have reached perfection of funereal phrase a form letter is adopted.

The Bahamas! Bonsal thrilled to the name as he repeated it under his breath. He did not know exactly where the islands lay, but they were surely sunny and warm. He went again to the window, and where the family linen flapped on the line he saw palm trees waving above coral beaches, washed by blue waters rippling to a fringe of white. All pictures of the tropics were like that. He was breathing quickly when he turned. He stretched a hand for papers that would explain this estate and how his uncle came to have it; for he knew that his uncle had spent a lifetime on the West Coast.

A long deed was uppermost, dated December 22, 1908, and signed before the consul in Iquique by his uncle and by Emmanuel Transom. It referred to certain real property in the Bahamas group, being an atoll or island known as Lucky Cay, but hereafter to be called Paradise Island. For the development of this island Marcus Bonsal, as one-half partner, was to invest one thousand dollars per annum for ten years. He was personally to own five acres at the north end, known as Pirates' Causeway, on which a house was to be built for him with mahogany doors and floors and horseflesh mahogany inside walls. This home was to be known as Bonsal Manor. Emmanuel Transom was to retain the existing mansion at Blackbeard's Reef as his individual property, and the rest of the island was to be held in joint possession, falling in to the survivor, on a payment of five thousand dollars to the relatives of the deceased. For Bonsal was to be built, at partnership charges, if profits permitted, a hardwood yacht at least sixty feet over all, and he was to have without cost such fruits, vegetables, coconuts, flowers, and so on, as he might desire for his personal use.

Transom agreed in his turn to manage the estate, to enlarge the coconut groves, which already numbered three thousand trees in bearing, to add to the thousand acres of sisal already planted, to lay down a machine for combing this henequen or sisal, locally known as Bahama hemp, and one for spinning the fiber and the manufacture of binder twine. He was also to engage in the cultivation of such plants, flowers and herbs as could produce perfumes and essential oils, to be put on the American markets as Paradise Island products, and if extraction by grease absorption should prove the better method he was to bring an expert in perfumes from Grasse, in Southern France.

Bonsal leaned back, closed his eyes, sniffed the boarding-house air, and dreamed that he was inspiring sensuous odors of distant masses of heavy-scented flowers, wafted to him by caressing breezes, while again he seemed to see an atoll lying low before him amid blue seas. He repeated over and again that word "atoll." He seemed to remember that it meant a ring of coral reef surrounding a lagoon, and it invested his new possession with the romance of vast distances, Indian oceans and Polynesian archipelagoes.

He roused after long minutes from a waking dream so intense that it was as though his soul had been detached and had journeyed to this Paradise Island of which he was inheritor. For an instant he accepted this explanation of his concentrated and vivid imaginings, and then he jumped up and rushed out into the street; he now feared that his shaken and disordered nerves had made him the subject of hallucinations and he sought safety and sanity in elbow touch with his fellow men. He walked rapidly with head held high, working off excessive nerve strain, and as he passed lighted stores people turned and looked in surprise; Charlie Bonsal had at last come back to life.

His blood tingled with the unaccustomed emotional exhilaration and physical exertion as he stalked on at a five-mile pace, but he turned at the outskirts, by the old Potter mill, that he might not get away from the healing touch with humanity which he now welcomed. He felt as though he had been lying on a glacier and had suddenly been shot down into a warm valley; he had thawed out so quickly that he experienced actual physical pain in limbs deadened by lassitude of spirit. He was sure now that he was in his right mind, but he was equally sure that Paradise Island lay in the Valley Beyond at the foot of the rainbow. He did not doubt that the papers lay on his table, but there must be some slip between that island cup and his lip. It was not common sense to believe that that which he had so intensely craved, warmth and sunshine, should thus miraculously envelop him. But he would pretend to believe in this delightful fairy tale which had so wonderfully cheered his heart and cleared his mind. He wished now to speak to, and to be greeted by everybody whom he knew, and he was surprised and wounded when his cheery good evening was often answered by a cool nod. He saw snappy Miss Peters tip-tapping across the sidewalk on her high-heeled shoes, and he called out to her.

She pirouetted in the drug-store entrance on an astonished heel and looked at him curiously. He was very pale, she saw, and his eyes blinked in the light; she had a swift cynical conviction that at last she knew why Charlie Bonsal was always half dead. She had promised to marry the druggist, and so she knew more than most girls about dope and dope fiends. When Bonsal asked her if she would have a sundae she was sure that she had caught this sly secret morphinomaniac at the crest of his intoxication, and when he laughed at the pleasure of feeling pleasure again in being with a girl, she flashed a warning to Bert Phillips, behind the counter. The couple waited tensely for his hint that he was in search of forbidden waters, but he asked for an orangeade.

"It's real chilly this evening," Miss Peters said politely. "Don't you find it so, Mr. Bonsal?"

"Yes, it is," he agreed. "Where are the Bahama Islands?"

At this odd effort to maintain conversation Miss Peters and her young man exchanged glances, and she admitted after consideration that she had heard of them and she was sure they were somewhere down South.

Doctor Wallace, entering, caught the reference, glanced curiously at Bonsal, greeted him warmly and said briskly: "There's a lost little island down there somewhere in that group—found again now. Heine wrote a poem about it because Ponce de León searched there for the Fountain of Youth; and now they catch tarpon and sharks and turtles there. They call it Bimini. Come and spend an evening with me, Bonsal."

"The Fountain of Youth!" repeated Bonsal. "That's the bath for me."

"Nonsense!" the doctor said. "We prescribe that treatment for none under seventy."

He got his prescription filled and hurried away, pleased to see that his patient was improving.

Reality receded farther from Bonsal with this charming addition to the legends of this fairyland, but he was going there, all the same; he resolved it in that instant. He would bask and get well and warm, inside and out, and come back and —— But something that the druggist said brought a sharp query: "What's that? What's that you were saying, Phillips?"

"They make a dandy line of scents down there somewhere," Phillips repeated; "small but select, for the Fifth Avenue trade."

"Scents?" Bonsal repeated unbelieving. "Do you keep them?"

"I don't stock 'em," Phillips replied. "A summer boarder out to Clapton's ordered some, but she went away before it came."

He produced a small bottle with a brilliant hand-painted picture of a bird of paradise on the label. "Paradise Island Perfumes" was engraved above the bird; below appeared the words "The Bahamas—Jasmine."

Bonsal examined this label with the expression of a man who has actually found a pot of gold at the foot of a rainbow. He turned such alert and eager eyes on Miss Peters that she looked sidewise at Bert Phillips.

When Bonsal asked her acceptance of the bottle she flushed scarlet, believing that she, and not dope, was the intoxicating draught. She had always admitted that she was a swift thinker, and Bert's frown was a spur to mental agility.

"That's very nice of you, Mr. Bonsal," she said shyly, dropping her eyes, "but I happen to know it's not for sale. Bert's keeping it for my birthday."

"She's been very kind to me in the office, Phillips," Bonsal said, "and I'm leaving tomorrow."

"Leaving? Oh, in that case ——"

Thus did the girl get the perfume, Bert his fifteen dollars, and Bonsal his test of the product of Paradise Island. Opened on the spot, the bottle yielded an odor that brought enchantment to more than one sense; so exquisite, so pervading that Miss Peters looked like a saint as she lifted her eyes to the ceiling in ecstasy, that Bert Phillips gloated over her while delicious languor stole through his veins, that Bonsal heard the scent-freighted tropic breezes kissing the palms on his flower-garlanded atoll.

Miss Peters broke the spell. "My, ain't it powerful? But so refined too. Thank you, Mr. Bonsal. And you leaving, you say?"

"Yes, Miss Peters. I'm going South."

He left the drug store with one drop of the essence of paradise on his handkerchief, and was remorseful when he arrived at his room to remember that he had not even looked for the letter from his uncle. Ashamed, he searched and read:

My dear Nephew: The joke is on me and the paradise is for you. Go to it and enjoy it. Put up a stone at Pirate's Causeway and say on it: "Marcus Bonsal is not buried here. He dreamed among bowlders above the snow line of old age amid flowers in the valley, but he died on the trail coming down. He was fooled, but so are the rest of us!"

Good-by. Your affectionate UNCLE.

Those bitter words checked further search among many papers, and chilled anticipation; but Bonsal dreamed that night that he was warm through and through, and he awoke in the morning with a new interest in life. He picked up his uncle's letter and found it perfumed like a love billet: it had lain all night on the handkerchief. He bundled correspondence and photographs into an envelope and sought the cold opinion of the law. Judge Dangerfield, solid pillar of strength in the community, spent a day with the papers.

"My boy," he said on the morrow, his shrewd old eyes twinkling, "law is the essence of romance. Your case overproves it. There is prodigal waste. You have everything—an island kingdom."

"Part of it."

"What! You have not read? Transom is dead. His half interest went to your uncle last year. The newspaper cutting is there. Charles, you are lord of Paradise Island."

"There's a hitch," Bonsal exclaimed. "There must be. It can't be true."

But he laughed as he had not in years, and that was partly because he saw dignified Judge Dangerfield unbend.

"There is no hitch," the judge asserted. "On your island everything grows that rouses the imagination of woman, and some things that excite the appetite of man—red peppers, for instance. There's the pirate's hoard."

The young man sobered; he resented burlesque.

"Not impossible," the judge continued, laughing. "Transom refers to it in two letters. Teach, known as Blackbeard, is proved to have harbored there." The judge made a confession that surprised his listener. "Every night," he said, "I read myself to sleep with some gory pirate story, and I know all about this truculent buccaneer. Ask me down, my boy, in January, and we'll hunt together. I'm serious."

"Please come!" Bonsal eagerly invited, warming to the eternal boy in the heart of this supposedly stern old man.

"Of course I'll come! I've got to smell those flowers and find that treasure, and some pink pearls too. Ah! You didn't know that either? A pearl fishery!"

His honor's eyes gleamed.

"And the girl—what about the girl?"

"Girl?" Bonsal echoed.

The judge laughed. "You're only half awake yet, my boy; but you're coming on, all right. And you never looked at the photographs?"

"I was afraid to, and that's the honest truth," Bonsal admitted. "I was sure you would tell me it's all a fraud."

"A fraud!" The judge's tone was contemptuous. "So much a fraud that here's a thousand dollars I'm advancing you to get right down there quick and take command."

Bonsal stared at the notes, then at the judge.

"Poof! Put it in your pocket and start quick." The judge snatched up a photograph. "Venus rising from the sea!" he cried. "Her nose, her curves, her instep!"

Bonsal, too profoundly moved by his good fortune to respond to gayety, examined the snapshot. The girl was floating on the water, an undulating line above wavelets, two small bare feet sticking straight up at one end of her and a fine profile at the other, outlined against the dark background of a graceful yacht. He turned the picture over and read: "'Nov. 18, 1919. Your boat—50 h.p. engines, oak keel, horseflesh knees, mahogany fittings, launched at Abaco, May, 1917, christened Jeanne, used in our business until you come'"; but not a word of the girl.

The judge picked another snapshot from among the two or three dozen views of charming spots. "She's on your porch," he said, chuckling. "She looks as if she belonged there, doesn't she? And she's waiting for you." He turned the picture over. "'My house at Blackbeard's Reef,'" he read aloud. "Your house now," he added. "How cool she looks in the shadow of that wide-arched veranda. There's race in that girl. See how her head is poised, how wistfully she's looking out at the sea. She's waiting, longing. Transom's daughter? Perhaps. But his letters don't read that way. No; there's no mention of her anywhere. She's patrician, every inch and line of her, and he doesn't write like one. A fine business man, a scientist, all that; but not the father of princesses."

Bonsal lived three days in a dream, but a dream in which he was advised and directed by the old judge. He went to see everybody, owned up to his ill health, pleaded for lenient judgment of his sullen year, and asked good wishes for his stay in the South. Thus steered by his honor, he regained the good will of his fellow townsfolk.

"What's done it so suddenly?" the doctor asked when they spent the promised evening together. "A girl?"

Bonsal had bidden farewell to Miss Peters that afternoon and come away shamelessly scented.

"Do you like that scent?" he asked, chuckling, producing his handkerchief.

"Fine!" the doctor said. "Only the French can do that."

"It's not French, and there's no girl," Bonsal denied. "I'm going where they make that."

When Judge Dangerfield saw him off there was wise counsel: "You have obligations to your people and to your property. You have come into a possession that imposes on you a special trust; in the small adjustments of life you will no doubt have absolute power. Transom says in one letter that no government official lives on the island and that he has never had to send a man to the capital, Nassau, for trial for a felony. Then there is the business of the island; you must make good with that. You have inherited enterprises producing small quantities with a high perfection; do not be tempted by capital to vulgarize or cheapen your product. I ——" But his honor's advice was cut off by an irrepressible chuckle. "Hang it, my boy!" he cried. "Why stuff you with solemn nonsense? Youth, flying to romance and beauty! How I envy you! Go to your paradise, rule it as a just man, but enjoy it with a boy's heart. Quick! They're off!"

Charlie Bonsal wrung the judge's hand and jumped on the moving train. He stood leaning out, watching the tall figure on the station platform until he could no longer distinguish the waving handkerchief.

In New York he was astonished that no one seemed to know about the Bahamas or how to get there, but he saw in a window in Fifth Avenue a box marked "Paradise Island Products," and in it were avocado pears, each in tissue paper which bore a vivid bird of paradise. "They're vegetables," said the man when he bought one, "but I'm told they grow on trees. They're yellow as sunshine inside, and you eat everything but the stone."

That night at dinner Bonsal sugared his avocado pear; but a man sitting near uttered an impulsive cry of anger. The stranger accepted half the pear as a reward for his timely intervention, and gobbled it, seasoned with salt and pepper. They came from Florida, he said, and were a gift of the gods.

"This," Bonsal answered, "came from Paradise Island, in the Bahamas."

"Ah, is that so? West Indies, hey? Nice name, that—Paradise Island. Where is it?"

"I am going down there to find out."

The stranger laughed. "That's right," he commented irreverently. "We have to go to Paradise to know where it is, but we never come back to tell anybody."

In the train for Florida that night Bonsal went through his uncle's correspondence and glowed with pleasure as he read of the steady progress of the island under the evidently capable hands of Emmanuel Transom. It seemed that all profits were to be used in experiments and additions, and it appeared to the absorbed reader that romance and business had at last joined hands and danced gayly to success.

The petals of *Rosa damascena* did not, it appeared, yield volatile oil so richly as those of Hungary, but still the attar of roses from Paradise Island was sold by the drop, and the rose extract, which contained five-tenths of one per cent of the attar, was the standard in the New York market, being absolutely pure and containing one-tenth of one per cent more attar than Persian or Eastern European extract. The *Dipterix odorata*, or Tonka bean, flourished well, and the extract had a high percentage of coumarin, and success had also been attained with the *Vanilla planifolia*. The Ceylon cinnamon had not succeeded, but the fruit of the star anise was yielding a rich essential oil and extract, and the terpeneless oil of orange, made from the fresh peel, had an optical rotation at 25 degrees centigrade of +9.50 in a 100-millimeter tube. The coconuts were produced by the thousand and were marketed in the islands: the offensive smell of the drying kernel might affect the perfumes, hence no copra would be produced. A choice small banana was the only one cultivated of the five hundred existing species of Musa; the orange grove was bearing freely in this frostless land, where was no black nor blue-gray fly; the avocado pears were in full maturity; and they were experimenting with the long-staple sea-island cotton.

At Washington he stayed over for a day. Though no map in the Library of Congress showed Paradise Island, all displayed Lucky Cay in the exact spot in which Transom had stated it to be. Bonsal was slightly surprised at this, notwithstanding the words of the judge, the evidence of the jasmine perfume, the avocado pear and the snapshots. He could not yet believe in his perfection of blissful good fortune, and thus far he had journeyed with an hourly caution to himself to play the good sport when he woke from his dream. The inclusion of the girl in these dreams added immensely to his pleasure.

(Continued on Page 89)

Miss Peters Broke the Spell. "My, Ain't It Powerful? But So Refined Too. Thank You, Mr. Bonsal"

The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

By Edwin Lefèvre

THE stock market was suffering from what financial reporters love to call a reversal of form. It had been a bull market for so long that optimism had grown chronic and therefore undiscriminating, and the victims were even then seeking not reasons but excuses, as usual.

I had business in the financial district and on my way to my destination I met several friends who nodded and hurried away. I was thereby made aware that the inexplicable declines were proceeding ruthlessly.

I began to wonder whether the day's break was as severe as the facial indications betokened when I ran across one of my oldest Wall Street acquaintances—a former summer neighbor of mine who had gone in for Malay games when I was getting over my Barred Plymouth Rock attack. He not only stopped and shook hands but actually insisted upon my accompanying him.

"Come on over to the office," he urged, "and we'll have a nice chat over old times."

I was so glad to think that he was unaffected by the healthy reaction then in progress that I said, "Delighted! You miss them, eh?"

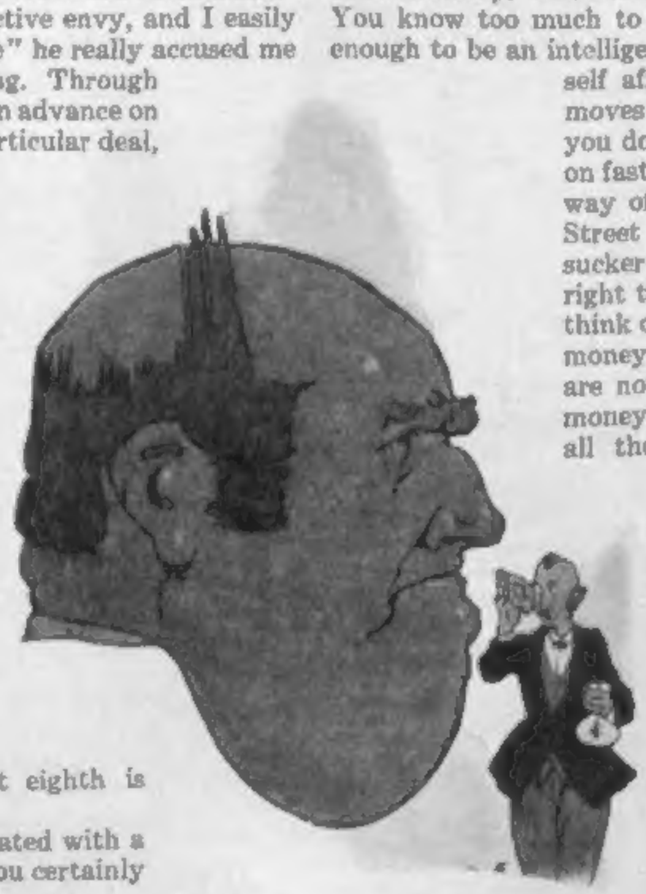
"Miss who?"

"Old times."

"Oh, this is one hell of a business!" he said. "You were mighty wise to retire." He looked at me not at all admiringly; rather with a sort of vindictive envy, and I easily gathered that when he said "retire" he really accused me of having made an unexpected killing. Through the accident of not having figured in advance on how to spend the profits of that particular deal, I was able to develop a highly intelligent case of cold feet and forsake the Street.

Costly Eighths

IT WAS not necessary for a man to be a Sherlock Holmes to get all this from the tone of voice, if he knew the type of broker who is not content with his commissions but trades semioccasionally and frequently makes almost enough to retire on. If it hadn't been for "Just another hundred thousand and then I'll quit," hundreds of members of the New York Stock Exchange wouldn't be envying wiser fellows who "retired." The last eighth is mighty expensive.



My former fellow financier repeated with a sort of self-accusing bitterness, "You certainly were wise to quit when you did."

Not knowing of which deal of his he was thinking, I asked him sympathetically, "Which stock was it?"

He had grown quite gray since our last meeting and I remembered that I had always liked him. Having forgotten everything else, my sympathy was sincere.

"How do you mean—which stock?" he frowned.

"The stock that cost you the money you yourself should have retired on."

"Oh, it isn't any one stock. It's—it's the life. The Street isn't what it used to be."

"Oh, yes, it is," I said.

"It is not!" he denied indignantly.

"Old chap," I said soothingly, "you needn't throw bricks at yourself; at least, not for the last lost opportunity. It was logical enough. But as for the Street not being what it used to be, you are wrong. The Street has always been what it used to be. It began as it now is and it will end as it began. The change is in you. Apparently you are commencing to realize that the game down here is unbeatable and that the time for a man to quit is after a boom when he has a profit of about twice as much as he would be glad to retire on in dull times. You can't deny that you yourself for years have had in mind a quiet comfortable old age, but every time you have a big profit in some deal your retiring price goes up, so you stick—and call yourself names later on."

"Oh, bosh!" he denied. "If I had enough today ——"

"Oh, bosh!" I denied. "If you had enough today to quit today you'd wait till tomorrow because you'd think it was your duty to have a greater margin of safety in case the cost of living advanced during the next war. Your trouble is the trouble of most elderly brokers who have made easy money all their lives but never quite enough at one fell swoop. You are suffering from arrested suckeritis. You know too much to be a downright sucker and not enough to be an intelligent man. I mean, you find yourself afraid to plunge when the market moves violently one way or another, and you don't realize that old age is coming on fast. As a matter of fact, the easiest way of making enough money in Wall Street to quit on is precisely to be a sucker—that is, to be a sucker at the right time. Don't look so bored. Just think of who it is that makes the biggest money in booms. The suckers. But they are not suckers because they make big money during booms by plunging with all the courage of ignorance. They become suckers when they become so wise that they overstay the bull market. You've overstayed yours thirty years at least."

"It's very easy to talk," he sneered.

"No; it is very difficult to talk to chaps like you. You are only half cured because you only half know. You think of this game here as being hard to beat. You don't realize that it is unbeatable. You remember the money that Dick or Bill took out, forgetting that lots of people have gone to Monte Carlo and quit winners of an evening. When they brag of their beating the roulette you know they may have won two hundred francs. But you also know that nobody ever beat the roulette game. But the stock market is different. You know your customers don't beat it, but you think you are going to. Wise guy!"

"I see you are still at it!" he said with his first smile. The persistence of my hobby amused him.

"What's so funny about it?" I asked.

"The inconsistency of it. People have taken money out of Wall ——"

"One evening at Monte Carlo," I interrupted. "If they had gone back the next night they'd have lost it."

"That's all very well, but I've been reading your articles about Larry Livingston," he retorted. "You say the game is unbeatable and then you proceed to print a series of articles telling how he has made millions at it. It's all he's ever done and he has yachts and horses and everything."

"But he himself says the game down here cannot be beaten," I persisted.

"But he's a millionaire," and my friend smiled, quite good-naturedly.

"If you had read those articles with any degree of either native or borrowed intelligence you would have perceived that his very success proves that a man cannot beat the stock market."

"If not beating the stock market will give me Livingston's pile, I'm willing not to beat it," he said pleasantly.

"And you have been in Wall Street about thirty years!"

"Thirty-nine," he corrected proudly. There comes a time in the life of the average man when he is as vain over having lasted in business as the old French aristocrat was of having kept his head on his own neck during the years of the Terror.

"It takes most men longer than that to learn to generalize accurately about their business," I told him consolingly. "After all, what's thirty-nine years to a man as well preserved as you? And besides, one hobby is as good as another."

Following Livingston

WE REACHED his office. I shook hands with the senior partner—whom I knew fairly well—and with a junior whom I had never before met. It was for the latter's benefit that my friend said, not quite apologetically, "This is the man who wrote those articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST."

"Oh, yes," said the junior partner with a quite flattering increase in interest. "What does Livingston think about the market now? He talks bullish, but he is selling stocks."

"I don't know what he thinks and I never ask him what he's doing. I'm much more interested in what he has done. The past is history and there we may deal with facts. The future is guesswork and that isn't what I want to print these days."

The junior partner stared at me, obviously puzzled. It was sheer politeness that kept him from registering incredulity. But presently he nodded brightly.

"Oh, I see!" he said. "You are right. That's the trouble with him. Anybody who tried to follow him would go broke."

"I don't quite get that," I confessed.

"I know several fellows who know him quite well. Intimately! They are as close to him as anybody. Well, time and again when they've bought something that he was bullish on or sold something that they knew he was short of, they've lost money. His friends don't accuse him of misleading them, but they have given up trying to follow him. He is liable to change in a jiffy. He'll cover his shorts while you are still looking for a twenty-point break.

And then, they say that he is often wrong—so wrong that he must lose millions."

"He runs quickly," I said. "He reads the tape and he hasn't any prejudices."

"It isn't always million-dollar profits with him," said the junior.

"He makes no effort to hide the fact that every time he makes a sucker play he pays dearly for it," I assured him.

"If he is often wrong and you can't follow him when he is right, what's the answer?" asked the junior partner.

I laughed. The junior partner frowned. He was very young, very earnest and very wise.

I explained humbly: "My boy, all old people laugh at times. They can't help it. I told your aged partner here a while ago that Livingston wasn't beating the game and he wouldn't believe me, though he's been in Wall Street longer than you've been on earth. And now the way you speak about Livingston and those of his friends who would follow him in the market reminds me about James R. Keene's confidential brokers who used to swear at the way they chipped out money trying to follow him. In the heat of the loss-taking some of them would even accuse him—always behind his back—of double-crossing them, when as a matter of fact Keene was blissfully unaware that they were doing him the honor of following him in the market."

The Bewildered Followers

THE junior partner, I could see, was thinking that today and yesterday were not one and the same. He said, politely enough, "Of course in Livingston's case I have only the word of his friends to go by. I never spoke to him in my life."

"It wouldn't make any difference if you spoke to him a thousand times a day," I said. "There are many reasons why no man can make money following supertraders of the Livingston class, not even if he heard or read every order Livingston gave his broker. I don't recall a single instance where a big operator did not cost his dearest friends money. I have heard them talk about it jokingly—after the deed. A close relative of the late H. O. Havemeyer told him in my hearing once that the cheapest place in which to operate in sugar was in a bucket shop, where a Christian gentleman was wiped out on one point's decline instead of trying to do on the Stock Exchange what the president of the sugar trust was believed to do. One of the cleverest stock brokers I ever knew told me once that Mr. Keene was so friendly with me that I ought to go broke inside of six months. I said, 'I don't have to take his tips, do I?' and he answered, 'Oh, it isn't his tips. Or, rather, it is the supertip that no living man can resist. The Old Man won't tell you to buy or sell a certain stock. He will merely admit in the course of a talk that he is long sixty thousand Baltimore and Ohio, on which he figures to make ten points net before Christmas. How in blazes can you or any living being resist the impulse to be long of that stock, knowing what Keene can do to any stock he's bullish on? You can't help following, I tell you. There is only one way to make money out of Keene. And that is to go up to him, get him to accept some money and then tell him to buy or sell anything that looks good to him and not to tell you a word about it until he is through with it. At that, he may lose your stake for you; but if he does, it doesn't feel so much like suicide.' I laughed, but he said, very seriously, 'He doesn't do it on purpose. But he goes wrong, like anybody else. I remember one year when he traded in hundreds of thousands of shares and all that kept him from being flat broke was Domino's earnings on the race track. What happens is that plungers like him make so much when they are right that it takes quite a succession of mistakes to make a dent in their pile.' The chap who told me that was one of the shrewdest brokers of his day. That is why I laughed when you, who only go back eight or ten years, began to tell me a story as old as the Street."

The junior partner nodded with an excruciatingly polite cheerfulness. It was plain that he was unconvinced. The repetitions of history serve but to annoy youth. All he could see clearly was that Livingston was a big winner on balance. It stood to reason that a follower, if persistent enough, must also win on balance. It was useless to argue or analyze or cite extenuating circumstances.

The junior and the senior partners, as well as those of the customers that I met that day, shared the same views about Livingston—that is, they all regarded the extent of his winnings as the only measure of his victories. He had beaten the game, therefore the game was beatable by blind gamblers. The requisites—the knowledge of basic conditions, the experience in all the speculative markets, the combination of sagacity, logic, courage, and the power to coördinate instantly—all these things were not considered when speaking of Livingston's success.

I may say here that in my own experiences of years I have always found that generalizations about speculation or about the philosophy of trading are listened to hopefully—in the hope of hearing later, as a reward for their optimism, exactly what to do to make money. Even the professional traders, and, of course, to an immeasurably greater degree the average customer of the average broker, will yawn if they have to listen to analyses of why men like Keene or Woerishoffer or Livingston have made millions—at times. But the moment you begin to tell them concretely how a man began with one hundred shares of a stock at 66 and pyramided till he was carrying ten thousand shares on which he finally made twenty-three points' profit in seven weeks, they will listen with all the ears the Lord gave them as well as with those the ticker has fastened on their souls. And if you tell them how a man got stuck in an office-building elevator while he was on his way to his broker's to sell out some stock he had been carrying for months and the delay kept him from giving the selling order until one minute before the close on the very day somebody cornered the stock, so that the intelligent elevator victim made thirty-eight thousand dollars instead of losing twelve thousand, every one of your listeners inaudibly but visibly asks Providence to do as much for him some day. I know that when I discuss Livingston's maxims and rules for trading in the abstract the listener is not interested. When I tell how he took a thirty-five-point profit on a line of two hundred thousand shares of stocks, the listeners get it all with gasps of admiration—and they resolve to do likewise.

After I left my friend's office I ran across a number of Livingston's intimates, all of whom were anxious to tell me about certain exploits that Larry had not told me. It was not that they wished to shine by reflected glory, but to prove to the world—and to themselves!—that there were prizes to be won at the game they, as well as he, were engaged in playing.

It should be plain to readers of these articles that they were intended to prove that the stock-market game cannot be beaten. The most successful stock operator of his time believes, as I do, that no man can beat it. His experience has convinced him that he is right. His very millions confirm it. In his reminiscences he has told only of such of his successes and failures as possessed educational value—that is, those that proved how apt the average man is to go wrong in his trading. He studies all commodities markets. One of his friends one day asked me if I knew about the time he made a big profit bulling silver—the metal—the time it went up. I asked Livingston about his experience in that market and he said, "Oh, there wasn't anything to that. Of course it was plain that the price of silver was bound to rise and I merely bought a lot of it. There is nothing to be learned from that trade; nothing of any value to your readers. It was more of a commercial transaction than a speculation."

Similarly he asked me not to publish the details of sundry other deals. They were both picturesque and profitable, and as adventures in fortune winning they were very interesting. But he insisted that the educational element was lacking and hence there was no valid reason for publishing them.

I asked him to take up the narrative of his stock-market experiences where he had left off.

"What did you do in 1917, after you paid your creditors in full?"

"Wait a minute," he said. "Let me talk generalities first. Among the hazards of speculation the happening of the unexpected—I might even say of the unexpectable—ranks high. There are certain chances that the most prudent man is justified in taking—chances that he must take if he wishes to be more than a mercantile mollusk."

No Protection Against Welshers

"NORMAL business hazards are no worse than the risks a man runs when he goes out of his house into the street or sets out on a railroad journey. When I lose money by reason of some development which nobody could foresee I think no more vindictively of it than I do of an inconveniently timed storm. Life itself from the cradle to the grave is a gamble, and what happens to me because I do not possess the gift of second sight I can bear undisturbed. But there have been times in my career as a speculator when I have both been right and played square and nevertheless I have been cheated out of my earnings by the sordid unfairness of unsportsmanlike opponents.

"Against misdeeds by crooks, cowards and crowds a quick-thinking or far-sighted business man can protect himself. I have never gone up against downright dishonesty except in a bucket shop or two, because even there honesty was the best policy. The big money was in being square and not in welshing. I have never thought it good business to play any game in any place where it was necessary to keep an eye on the dealer because he was likely to cheat if unwatched. But against the whining welsher the decent man is powerless. Fair play is fair play. I could tell you a dozen instances where I have been the victim of my own belief in the sacredness of the pledged word or of the inviolability of a gentlemen's agreement. I shall not do so because no useful purpose can be served thereby.

"Fiction writers, clergymen and women are fond of alluding to the floor of the Stock Exchange as a boodlers' battlefield and to Wall Street's daily business as a fight. It is quite dramatic but utterly misleading. I do not think that my business is strife and contest. I never fight either individuals or speculative cliques. I merely differ in opinion—that is, in my reading of basis conditions. What playwrights call battles of business are not fights

Continued on Page 77

SHYLOCK

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. ALLEN

He Conducted a Sort of Catch-All—Something Between a Secondhand Store and a Junk Shop

ALL day Bilsborrow secretly struggled to comprehend a ghastly joke. The day began like any other, with no sign that the heavens were to fall. It must have been about nine o'clock when he casually picked up that morning's New York newspaper. His glance fell upon some big type which seemed to state a monstrous absurdity. For a long moment he gaped at the words, in paralyzed incredulity, then quickly tucked the paper into a drawer, hiding it like something guilty and obscene.

Yet outwardly the day went on like any other. He had many things to do, and did them as usual His office was a pine shanty by the railroad track, its gable supporting a sprawling sign which read: Bilsborrow, Lumber and Building Material, General Contracting. Several sheds beyond the office contained lumber, brick, lime, cement. A cynical observer would have considered it a petty business, the entire stock hardly worth $30,000. But Upway itself, counting the whole borough, held only 2500 inhabitants.

In Upway, Bilsborrow was a figure of importance—and a familiar figure to everybody, his gangling form moving along the street in a rapid and graceless walk, the shoulders somewhat stooped, as though his head hurried forward in advance of his body. If anyone stopped him his big workingman's hand would go up to his scanty fire-red beard and pluck at it as though the flow of nervous energy could not be shut off at once; but he would listen in friendly good nature.

Every now and then he hastened from the little office to one of the sheds in order to see that a customer's order was being filled properly; or clambering into a small and battered car he would dash off to the Lutterel place, where he had a contract for the erection of a model barn. There he surveyed the work with a general's eye, gave directions, drove it forward, often taking a tool in his own impatient hands. He could use all the tools as well as any mechanic on the job.

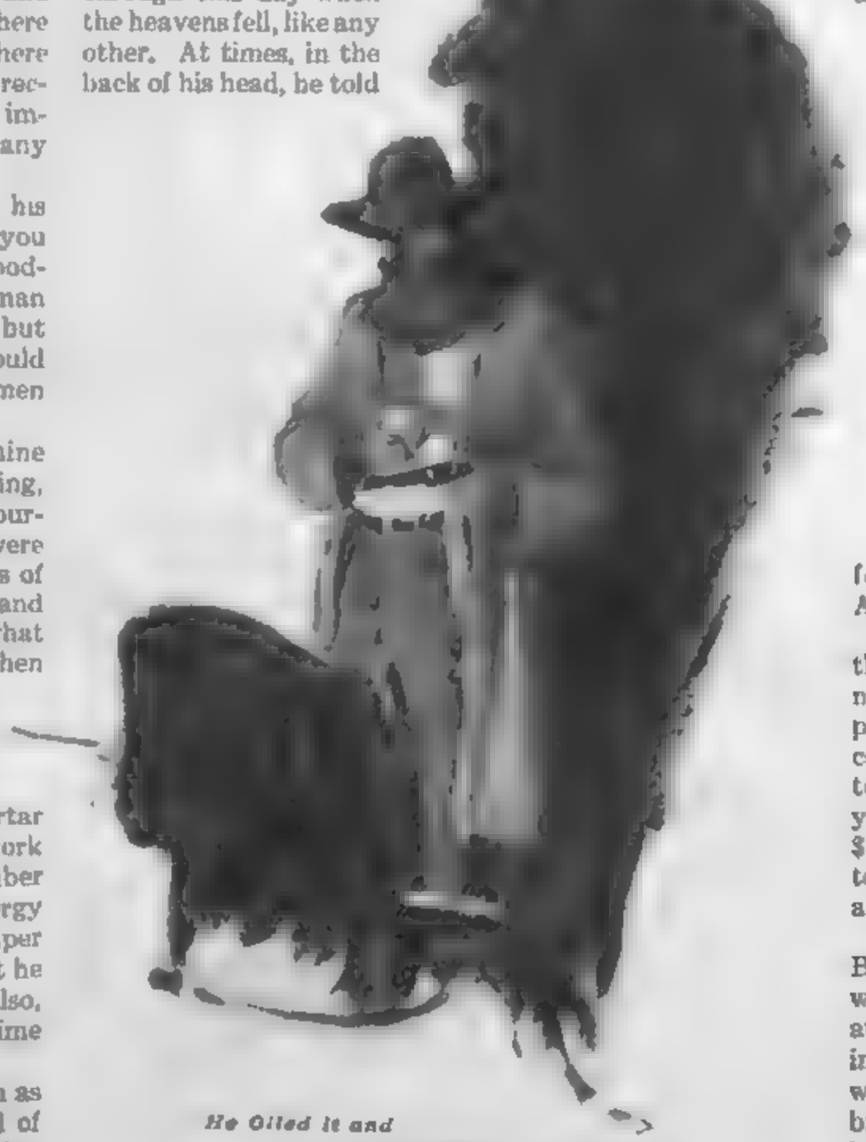
The mechanics grinned and cracked jokes over his driving and bustling—and respected him. He knew; you couldn't fool Bilsborrow. His driving was always good-natured, helping on rather than finding fault. If a man loafed or scamped, Bilsborrow never pitched into him, but simply dropped him; there was no rowing. No one could get more out of a crew of mechanics, but competent men liked to work for him.

From the beginning—which meant from the age of nine or ten—Bilsborrow himself had been diligent and willing, looking for work rather than running away from it. At fourteen he had carried timbers which some of the men said were too heavy for him, and lugged pails of mortar and hods of brick up ladders. At quitting time, if the day was hot and the ladder high, he might look rather white, his lips somewhat tremulous; but smiling for all that. He always got a job when carpenters or masons had anything to do. At seventeen he could handle a plane, square or trowel as well as many full-fledged workmen. The mechanics whom he now employed felt him to be one of themselves.

He had carried his heavy timbers and lugged his mortar pails sanguinely, in an unquestioning faith that hard work and good work were bound to count. The little lumber yard had gradually evolved—an emanation of his energy and hopefulness. Now and then his sanguine temper betrayed him, so that a contract netted him a loss; but he did not scamp the work. Not to scamp the work was, also, a sort of instinct; he had a respect for pine, brick and lime which would not permit him to misuse them.

He was very proud of his business, and of his position as a leading figure in Upway. He was profoundly proud of his three children, who were getting as good an education as a millionaire's children could have. He had known the pinch and sting of poverty, but they never should. Pretending to grumble over the waste of good money—and secretly flattered—he had let the children wheedle him into a seventy-dollar tailor-made suit for Sundays. On weekdays, splashing in lime and climbing over brick, he wore just any old thing. In rare moments of repose Bilsborrow folded his long arms, smiling a little. Sanguine? Why shouldn't a man be when life so well answered to his faith in it?

Outwardly he went through this day when the heavens fell, like any other. At times, in the back of his head, he told himself it was only a dream and he hadn't seen those big-typed words. Yet he knew that was not so. After supper he returned to the office, and as he locked the door and drew the window shades he was saying to himself, "Now I'll see that I only dreamed it." But when he took the newspaper from the drawer big type still averred that the heavens had fallen. Again there was cold and emptiness at the pit of his stomach, and a painful blankness in his mind.



He Oiled It and Saw That the Mechanism Was in Order

The headlines said that Starkey & Co., stock brokers, had failed with liabilities estimated at $5,000,000 and only nominal assets. The text related in detail how the bankrupt house, which was not a member of the New York Stock Exchange, had been a mere nest of thieves, fleecing ten thousand dupes.

This had begun, for the lumberman, with a distinguished-looking envelope of the finest quality of paper, bearing no return card, and addressed, in immaculate typewriting, to Henry Bilsborrow, Esquire, Upway, Connecticut. The envelope contained a letter, also immaculately typewritten on the finest paper with a beautifully engraved letterhead, which invited Mr. Bilsborrow to receive, free of charge, Starkey & Co.'s expert and confidential analysis of the leading copper stocks. Mr. Bilsborrow had only to sign the inclosed card, signifying his willingness to accept the gift, and mail it to Starkey & Co. in the inclosed stamped and directed envelope. The distinguished stationery caught Bilsborrow's fancy. He thoughtlessly scratched his name on the card.

He received not only the pamphlet containing Starkey & Co.'s expert analysis of the leading copper stocks but a cordial letter which, in common courtesy, required an answer. At the third exchange of communications by mail Bilsborrow sent Starkey & Co. his check for $250 a little flyer; if he lost he could afford the loss, and that would be the end of it. He did not lose, however, but won, and a drop of virus entered his blood.

Letters from Starkey & Co. became more cordial and confidential, as though Bilsborrow had been initiated into the lodge. Upway is only sixty miles from New York. Out-of-town clients, however modest their accounts, were heartily welcomed in Starkey & Co.'s spacious and handsomely appointed offices. The modest account at Upway was handled by young, tall, thin Mr. North, who always wore a bow tie and spoke low, smiling, with a convincing assurance—not as one who merely advanced an opinion but as one who stated facts; for Starkey & Co. were on the inside; they knew.

Bilsborrow soon felt that Mr. North had a real regard for him and was looking after his account like a brother. And he had indubitable proof that Mr. North really knew.

"Mr. Bilsborrow?" the low, amiable voice purred over the telephone wire. "This is North speaking. Hope you're not going to be mad at me. I tried to get you over the phone Tuesday, but there was some trouble with the connection and I had to fish or cut bait right away, so I took the liberty of buying 300 shares of Red Copper for you. I sold it out today and credited your account with $827 profit. I'm mailing a statement, but I thought I better explain how it happened. Hope you'll forgive me for acting without an order." Mr. North laughed pleasantly.

He was looking after it like a brother. By that time Bilsborrow had a fever; he woke with it and went to bed with it. For in a few weeks he was making more money at Starkey & Co.'s than he had been able to accumulate in a decade of laborious years. It was like discovering a new world—an El Dorado which made the old world of lumber, brick and lime seem petty. A heady, golden dream played in and out of his busy days—which were busy in a different

way, for he was now delegating to others many things that he would formerly have seen to personally. As for himself, he had often to run down to New York. The walk along multimillioned Wall Street drugged him; then going up four stories in an elevator to Starkey & Co.'s handsome offices, at the very heart of this towering money empire, where Mr. North greeted him fraternally, as an initiate He had discovered a new world, as different from the old as Mars may be from earth, where the language was never of mere dollars but always of thousands and tens of thousands.

He said at home that his business was going very well indeed, and began to hint mysteriously of a new house—a house that would be something like. He took his wife to look at a two-acre tract on Pound Street, adjoining the Stephen Martin place. Bilsborrow, whose broad, workingman's hand was always going up to his fire-red beard nowadays, tramped around it, pointing out its attractions, his brown eyes glowing. It was held at $4500.

"But we couldn't afford it, Henry," his wondering wife protested.

Bilsborrow seemed in a dream, his large mouth shaped in an absent smile.

"Well, not right away mebbe; not right away," he replied. "But if things go as well as they have been going we'll see—we'll see."

He nodded mysteriously over that. He became interested in advertisements of automobiles in the three-thousand-dollar class. The fever burned hotly.

His sanguine temper was tow to the fire. From boyhood he had dealt with timber, stone, mortar, manual labor. All those things he knew. Give him a house to build and he was a soundly educated, competent man, understanding how each problem was to be attacked, ready for any emergency. At Starkey & Co.'s he was a mere infant in arms It was natural for him to trust people; he trusted wise, brotherly Mr. North without a question. He had a simple-minded respect for wealth. He respected the opulent house of Starkey & Co. as uncritically as a devout woman respects a bishop. His credit balance with the firm rose to $27,000—like finding an Aladdin's lamp that worked!

Then occurred one of those incidents which a reasonable man must expect to encounter now and then. Mr. North explained it all in his cool, pleasant certitude. Twice, through the good offices of Mr. North, the Upway lumberman had the rare privilege of talking with Mr. Starkey himself—a large man with prominent teeth, whose fat face might have been composed of tallow. Mr. Starkey was a friend and intimate associate of those magnates who held the market in the hollow of their hands. He candidly disclosed the situation, mentioning names which gave the listener a tingle of awe.

In brief, Jack Wetherby and his bear crowd were raiding the market. The big fellows had decided to give them all the rope they wanted. Mr. Bilsborrow must understand—as the big fellows did—that finally the bear was the best friend of the bull, because the lower the bear drove stocks the better bargain they were. Confidentially, Standard Oil was out for control of the leading copper stocks. Of course it would rather buy cheap than dear; the lower Jack Wetherby sent copper stocks the better Standard Oil would like it. This bear raid presented one of the greatest and surest opportunities for profit that Starkey had ever seen. It might frighten out a lot of suckers, but people who really knew would buy more on every decline, for as soon as the big fellows made up their minds the raid had gone far enough they would simply walk off with the market.

Bilsborrow had scarcely a misgiving—swallowing this stale patter of the tipster as a child takes milk. Keeping up his margins soon pressed him hard; but the fever disordered his mind, blinding his judgment. And he experienced that moral deterioration which gambling, of all the vices, produces most quickly. He who had been upright resorted to tricks. He lied at the bank in order to procure more credit. He lied in asking an extension on a lumber bill. He lied to Arthur Lutterel

The most extensive building operations about Upway were mainly conducted by city folk, whose country places dotted the hills and who amused themselves by putting up big dwellings, or barns with brass plumbing and hardwood finish. They had overlooked the humble contractor whose sheds helped disfigure the railroad yard below the green until Arthur Lutterel engaged Bilsborrow to erect a model barn, from which the sanguine lumberman expected important things to follow. In explaining to Mr. Lutterel why he wished a check on that particular day, Bilsborrow had lied. He could whiten these falsehoods to himself by saying that his need of money was of a very temporary nature; the profit was sure if only he held his stocks a little longer. But strictly speaking he scarcely thought about the falsehoods; in the grip of his fever he told them almost automatically, as though from an overwhelming compulsion.

Then the heavens fell, without warning. He gaped down at the printed words: "Scandalous failure. . . . Gross fraud charged. . . . District attorney investigating. . . . Thousands of customers duped. . . . Huge swindle."

The words struck at him as he sat limp with a painful blankness in his mind.

So he had been gulled—a sucker -plucked to the bone utterly ruined. Several times a sort of inarticulate cry formed in his numb brain, to this effect: "They oughtn't to allow it. It oughtn't to be possible to rob a man like that."

Up to the point of Starkey & Co. he had minded the rules; he had been diligent, enterprising, looking for work rather than running away from it, always ready and cheerful about it, believing in hard work and good work. He hadn't scamped the schoolhouse contract, although he knew he was losing money. He had a vague sense of himself as a useful man, honestly earning his modest recompense. And then these oily thieves! "They oughtn't to allow it."

He was worse than ruined In those febrile days of the bear raid he had poured $25,000 into Starkey & Co.'s maw. The figures struck him now with a dull astonishment that he had been able to raise so much cash and still keep his business going.

But there was no mystery about the last $15,000; he had borrowed that from Shylock. That sum—definitely, conclusively—was to see him through. The bear raid being very inconveniently prolonged, hard-pressed Bilsborrow had taken fraternal counsel with Mr. North, frankly explaining his straitened situation. And brotherly Mr. North had personally guaranteed that in consideration of another $15,000 cash he would carry the Bilsborrow stocks through the bear raid no matter how long it lasted. In grateful relief Bilsborrow had then resorted to Julius Weil, whom many people in Upway called Shylock behind his back

About the time Bilsborrow finished his apprenticeship and began asking full wages for a day's work a young Jew became known at back doors in Upway, offering to buy rags, old iron, cast-off clothing, discarded furniture and like goods. He was not an ingratiating person. His bass voice had a grating sound. He stated his business with phlegmatic terseness, surveyed the proffered merchandise, and with cool calculation said how much he would give for it, and merely shrugged his shoulders when Yankee housewives wanted to haggle over the price

At a later time he conducted a sort of catch-all—something between a secondhand store and a junk shop—in a dingy building near the railroad yard. But he had long since given that up, for many years occupying the half story over the barber shop as an office. Sometimes, if the bargain looked tempting, he bought things; but mainly he lent money on second mortgages, third mortgages, chattel mortgages, pledges of jewelry or other portable property. His ordinary rate of interest was 12 per cent. Good security and good credit went to the bank for loans; the more dubious articles resorted to Julius Weil

It was a hazardous business, but Weil prospered at it. The president of the First National Bank said with a chuckle, which was partly amusement and partly admiration, that Weil had a genius for guessing just how good a bad risk was. It took a kind of genius to sail one's craft through such waters, but Weil prospered. It was said he could always dig up the cash if the prospective profit was attractive enough

He was about Bilsborrow's age, and stocky in figure. Short, curly hair sprinkled with gray matted the sides of his tall head, which was bald and shiny over the top. That made his high forehead look even higher. His nose was long and fleshy, and his chin beneath a stubby mustache and full lips—was uncommonly short. That length above and brevity below put his face out of drawing, as though it had been laid on warm and run down. There seemed a glint of gray in his dullish eyes, which were remarkably steady and unemotional. His business transactions were unemotional. He was called Shylock behind his back—or, sometimes, to his face, whereupon he shrugged his shoulders.

Men gave him some credit, however. His paper

Continued on Page 70

Two Men Were Helping Him to His Feet. It Had Not Been a Hard Fall, But He Was Dazed

THE MANEUVERS OF MOLLY

By Walter De Leon

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

MAYBE I am as thick as her majesty Molly Wills not too delicately intimated the day in Seattle she called the rehearsal that never happened. Maybe I should have realized that no stage-door John would have traveled with the troupe from Winnipeg to Vancouver without a more compelling motive than a saphead yearning to play a round of cow-pasture pool with Molly every morning and pay her café check at night. What I can't make Molly admit is that Mother Durand would never have been able nearly to ruin our act if Molly had trusted me the way she expected me to trust her. The only thing we both agree on is that Sam Kovich should be shot every morning at sunrise until completely sieved

Sam, the agent who booked our act, started it all by calling me at the Eighty-first Street Theater, a three-day date we'd got after showing our brand-new act at the Harlem Opera House, telling me to come down to his office to sign a bundle of Orpheum Circuit contracts which needed signatures on account of Steen and Murratt, another comedy, singing, talking and dancing act, becoming delirious while suffering from exaggerated inflation of the bean and demanding at the last minute a hundred dollars more per each week of the twenty-five in the circuit. That had left a hole in the bill scheduled to open in Minneapolis the following Sunday, a hole the Orpheum booker wanted Molly and me to fill after he'd seen us at the Harlem

"Listen, Chick," Sam said, watching me sign "Wills and Stedman, per C. S." to the contracts, "you got a team contract with Miss Wills, ain't you?"

"No. We just shook hands on it."

"Verbal contracts signed by shaking hands is good only when it's done in front of a couple reliable witnesses with unchangeable memories," Sam replied.

"Sure, Sam; but you know how Miss Wills and I got together. She'd never been on any but society amateur stages till three weeks ago. Also, because of my financially steam-rollered condition, she put up all the money for the act. Until we tried it out I didn't know whether we'd ever need anything but an I O U between us."

"Well, you know it now. Understand, Chick, I ain't saying her word ain't fine. Everybody's is when things are breaking pretty like they're breaking now for you and her. You're a hit. You and her can't see nothing but barrels of jack rolling your way. The last thing at night and the first thing in the morning each of you do is pray a couple prayers that nothing ain't happened or is going to happen to the other one before you get a sockful of sugar laid away."

"Remembering the 10 per cent of our salary you get every week for booking us, I guess you're not praying the same thing," I said, wondering what Sam had on his chest.

"I'm prayed out on you years ago, Chick. Just the same, you get a signed contract with Miss Wills before musical-comedy managers begin offering her fancy money to go into a production."

"Who's been after her?" I asked quickly.

"Did I say anybody had been after her?" Sam retorted. "Maybe you'd like for me to draw up the partnership agreement for you?"

"No. You'd horn into it somehow, and this is something strictly between Miss Wills and me."

Which it was. I'd taught her all she knew about vaudeville. I wasn't discounting Nature's bit in the success she'd proved. Molly Wills was beautiful in any language.

"Did You Know Archy Is Going on to Calgary With Us?" Molly Interrupted, Working on Her Gloves. "Isn't That Nice?"

She was small, the top of her head reaching my shoulder only when she wore French heels, but whether computed in inches, meters or cubits her figure scaled to perfect specifications. There was an expression in the dark eyes under her natural honey-colored hair which incited the beholder to enlist in the Aviation Corps and foment a war. Looking at Molly Wills, appreciating the way she wore her clothes, you thought, "If she hasn't a brain in her head and drools baby talk at breakfast, she still deserves all the room she craves in a crowded world."

And then you noticed her chin. Right away you changed your mind about calling her "Baby." Square, yet not pugnacious; firm and still velvety—it wasn't its contour so much as the way she held it that accentuated the class, the refinement and the aristocratic breeding of her.

I'd bumped blithely up against the spirit back of that chin the first week I'd known her. After that she'd been her majesty to me. For my new partner with her sunny smile and Ritz-Carlton manners had proved that when her exclusive finishing-schooled mind was set on anything hell and high water were no obstacles in her young life.

I guessed she was four or five years younger than I—I was twenty-three—but she was certainly old enough to know what she wanted, and brainy enough to go get it for herself.

Sitting opposite her in the Pullman on our way to Minneapolis I realized that with the slightest shove I could fall for Molly Wills in a large limp lump. But that was out of the question. I don't mean that I am exactly an untamed gorilla, dragged up in any "dese, dem and dose" environment. But, in the first place, it would be weeks—not until we reached San Francisco—before I could save enough out of my salary to pay my debts, buy some new clothes, and have enough left in the pockets of them to do any entertaining. And in the second place, which should be first, it was poor business. I'd never heard of anything but trouble coming to sentimental partners.

Though Molly was an orphan I'd never been driven to tears over the fact, because I knew she had some money in the care of a guardian who enjoyed a job in a bank somewhere in the South. She didn't need, as I did, the money we were being paid for the act. But partly because I'd been raised in a minister's family and partly because Molly's eyes were useful as well as ornamental, I decided to come clean with her on the partnership agreement.

"Your majesty," I grinned, handing her my outline of the agreement, "I wish you'd look over this little contract with a view to signing it, when alterations are concluded."

"A contract, Chick?"

Somehow I got the impression it wasn't entirely unexpected.

"Just the usual thing: salary to be divided fifty-fifty after commissions, railroad fares and other expenses of the act are deducted; consent of both partners necessary before accepting bookings"

"What's this, Chick? 'Rehearsals may be called by either one of the partners whenever in his opinion such a rehearsal is necessary for the good of the act.'"

"All acts need a rehearsal now and then," I told her. "But especially this one. I don't want to change a thing until after we play Frisco. But after that I want to give you more comedy; I want to strengthen up our dances; I want—you've got everything it takes to make a star except experience. When we get back East and go into a regular big-time New York house I want us to go in right!"

"I see," Molly nodded. "I'm not right now."

I grinned. "You're so right I get dizzy thinking what you'll be in six months. I don't expect to stand perfectly stationary myself. But if one of us should go ahead faster than the other this agreement will protect the other partner for two years."

Molly, reading, nodded her understanding.

"When vaudeville and production managers start pestering you to quit the act and leave me flat ——"

"Oh, Chick! After all you've done for me? I wouldn't dream of it."

"Well," I kidded, "how do you know I could resist a fat offer?"

Molly started to reply, changed her mind and went on reading.

"You forgot to put in a clause stating the amount of money that would be forfeited if—if one of us should break the contract," she said after a moment. "Mr. Ransome, my guardian, says that a contract isn't worth the paper it's written on if it doesn't mean money to the injured party."

"This is a theatrical contract," I grinned. "They never mean anything. However, I'll put in such a clause if you want."

Scratching it in with a pencil I had an idea—namely, to send a copy of the agreement to Molly's guardian for his O. K. before asking her to sign it.

I glanced at her majesty. Chin cupped in one little hand, she was gazing unseeing over the fast-passing farm lands of Minnesota.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Why aren't theatrical contracts any good, Chick?"

"Because," I smiled, "they're all drawn up while things are breaking bright between two parties both of which intend to evade the terms of it the moment the luck turns or something better shows up."

"Um-m." Molly frowned, busy with her thoughts.

"Where can I get in touch with your guardian?" I asked.

"You—you're going to send Mr. Ransome a copy of this—because I'm not of age?" Molly asked quietly, meaning, of course, that unless signed by him the contract wouldn't be legal.

"You think of everything, don't you?" I grinned.

Before I could tell her that I hadn't meant that when I'd asked for Ransome's address Molly continued, not smiling, "Mr. Ransome is away on a vacation. If you will give me a copy I'll forward it to him as soon as I learn where to send it."

"Suits me," I said, giving her a copy. "By the way, while we're still talking business, I think we'd better take the Scotch impersonation out of the act for a while."

"Take out the Scotch impersonation!" Her majesty's eyes opened in surprise. "Why, it's nearly your biggest laugh in the act!"

I knew that, and I loved it. But also I knew that Molly's attempts at the dialect had no more of the real Scotch flavor than the stuff they bring in in tugboats on dark nights. It was a blotch on the act, and as everything else she did was all to the nonpareil, why let her show herself up for the sake of one laugh?

"I'll tell you," I stalled, "we're going up through Canada where Scotch is well and favorably known, and ——"

"And my dialect wouldn't be," Molly finished. Her lips lined out straight. "Let me try it another week, Chick. Keep it in, in Minneapolis."

"Sure," I grinned.

Sunday morning, waiting our turn on the Orpheum stage to rehearse the orchestra in our music, Molly asked, "Who is Dawn Durand?" Dawn was the headliner we would have all the way out to San Francisco. "What does she do—to make her a headliner?"

"She's one of these wildwood dancers; you know, surrounded by new art scenery, to the strains of classical music, she interprets a swaying sunflower, a fluttering flying fish, and the effect on a dancer's imagination of air gulped from a gold Greek goblet. She gets by nicely except where the local censors force tights on her."

"Is she nice—personally?"

"Oh, she's all right; a little blah-y, but harmless. Which cannot be said of her mother. What a wicked tongue that dame wags! Mother Durand's ambition is to make Dawn a star, and she doesn't care how many enemies she makes so long as Dawn rises. There isn't a dirty trick to make things unpleasant and annoying to other performers who interfere with Dawn's reception by the audience that she doesn't know and hasn't used—and enjoyed herself while doing it."

"Chick! How can you say such horrid things of any woman!" Molly protested.

"Well, don't mix up with her to find out, your majesty. She's a whirling buzz saw."

At the matinée that afternoon, on Number Four, we spent a perfect fifteen minutes. Laughs tumbled on top of each other and at the finish we took four healthy bows and one more before the audience would let the show go on.

"Weren't they lovely!" Molly panted on our way to the dressing room.

"You were," I had to say. "Oh, lady, what we'll do to them in Frisco!"

"How was my Scotch?" Molly asked.

I pretended I didn't hear her. "Now you'd better get dressed, get something to eat and lie down for an hour, your majesty," I rattled off. "You're not in the business long enough to take the strain of an opening performance easily. I'm going to stick around and see how Mark Morris gets over in the next-to-closing spot—for reasons which I'll explain later."

"You're not going to dress and go out now?"

"No."

"Oh. I'd hoped—I thought perhaps we - "

"Yes?"

"Nothing." And Molly walked on into her dressing room.

That night, after going even better than we had at the matinée, Molly and I were standing in the wings watching Dawn's act when someone grabbed my arm. It was old Mother Durand.

"Chick!" she gushed. "You're wonderful! Introduce me to your new partner."

"Thanks, mother. This is Molly Wills."

"My dear," whispered mother as loudly as she dared, "I enjoyed your act immensely. You must save your money and take some dancing lessons. I don't know when I've seen anyone with so much natural ability."

If Molly saw the claws in that jab she didn't show it. "You're very kind," she smiled demurely. "Fortunately Chick doesn't depend on just dancing for the success of the act."

"You two belong next-to-closing on this bill," mother stated with finality. "You'll be there yet or I'm mistaken. I want Miss Wills to meet Dawn. Where are you stopping?"

"Miss Wills is at the Romanton," I said, not caring to mention the dump where I'd parked my suitcase.

"We're there too. See you on the roof after the show." Mother hurried away to help Dawn make a change of costume.

"What did she mean by saying we should be next-to-closing?" Molly asked.

"Let's get dressed and wait for them on the roof," I suggested. "I'll tell you there." For I figured we were due for a celebration, even if I had to draw money on our salary before the week was out.

"To start this merry party off properly," I told her as we waited on the roof—Molly was taking the interested looks and buzz of comment of those who'd recognized her with the nonchalance of an old-timer; I guess she was used to being stared at, at that—"I'll say we're in for trouble, signed Mother Durand. You may not know it, but there is a report sent into the office every week on every act on every bill. On these reports depend the future booking and the future salary of an act, to a great extent. Now, on Number Four, we're a panic. It's the softest spot on the bill. The audience is in, settled and hasn't begun to tire of the entertainment. On these seven-act bills, Number Five is the headliner's spot. The main business of a headliner is to draw people into the theater, very often for the rest of the bill to entertain. When a headliner does present a good act it's generally long. Consequently, in either instance, the audience is more or less tired when the headliner has finished. Then comes the next-to-closing act, the last act but one of the bill. Following all the other acts, all the laughs, the tears, the thrills and disappointments, it's got to grab the attention of the audience in the first two minutes and hold it. If it can't get away with that tough job, if it can't keep the customers from reaching for their hats and walking out, it's not a real next-to-closing act and isn't entitled to the money such an act gets paid."

Molly thought that over. "You don't think we're strong enough for the next-to-closing spot?"

"We're not getting a next-to-shut salary—yet," I grinned. "But that's not the point. Wrecking the show, as we're doing, makes it hard for Dawn to follow us, especially as you're smaller and younger and your dancing isn't making hers look marvelous by contrast. Mother Durand would be tickled pink if we were switched to

(Continued on Page 125

"When You Get Up," I Said, "I'd Like to Hear the Funny Story You Were Telling While My Partner Was Trying to Do Her Hardest Imitation"

Our New Transportation System

By FORREST CRISSEY

THE motor truck is the real monarch of the American highway. The driver of the sleek, costly, high-powered passenger car who finds his way blocked by one of these stolid monsters is inclined to consider this modern descendant of the pioneer freighter outfit a common nuisance on the crowded cement trails—but any great traffic emergency, like a strike of transportation men, is sure to teach him a respect for the motor truck.

Already the passenger motor car has revolutionized the human and social side of life in this country; with equal certainty the motor truck is overturning the established order of things in the world of freight transportation. It is, in fact, a new transportation system of about 1,500,000 motive units.

In Forest Areas Remote From Railroads the Motor Truck Is Invaluable

Here is how one man learned to reach for his hat when he sees a motor truck coming his way: He was living with his family at Winthrop, Massachusetts. His business connection was with a large Boston concern. One day he learned that a sudden emergency called for his immediate transfer to Cleveland. Instantly he went there to see if he could find a suitable house in that crowded industrial city. Luck was with him and he secured a very satisfactory dwelling in The Heights, a residential district. Returning at once to Boston he began negotiations with the railroad company respecting the shipment of his household goods.

He was told that the shortest possible time in which the shipment from Winthrop to Cleveland could be made was ten days, but that the goods probably would be on the road a considerably longer time. Then he consulted a local hauling company and learned that the packing, crating and hauling of the goods to the local freight station would require at least ten days. Taking into consideration the time necessary to haul, uncrate and set the goods in place at the other end of the line, the householder saw that he could not, under the most favorable conditions, hope to be settled in his new home in less than three weeks—with the likelihood that he would be homeless for a month.

Saving Time and Money

ON HIS way to luncheon that day he chanced to see a huge moving van. The idea of hauling goods by motor truck more than 600 miles had not occurred to him before. The possibility was worth investigation. He soon learned that a reliable company would agree to take his goods from his home in Winthrop and set them inside his new Cleveland residence within four days. Four days instead of three or four weeks!

Being a thorough business man he had already assembled the costs of moving by rail: Three hundred dollars for crating and hauling to the Winthrop Station; $150 for freight; $75 for hauling and uncrating at destination—a minimum total of $525—likely to be increased by emergencies. Then there would be the hotel bill for his family while waiting for his goods to arrive by rail, and the rental loss on his house while waiting for his goods. He knew that the cost of two rooms and board for his household of five persons would be $25 a day, or a minimum of $525. His house rental was $90 a month, or $67.50 for three weeks, bringing the grand total up to $1117.50.

The van company agreed to put the goods into his Cleveland home at a total expense of $700—a minimum saving of $417.50

Naturally the householder decided in favor of the motor truck. The goods were loaded into it Wednesday morning, July twenty-sixth, and were on their way out of Boston at 3:30 that afternoon. The van held the contents of a six-room house—including a piano. The total distance to be covered was 680 miles.

The parting instruction to the pilot of the big three-and-a-half-ton truck was: "When you arrive call me at the hotel and I'll come out in a taxi and let you into the house."

The van arrived at 3:45 Friday afternoon. Being unable to locate the owner of the goods at his hotel the pilot of the truck entered the house by a window and then opened the doors from the inside. The rugs were quickly laid and the furniture placed as nearly as possible as it had been arranged in the Winthrop house. The van was then locked and again an effort made to reach the owner of the goods by telephone—this time with success.

Shortly he appeared delighted at the unexpected promptness with which the goods had arrived. When he unlocked the front door and saw the furniture in place and the house ready for occupancy he was dumb with amazement.

The men of the motor-truck crew grinned their pleasure as he finally exclaimed: "That's service! My hat is off to the motor trucks after this. They're certainly going to do things to the household-freight business of the railroads."

The trip of 653 miles from Boston to Cleveland was made in 49 hours; the time consumed in stops was 11 hours, leaving the actual running time 38 hours. The average miles per hour was 17.5 and the average miles per gallon of gasoline was 7.8. On the return trip the total running time was reduced to 34½ hours.

Picking Up a Return Haul

THE man whose goods made this remarkable trip figures that he is ahead at least $417.50 by having had his goods hauled by motor truck—not to speak of saving himself a material loss of time from his business. Besides, he was able to enjoy the comforts of his new home immediately

But how did the motor-truck company come out on the deal? Very well, thank you! An expert on motor-truck operation figures that it probably cleared $350 on the trip—perhaps more. It used 170 gallons of gasoline, 18 quarts of oil and the time of two men for a little more than 99 hours.

The wages and traveling expenses of the crew are not known, neither is the amount of income from hauling on the return trip. A considerable amount of merchandise was picked up in Cleveland for delivery in Boston; and at Syracuse, New York, the truck took on twenty barrels of chinaware for Boston.

Incidentally, this illustrates the fact that the captain of a long-haul motor-truck crew must be something more than an expert stevedore. He must be a business getter, and a fast worker too. Any return-haul cargo he can pick up is virtually so much velvet. This puts a premium on back-haul cargoes. Here is what happened in this case: As soon as his cargo for Cleveland was discharged the skipper of the truck got in touch with the local movers and learned of a woman who wished to move her household effects to Boston. He was at her door in short order. His terms were satisfactory—but when told that the load must be on its way by Saturday night she declared that it was too sudden and that she couldn't possibly be ready.

A Traveling Grocery Store on a One-and-a-Half-Ton Truck in Los Angeles, California

"If she could have brought herself up to our speed," explained the skipper of the truck, "we would have had a full load back and made a real killing with the trip."

It would not be fair, however, to leave the inference that this trip is typical of household motor hauling or that most van companies are prepared to duplicate this long-distance performance. To have attempted this round trip of more than 1300 miles with the average motor-van equipment probably would have been poor business

Everybody concerned in this transaction was as pleased as Punch—excepting the railway company which lost the freight haul and the professional packer whose business rests upon the necessity of protecting household furniture against the rigors of shipment by rail. These uncrated goods arrived without a scratch

Though the motor truck may best rest its claims upon short-haul performance— the great bulk of its operations it must be admitted that hauls of many hundreds of miles are fast becoming rather commonplace

A Two-and-a-Half-Ton Truck Loaded With 6000 Pounds of Sugar Beets

A Giant of Misdirected Energy

RECENTLY the contents of a six-room house were moved in a motor van from Cleveland, Ohio, to Jefferson, Wisconsin, a distance of 500 miles, by an Evanston, Illinois, van company, whose manager says: "When we received an order for a load from Evanston to Cleveland the customer was told that the rate would depend upon our getting a return load. Through a Cleveland warehouseman we secured a return load to Jefferson, Wisconsin. The trip from Jefferson to Evanston was made without a load. The whole trip of about 1000 miles was made inside ten days. No article of value suffered damage. From the two customers concerned we received about $600, and we made a reasonable profit on the haul. Yes; long-haul trips are greatly on the increase. Round-trip hauls of 600 miles are ordinary with us now, as they are with most van companies. All long-haul motor-truck charges should be equalized between customers if a return haul is secured."

The motor truck is in the age of adolescence—a young giant that has discovered its tremendous strength but not the art of using it to advantage. Much of its vast energy is spent unprofitably. This latest recruit to the world's transportation team needs training, direction and intelligent placement.

The motor truck's prodigious feat of hauling almost 1,500,000,000 tons of freight one mile last year was accomplished mainly by brute force and awkwardness—and possibly with some damage to the economic balance of the transportation world. If a fraction of the constructive genius that has been spent upon the development of railway transportation were today applied to the problems of motor-truck hauling the usefulness of this raw transportation recruit would be multiplied. Here is a fertile and alluring field for those minds gifted with a vision for organization, for directing energy into orderly, constructive channels, for preventing the waste and damage always incident to blundering or misdirected effort.

However, considering the fact that virtually the entire development of the motor truck as a real factor in transportation has been within the past five years, the wonder is that it has, in its brief infancy, found its legs as well as it has. But this prodigy has now reached a stage of development where its relations to older transportation agencies and to the interests of the consuming public should be considered by economists outside the ranks of the motor-building industry. The sooner this adjustment is made upon the basis of broad public interest the better will it be for the motor-truck industry itself. There is no nourishment for truck builders or owners in having trucks apply their vast traffic power unprofitably in tasks they cannot perform to advantage while every ounce of their energy could be applied to advantage and with profit to themselves and the public under proper direction

This means, for one thing, that the railways of the country need to change thousands of busy trucks from bleeders to feeders, and that thousands of truck owners now making a meager profit or none at all as competitors for certain kinds of natural rail traffic could serve themselves and the public by applying their energy to lines of haulage which they are better adapted to handle than the railroads

From the fact that Donald D. Conn was drafted to act as chief of the Transportation Division of the Joint Congressional Commission of Agricultural Inquiry—which has put out one of the ablest reports ever issued under congressional auspices—it is fair to assume that he is an outstanding authority on transportation

"When the motor truck," declares Mr. Conn, "finds its proper place and function in the great task of transportation it will relieve and feed other forms of carrying instead of attempting to compete with them. It is admirably adapted to the short-haul less-than-carload-lot traffic It has effectively demonstrated its ability in this field; many railroads are now carrying about half their former volume of this kind of freight—but are still required to stand ready to give the same service rendered before the motor truck cut into the business

"In New England and other industrial regions the cream of the short-haul tonnage has been taken over by the motor trucks. If the railroads which once thrived on this business are prosperous the fact is not apparent from their financial reports. I have substantial grounds for the belief that the truck operators who have taken this business from the railroads are not generally prosperous—especially those undertaking the longer hauls. This comes from ill-considered competition among themselves. The railroads operate under the handicap of strict rate regulation; also, they have immense roadway investments on which they are taxed. The motor truck is generally free to fix its own rates and it runs over a roadway which is virtually free. As the perplexed railroad executive sees it, the fees contributed by the motor truck to the highways are merely nominal."

Motor-Truck Regulation

"IT SEEMS inevitable that these inequalities between the conditions imposed on the railroads and the motor trucks cannot continue indefinitely; that an attempt to equalize them must come shortly. The motor-truck interests are awakening to the facts that they face the general enactment of rate regulation and taxation legislation and that their only protection along these lines lies in getting together the vital facts which would be involved as a fair basis for this law making. This, I am assured, is now being done. This is a research job which should be prosecuted with an eye single to getting the facts not to making a case! The nation cannot afford to have this new, facile and highly flexible form of transportation handicapped by unsound regulation

"It is no longer sufficient for motor-truck builders and operators to insist that they are paying a fair share of highway expense. Perhaps they

(Continued on Page 56

Swift Delivery by the Transfer of Units From Container Cars to Motor Trucks

CHEAP PEOPLE

By GRACE TORREY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

He and Old Bob Fitch Sat Together Over a Table in Pete's Waffle House That Evening

THE Hopkins Business College is a temple erected in the heart of Westgrove, to the god Efficiency. Forward-looking young men and women in great numbers ascend its stairs each day, and descend them each evening, a day nearer the one-piece business dress for the business girl, and those positions of confidence that are held in waiting for the graduates of this institution.

As they emerge from the temple in the evening they seldom look across the street at the high hedge, in need of clipping, that strikes an anachronistic note amid the trolley cars and motor horns of the traffic speeding past the doors of Hopkins Business College. Some of them know that the hedge surrounds the old house where old Mrs. Ridgefield lives. Some of them may have heard that Senator Ridgefield was a high-stepper in his time. He drove his long-tailed grays down this very street on the days when the steamers came in from San Francisco. Old Mrs. Ridgefield, erect and stately in a Paisley shawl or holding a parasol just from Paris, sat beside him, bolt upright, like an empress, bowing occasionally to a fortunate subject.

Preston Ridgefield operated a line of schooners taking wheat out of the valley, and bringing back plows and coffee and dress goods from all over the world. They brought the grand piano for the house behind the dusty hedge, and quite a quantity of mahogany furniture and carpets. That old house was where his only daughter was married to someone named Gerould, whom she met in her father's second term at Washington. It was a big wedding with all Old Westgrove there. Some of them thought it would have been better if their senator's daughter had married one of the home boys, though they all admitted that this Gerould had good looks of an Eastern sort, if you like that sort.

Of his looks, or of anything else about him, the stream of youth pouring from the doors of Hopkins Business College across the way know less than nothing. It created no stir among them when a Doris Gerould turned up in their midst to learn typewriting and stenography. As you may have noticed, quite a few stenographers are good looking. This Doris Gerould was handsome, but she dressed plainly and didn't make friends. She was the only girl in the business college who didn't wear a hair net. That might have been against her. The name Gerould didn't mean a thing to the other girls, nor to the Hopkins either. All they noticed about her was that she had no style, wearing low-heeled shoes, and not even pulling out her eyebrows when the whole business college was doing it.

Eventually the Hopkins noticed that she was a prize pupil. She worked up a speed and an accuracy that offset the lack of hair net and overproduction of eyebrows. And she could spell. Many of the business-college graduates have that field still before them. When the Hopkins found that she knew French and German and Italian and could spell in all three languages they took considerable notice. They guaranteed to get their graduates positions, although they could not always guarantee their keeping them. In the case of this Gerould girl they saw that the college would earn some favorable publicity. They got her a job around the courthouse that had good pay, and where her knowledge of four languages would be useful. Westgrove, with its factories and other progressive features, was beginning to have quite a foreign element.

There was a smart young man around the district attorney's office just then, who thought her interesting from his first sight of her. She was not like anything he had ever seen up to this time. After noticing her for several days he hit on a discriminating phrase. "She has class," he said to himself. He made a few efforts to find out something about her. But all he got was that she had been in Westgrove only four years and knew almost no one. He was a comparative stranger himself. His people had moved to Westgrove in 1910. That put them in the immigrant class.

Anyone who had come to Westgrove since 1900 was considered an immigrant by the children of the pioneers who had cut down the fir trees and planted the wheat and developed the water power that made Westgrove worth coming to. The immigrants, who had not come across the plains in wagons, as did the pioneers, but in comfortable Pullman cars, looked about them when they arrived and began to criticize at once. Fresh and rested, after an agreeable trip, they criticized the station. Then they criticized the streets. They were too narrow and not sufficiently paved. They demanded sewers, schoolhouses and more bridges. When they got these they had to have parks. Old Westgrove, able to remember when there were no paved streets at all and when the first street lamps went in, said little but opened up its old farms on the east side of the river, sold city lots from them to the immigrants and went on living an agreeable life within its own circle.

All old Mrs. Ridgefield had to say was to let them go over to the East Side and have things their own way. It was a comfort that nobody had to know them.

It was easy at first not to know them. A third generation of pioneer stock had ramified and interbred, established fiefs and sovereignties, banks and businesses, when what might be termed the great change reached Westgrove. An election brought it to popular notice. It was the one that put an East Sider in for mayor. His name was Birkheimer and he ran as the People's Candidate. With Old Westgrove solid against him, he was elected by a landslide. This was the beginning of the end. As old Mrs. Ridgefield was said to have said to someone who told it about so that the East Side got hold of it, it was the dawn of the era of cheap people.

The smart young man in the district attorney's office was not merely an immigrant but an East Sider. He did not know it, but he was one of the cheap people. What with going to the university and being in the war and studying law, he was ignorant not only of that but of much else in the history of Westgrove.

The new stenographer was entirely polite in her daily comings and goings about the office. She said "Good morning, Mr. Hastings" when she came in at nine, and "Good night, Mr. Hastings" when she went out at five. She did it for three months, pleasantly, without his ever working himself up to the point of walking out with her at the end of the day. He had never felt that way about a girl before. If he wanted to walk with her he managed to walk with her. He was good looking, and smart besides.

But this Gerould girl was different. By the time she had been going in and out for three months he knew that there was nothing else in the world that he wanted to do so much as to put on his hat and walk home with her. But every night at five o'clock she said "Good night, Mr. Hastings," gave him a pleasant smile and a clear unclouded glance that started an embarrassed tingling in his toes. And every night, even with his hand on his hat, he felt himself dismissed. She hadn't rebuffed him either.

"She has class," he said to himself more than once, and set his jaw in a way that didn't make him any less good looking.

He was even more interested in her as time went on. Yet it was an accident that really started him to making what you might call researches about her. He was passing the time of day with old Bob Fitch, the blind man who sells cigars and magazines and chewing gum in the lobby of the courthouse. He had done it for as many years as the smart young man was years old—twenty-five of them, at least. He came close to being the oldest inhabitant. There hadn't been a piece of gossip or a detail of family history or a section of town politics in Old Westgrove for three decades that old Bob Fitch didn't have at his fingers' ends. He never missed anything, and he never forgot anything.

The smart young man was passing the time of day with him one morning, joking and saying "Well, Bob, what's the latest scandal?" and things like that, when old Bob Fitch heard coming through the dark he had been living in for half a lifetime a voice saying "Good morning, Mr. Hastings."

It was a beautiful voice, full of lights and darks, like a cello. He heard the swish of her dress going by and the sound of the elevator starting up before either he or the smart young man said a word.

Then old Bob Fitch said, "That was Preston Ridgefield's voice. Who was she?"

The smart young man told him she was a Miss Gerould.

"That's it!" cried old Bob Fitch. "That was the fellow's name. They went abroad to live. And this must be the granddaughter. What's she like? Tall? Kind of red hair? Wonderful blue eyes that look right at you and beyond you? Yes, sir! That's the way he used to look. Why, Preston Ridgefield set me up in business thirty years ago. Down and out. Bandages still over my eyes, from the accident. Hadn't any money laid up. Trying to think how it was going to be never to see the sunlight again, and he came to see me. Yes, sir, came right to my bed and says 'Hello, Bob! There's a news stand downtown that hasn't anybody in it to sell papers. When do you think you'll be coming around?' Yes, sir. That was Preston Ridgefield. Well, well! What's the girl doing here?"

He heard about what a good stenographer she was and how she could spell in four languages, and a good deal more that old Bob Fitch could read into the smart young man's voice without its going into words. And in return he told about the art museum.

"You mean to say," he asked, handing out their favorite brands of cigars to two or three customers—"you mean to say you never heard about the art museum?"

In a general way, of course, the young man had heard of it. No one could stand at one end of the civic center without looking up a vista of two or three city blocks of shrubs and grass, toward the art museum. It was a white building with pillars, and it glimmered through the bare branches on a winter evening, against a pale saffron sunset sky, like a dream of something a young man might hope to be. He knew that Preston Ridgefield had left it to the city, with a fund for its upkeep. The prospectuses of the chamber of commerce mentioned it as one of Westgrove's greatest assets. Flanked by the buildings of the civic center and dominated by the fine houses of Ridgefield Terrace, where some of the East Siders were beginning to build, it attracted the attention of all the tourists who came to Westgrove. One of the most popular Presidents of the United States had said at a banquet given him by the chamber of commerce that the art museum of this remote Western city had been to him a revelation of an undreamed-of quality in its citizenry. He had been prepared for sterling worth, but not for imaginative beauty. After the banquet quite a few of the chamber of commerce went up and took a look at the museum. If there was nothing like it west of the Alleghanies, as the President said, they might as well say so in any future prospectuses they might get out to attract tourists.

"You mean to say," went on old Bob Fitch, "that you never heard about the Frenchman with the goatee? Or Sam White and his post office? Or how old Mrs. Ridgefield sold Ridgefield Place as soon as Preston Ridgefield died?"

"No," said the young man, humble before the passionate disapproval of his friend.

"Preston Ridgefield was a prince!" cried old Bob Fitch "He put me into a chair at the Gerould wedding with his own hands. And his whole heart was in Ridgefield Place. He'd been laughed at and hooted at. He was even hissed at in town meeting over the civic center. Yes, sir. I was there myself and heard it. And all he ever said was, 'Well, Bob, it's going to be a wonderful place some day' And he was right. Look at it now. And the first thing she did was to sell it. Lives over there in the old house. Never paints it. Doesn't have a machine. Doesn't go anywhere Won't give a cent to anything. Isn't it a funny thing? A mean streak in Preston Ridgefield's wife. But this girl—she's like Preston Ridgefield. And to think of her typewriting up there in your office! Why, he was a prince! And she's a princess. Anything you like. That's good stock, I tell you. They're the kind that do the big things. And to think of her typewriting!"

"She's good at it," said the smart young man, trying to keep his own voice matter-of-fact.

"Good at it!" Old Bob Fitch banged the cigar case with a clenched fist. "Why, she'd be good at anything she put her hand to. It's in the blood. But think of it! She ought to be wearing ermine. And that old skinflint up there holding on to the nickels until they scream! A pity some folks don't know when to die."

He would have said more, but he had other customers just then. He was still muttering as the smart young man left him, thinking hard as he got into the elevator. Old Bob Fitch had touched a match to something extremely inflammable in the temper of any decent young man. A damsel, beautiful, defrauded of her rights, imaged herself before him in his brief ride up to the fourth floor. What the damsel needed was a knight. The wicked old fairy—meaning Mrs. Ridgefield—must be vanquished. Magic and meanness must be ridden down and slain with the sword. He rode to the seventh floor in his preoccupation with this idea, and walked down three flights to get himself adjusted to reality before he should go into the office. He hung up his helmet, looking intently at the gleaming head of Doris Gerould, bent over her dictation

He went to his own desk and began opening mail. It was not romantic looking. But as he read all about the

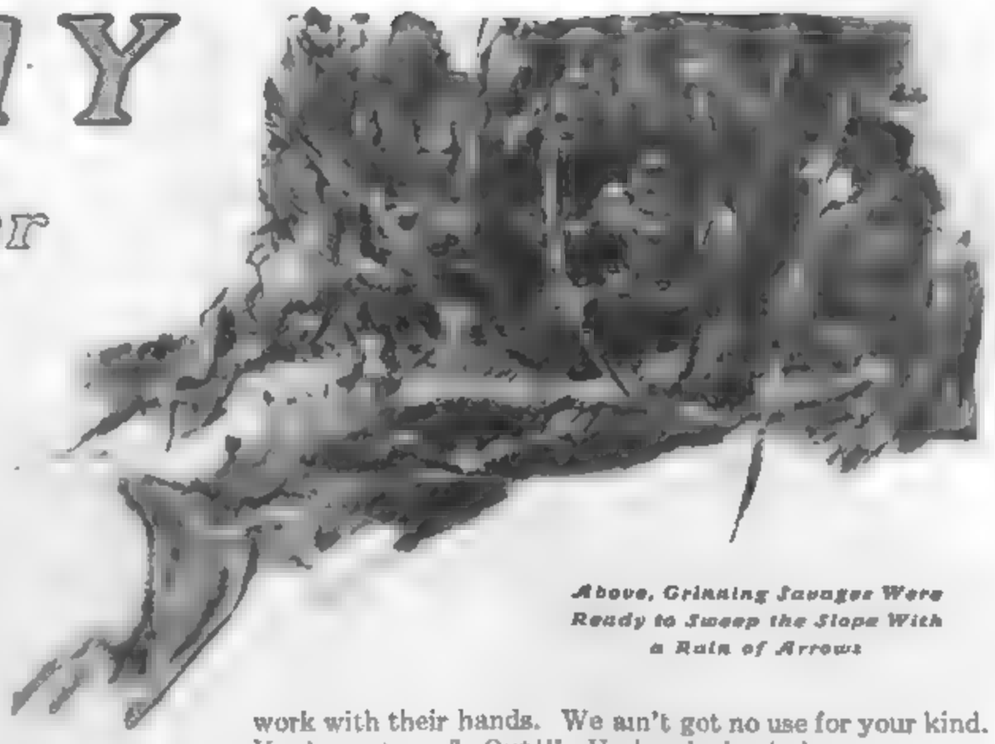
(Continued on Page 117)

He Could See That Her Hand, Holding the Old Ivory Screen, Trembled. How Could He Know What He Had Done to Her?

FINER CLAY

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS



Above, Grinning Savages Were Ready to Sweep the Slope With a Rain of Arrows

BENEATH the lifting fog the sea lay smooth and black, like greasy ink. There was no moon, but a luminous glow suggestive of approaching dawn permeated the mist, causing objects seen through it to appear ghostly, unreal, as though viewed through a curtain of gauze.

There were, however, few objects to be seen. Ten minutes before there had been many—dark, tragic objects—struggling helplessly about the mouth of the huge watery crater left by the sinking ship. Now they were gone, along with the lifeboats so quickly swallowed up by the gloom. In the stretch of water immediately visible there remained only a small wooden raft, upon which crouched the figure of a man. He wore no shoes, his flannel trousers were streaked with dirt, his shirt was torn and covered with blood from a cut upon his arm; yet in spite of these things a certain fineness of feature, a symmetry of design in his lean muscular form, suggested that indefinable something which in race horses and human beings alike is the hall-mark of breeding, of class.

The man held between his knees a bottle of water, a tin of ship's biscuit. With strips of a torn handkerchief he was fastening them to one of the wooden slats which formed the deck of the raft. A splashing in the water at the edge of the fog attracted his attention. He called sharply, funneling his voice through his hands.

"Halloo! Anybody there? This way! I'm on a raft!"

The splashing increased. A heavy voice, weak from exhaustion, came through the fog.

"Where are you? I'm all in!"

The occupant of the raft leaned over its side, shouting directions into the darkness. Suddenly he reached down, grasped a wrist which flashed through the black water.

"Righto! Not too quick—you'll have her under! Take your time! There! Better lie still for a while and get your breath." He dragged the half-drowned man upon the deck of the raft and began to rub his hands.

The newcomer was huge in bulk. His weight brought the side of the raft on which he lay almost to the water's edge. His sole garment was a pair of blackened overalls, fastened about his waist with a rope. Above it his broad hairy chest. His massive shoulders were those of a giant. Even his features were roughhewn, as though chiseled from rock in rude preliminary form, awaiting a later refinement. Lying there upon his back, his great arms outstretched, he was a perfect embodiment of power, of physical force. Beside him his rescuer seemed almost a weakling.

After a few gasping moments he sat up, shook his dripping head and shoulders aggressively, spat into the water, now graying beneath the coming dawn.

"Hell!" he growled, glancing about him. "That sure was a close call. Too close, I'll tell the world." He fixed his small, rather defiant eyes upon the man beside him. "Got anything to drink—any grub?"

"Not much." The other indicated the objects tied to the deck. "I managed to find a bottle of water—some biscuits. No time for anything else, the explosion came so quick."

"Quick!" The big man's voice held a snarl. "Swell right you got to kick! Suppose you'd been down in the stokehold like I was!" He had sensed the fact that his companion was a passenger; the knowledge seemed to arouse in him a definite resentment. "A lot your kind cares what happens to guys like me!" He gave a jeering laugh. "Sweatin' our guts out, down below, while you sit on deck and take it easy."

His companion did not seem disturbed by this outburst. He even smiled in a friendly sort of way.

"I cared enough to fish you out just now, didn't I?"

"I'd 'a' made it all right by myself. Look here, we split that grub and water fifty-fifty, understand? And I want a drink right now." He stretched out his hand toward the bottle.

The other did not move, although his eyes narrowed.

"So do I. But I figure we're three hundred miles from shore, at least, and a quart of water isn't going to see us very far unless we're mighty careful of it."

"That's all right; I'll take a chance on our being picked up. If you'd been sweatin' in that boiler room the way I was you'd have a right to a thirst."

He leaned over to grasp the bottle, but the smaller man seized it first.

"Very well," he said; "you can drink your share if you want to. I'll save mine." He produced from his pocket a small collapsible metal cup and carefully filled it. "Here you are. I'll keep the score." He replaced the cork in the bottle. "What's your name?"

A Feeling of Triumph Rose in Him as He Lifted Grant Painfully to His Arms

The big man swallowed the mouthful of water at a gulp.

"You can charge mine up to Red," he laughed. "That'll do for me. And you might as well get it in your nut that I'm red all through, see?"

He tossed back the cup; his companion barely saved it from rolling into the water.

"I see." He took out a pocket knife, scratched a rude R on one of the wooden slats and beneath it drew a line. Beside the R he placed a G. "Mine's Grant John Grant. I'm an engineer."

"What d'yuh mean—engineer? On the railroad?"

"No, not that kind. As a matter of fact, I'm head of a construction company. Build dams, waterworks, things like that. Doing a big job in Manila right now."

"Huh! Got money, I suppose."

"Some. Worked hard for it too."

"Worked!" The big man laughed derisively, then drew a soggy plug of tobacco from his pocket. "Say, your kind don't know what work means. All you do is hire other fellows to work for you—wage slaves to your rotten system. Well"—he squirted a stream of tobacco juice into the water—"we've got you, all right, in Russia, and we're goin' to get you all over before we're through with you." With an oath he crashed his hairy paw upon the deck. "Why should guys like me work our guts out to make fellows like you rich? Bloodsucking capitalists, that's what you are. Not for mine! The money belongs to the workers—the real workers—the fellows that work with their hands. We ain't got no use for your kind. You're out, see? Out!" He laughed grimly.

"You're a Bolshevist, then?"

"Sure I am. A red! Them fellows is got the right dope, see? If you don't work you don't eat. No millionaires ridin' around in limousines. We're going to run things the way we want 'em."

"Who filled you up with all that bunk?"

"Say, you, none of your lip now or I'll hand you one! That dope's the goods. Fellow I knew on board—coal passer, he was—had the right idea. Said we oughta blow up the ship and send all you grafters to hell. Only he couldn't figure how we'd make a get-away."

The man named Grant straightened his shoulders, his face suddenly white in the dawn.

"So that was it," he said slowly. "I thought at first we'd struck a mine."

"You mean you think he done it?"

"Yes. A man from below tried to get away in one of the first boats, with the women and children. The second officer shot him. Small fellow, dark hair—looked like a Russian."

The big man's lips moved uncertainly. He seemed for a moment unable to find words for a reply. Then he spoke with sudden, gusty passion.

"He ought to of give us the tip, that's what he ought to of done!"

"Yes, a number were killed—some women. I'm glad they got him. Shooting's too good for such cattle."

"Say, cut that!" The man called Red swung around, dark, menacing. "Maybe he done wrong, blowin' up them women, but he had the right idea. You people has made cattle of us long enough. Now the ones that does the workin' and sweatin' is goin' to do the runnin' too. Goin' to run things to suit themselves, just like I'm goin' to run 'em on this here raft. Get that? Why"—he drew up his huge arm, gazed at its knotted muscles admiringly—"a guy like you wouldn't have a chance with me. I could knock you for a row of ash cans with one hand tied behind my back."

"Very likely." John Grant's gray eyes were as impenetrable as the fog. "But physical strength isn't the whole show. Intelligence, brain power, nerve—those things count too. That's the mistake you people make. You're making it right now. But you'll probably learn better before you're through with this trip."

"What d'yuh mean, learn better? Are you figurin' to learn me anything?" His jaw shot out.

"No. But I guess that wallop of yours won't be much good against hunger and thirst—things like that. Maybe you never noticed that when it comes to a real fight it isn't the fellow with the beef, but the one with the guts that usually wins out. Question of nerve, I guess. I remember once, during the war, some of our chaps got caught in a shell hole between the lines. Three of them were big men like you"—there was a trace of irony in his voice—"the fourth was a lieutenant—little fellow, about a hundred and thirty pounds, but game as they make 'em; fine all through. They were there five days, no water, no food, dead men lying around, rats, flock of shells going over all the time. Two of them died. The third went insane. The lieutenant brought him in. He was the only one that got through. Finer clay, I guess, although you'd probably have called him a sis. He told me he prayed."

The big man scowled. Against the rising dawn his torso bulked black, like a figure cut in basalt.

"Prayed!" he snarled viciously. "There ain't no God! All that religious stuff is just bunk to kid the poor man into thinkin' he's goin' to get a square deal in heaven, when he don't get one on earth. They've done away with God and heaven and all that junk in Russia."

"So I hear. Well, I shouldn't care for the heaven on earth they've set up in its place."

He gazed in silence at the eastern sky, now showing streamers of rose. Red regarded him ominously.

"Guess you think you're better than I am," he growled. "Finer clay, eh?"

"No, not better. Why should I? My father was a poor man, a schoolteacher, and so was his father before him; but gentlemen, if you know what that means. I worked my way through college, doing repair work in a garage. I don't claim to be any better than you are. But I'm stronger, because I've got more back of me; things I believe in—that you don't; a decent name, an education, a sense of honor—God. You don't believe in anything. That's your trouble. You've got no standards, nothing to live up to." He rose and untied the tin of biscuits. "Well, what do you say to a little breakfast? One apiece—or do you want your whole share right now?"

Red's eyes narrowed. He smiled grimly.

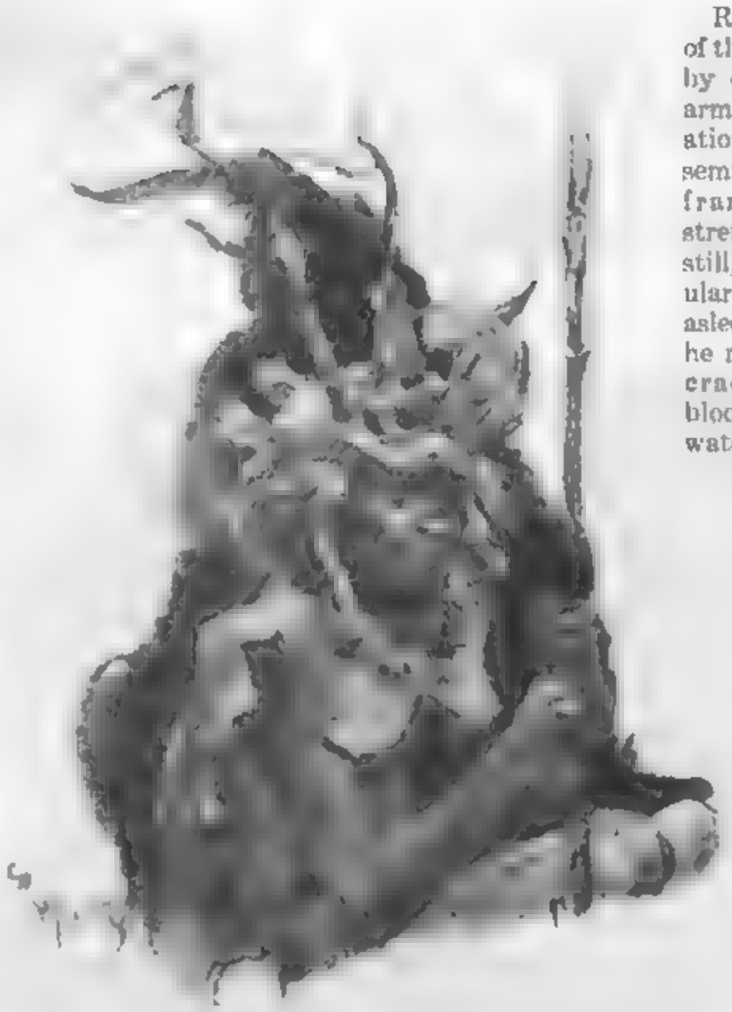
"I'll keep mine in the can," he said. "My pockets is wet."

II

THE raft, like a speck of dust in an infinite ocean of blue, bobbed sluggishly over the lazy ground swells. The intolerable heat of the midday sun beat like hammers of brass upon its slatted surface, raising the paint in innumerable welts and blisters. A white coating of salt covered the tops of the metal cylinders which supported it. There was no sound except the steady slap-slap of the pontoons as they rose and fell in the quiet sea.

At what might have been called the bow of the little craft, by virtue of the broken oar which was wedged upright between two of the deck slats, sat John Grant. His shoulders were bare and burned by the sun to the color of raw liver.

The reason of their bareness was evident; the shirt he had worn now hung from the oar in the form of a small triangular sail, its ripped sleeves tied to the outer slats on either side of the mast. He sat cross-legged, poring over a crude map he had traced on the painted surface of the deck. Beside him lay a pocket compass. A faint breeze bellied the tiny sail intermittently. It appeared from the chips which Grant tossed overboard from time to time that the little craft was making a definite although barely perceptible headway.



The Devil Doctor

Red lay across the stern of the raft, his face covered by one brown and hairy arm. In spite of the emaciation caused by six days of semistarvation, his huge frame seemed full of strength, of vigor. He lay still, breathing slowly, regularly; but he was not asleep. From time to time he ran his tongue over his cracked lips, while his bloodshot eyes sought the water bottle beneath its covering of moist seaweed amidships.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, he began to move toward it, concealing his forward motion by an elaborate pretense of tossing about in his sleep. At last, with a snarl of satisfaction, he tore the bottle from its lashings. Grant wheeled about, seized his arm.

"Drop it!" he said sternly.

"The hell I will!" Holding the bottle aloft in his left hand, Red grasped his companion's throat with his right. His huge hand closed relentlessly about the other's windpipe, choking him to sudden helplessness. "You rat! I guess I can drink if you can!" He flung his opponent heavily against the foot of the mast, causing it to topple forward at a crazy angle. "I'm through takin' orders from you! Get gay with me and I'll throw you overboard!"

He began to remove the cork from the bottle. Grant recovered his breath chokingly, spat out some drops of blood.

"That water's mine," he said.

"Yours? How d'yuh get that way?" Red jeered.

"You've had ten drinks so far." He pointed to the score. "I've only had six. There's not more than four left in the bottle. I've saved them up. They belong to me."

Again Red jeered.

"Saved 'em? Ain't you never heard that us reds don't believe in savings and ownin' things and such junk? Everything's got to be divided up equal, see? – fifty-fifty."

He struggled with the cork, which defied his efforts to remove it.

"All right," Grant said quietly. "Take the water if you want to. It's mine, as you know, but I don't expect honor from a red. All your talk about communism, about sharing things equally, is bunk. I know that. But if you do take it you'll be giving up the only chance you've got of getting out of this mess alive."

Red ceased for a moment his efforts to extract the tightly driven cork.

"Say, where d'yuh get that stuff?" he snarled. "You been handin' out that same line of talk ever since we started. What good's it done?" He swept the brassy horizon with savage eyes. "I'd as soon croak as go on like this."

Grant eyed him with a look of contempt.

"You're hardly worth saving," he said. "A cheap bully and a coward, like all your breed, ready to turn against any man who has a little more money or education or brains than you have just because you can't drag him down to your own dirty level. But before you drink that water of mine I'm going to tell you something."

"Aw, cut it out! I got to have a drink. Where's your knife?"

"You'd better wait till I'm through. It may save your life. I suppose that Russian brother of yours who put us here never told you why his own country has gone to the devil, did he? Well, I'll tell you now. Fools like you killed off all the men with brains—the men who knew how to run things—because you thought you could run them yourselves. And then you found you couldn't. Railroads, factories, hospitals, waterworks—everything gone to pieces. Millions starving. Then you come bellyaching around and ask somebody to help you out. Well, that's just what you're going to be asking me in a little while."

"Me? Say, you're gettin' dippy!"

"Not a bit of it. Look back over the past week. I rationed the food and water, didn't I? If I hadn't you'd have gobbled it all up the first two days. I fished up that broken oar while you were asleep—made a sail. I worked out that map, figured out some idea which way we wanted to go, kept the sail up when the wind was that way, took it down when it wasn't. You didn't know why I kept throwing those chips overboard, but I was trying to get a rough estimate of our speed, to see how far we'd come. I knew about where we were when we started. I think I know about where we are now—can make a pretty good guess, at least. There's a chance—one in a hundred—that we may strike land in the next two or three days, but we'll need that water to make it. I've had four drinks less than you have, but I'm willing to divide what's left with you. I intended to, anyway, not being a red. Well, comrade" his irony, keen as a whip, made no impression on Red's

(Continued on Page 107)

"I'm Through Takin' Orders From You! Get Gay With Me and I'll Throw You Overboard!"

THE MAGNETIC WEST

The High Virgins—By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

IN SEATTLE it wasn't the industrial rebels gathered incongruously about the Totem Pole in Pioneer Square that kept my interest, but the beauty of the city. I couldn't see how, in setting and extent, any improvement was possible; and I listened with a disturbed mind to the assertions there—the voice of local pride—that it was destined to become, in mere size, a great city. I most sincerely hoped not! It was splendid now, and expansion, the dreary vitrified perspectives of an international metropolis, would force Seattle away from the beauty of its water. At present it was a city of pinnacles rising from Puget Sound, from the Sound and the lakes, Washington and Union. The streets slid steeply down to the bays and inlets, the shining tide swept in between promontories, the dusk drooped down upon the water and the day went out to sea.

It was a place of surprises, there were no monotonous reaches of brick and builded stone, a way would end abruptly, the paving stop as though it had been sheared with a knife, and the intricate pattern of the Sound begin below—the wharves and shipping, the gray melancholy hulls never rigged for war, the distant capes and trees and lawns. There were drives, apparently, in the heart of the city, leafy and cool and rustic, as quiet as country lanes, clear hurrying streams, damp mossy rocks and fern.

Early Days

SEATTLE hadn't, like Portland, such a noble and historic highway as that above the Columbia River—a faultless road like a ribbon laid in a sparkling mist of waterfalls—but it needed no added charms; its beauty was complete, individual; it had managed to preserve a quality of the fineness of the forests from which it had been made. Portland had been wrought in gold, but Seattle was sawn from great logs of Douglas fir. It began with the location of an American claim on the southeast shore of Elliott Bay in 1850; in 1851 five river settlers appeared on the Duwamish; and in September the first of a party of twenty-four, the Dennys, arrived, and a cabin was built on the bay. It was called New York; then, in an Indian form, New York By and By; and at last after a local chief, Seattle. The following year there was a fish factory and Henry Yesler built the first steam sawmill on Puget Sound.

Learning, Finally, How Magnificent Virgin Forests Could be, I Began to be Conscious of a Hatred for All the Destruction of All Logging Operations

Nicholas Delin, a Swede on Commencement Bay, with Michael Simmons and Smith Hayes, put up a sawmill—it had a daily capacity of three thousand feet—which grew eventually into Tacoma; and the brig Leonesa carried a cargo of piling to San Francisco. That marked the beginning of lumbering in Washington; in hardly more than four years there were sixteen mills on the Sound, making eighty-five thousand board feet a day; and in 1907 there were five hundred and thirty-five sawmills, with an annual production of five billion and more feet of lumber, and four hundred and seventeen shingle mills manufacturing over nine billion three hundred million shingles.

This represented a gigantic industry; it would need, for its reasonable continuation, inexhaustible forests of trees, and, remembering the headlong temper of American developments, I began to be interested in the whole process of lumbering. I had, of course, heard the threatening echoes, the warning, of an almost immediate depletion of the timber in the United States; and, though I didn't in the least doubt this, my attitude toward it was philosophical. I had no conception—living in a state from which the forests had been long cut—of what trees meant, what they were. I knew something about the redwood; for example, that a solid dancing floor had been made from one trunk; but I didn't know that there were two varieties of sequoia; and I had never heard of the Douglas fir.

Bound west, in a club car thick with smoke, crowded while the train porters made the berths for the night, I sat beside a serious-looking man in black clothes and a wide hat who was, it developed, a lumberman of the state of Washington. Later—after I had reached the Northwest—I realized that he had belonged to a vanishing school of act and thought; but, at his shoulder, after a preliminary exchange of small facts had brought out his preoccupation in life, I was startled when, squarely facing me, he demanded what damned business it was of mine, in Pennsylvania, how he conducted his logging affairs in Washington! At once he uncovered my abysmal ignorance of lumbering; I was ignorant enough, he seemed to think, to be a government agent, in short, a forester; then, more mildly, he gave me his card with an invitation to see him while I was in his state.

Douglas Firs

I DIDN'T do this, there were other lumbermen more pleasant of approach, but his antagonistic demand—what damned business it was of mine, and the rest of it—opened a vital and difficult questioning. In the Douglas fir of Washington, learning, finally, how magnificent virgin forests could be, I began to be conscious of a hatred for all the destruction of all logging operations; but that, I soon realized, was merely sentimental, it was no more than a new phase of blindness; and, facing a necessary destruction of incredible beauty—a use but not waste—I returned to the economic, the national, problem opened for me so abruptly. I didn't at once, in a month or less, come to a complete understanding of lumbering. I met many specialized men who, after a maturity of study, were more often puzzled than not; but the salient features of converting trees into, for instance, undertaker's vanities, it seemed to me any interest and attention might grasp.

This, certainly, was aside from a difficulty discoverable in the Constitution; I could only hope to settle that for myself. What infinitely more attracted me were the trees: the Douglas fir had been named after an early Scotch botanist traveling for the Horticultural Society of London, and among his letters was one from the primitive forest, written, he explained, by the light of a Columbian candle—a splinter of rosin wood soon consumed. The Douglas fir was immensely tall and gracious with bright green drooping needles and pendent cones. Scattered through it was the humble hemlock spruce; but the canoe cedars, deep in gray lichen, were distinguished; and there was cypress near the coast, and yew. East of the Cascade Range, beyond the fogs of the Pacific, there were, principally, pines in open order; pines, too, fir pines, grew high up on the ranges, with the fragrant Alaska cedar

There were arbor vitæ and madroñas with yellow bark and flowers like cases of pale green wax, birch, alder and wild apple along beaver meadows, cottonwoods on the streams. There were oaks in the archipelagoes and rare live oak in the Siskiyous, white oak and cherry and ash and laurel. Groves of maples stood where the damp levels bore thick mosses and fern; in the underwood rubus grew, and hazel and rhododendron, blue comassia and roses and honeysuckle and white spiræa; there were bushes of gooseberries and currants, and the glossy leaves, the glowing pink petals, of salal berries.

The other, the economic and industrial, side of what was becoming famous as the lumber controversy, I followed in the hearings, before the Committee on Agriculture, of the Snell Bill, more exactly known as H. R. 15327. This, I gathered, was offered in substitution, in opposition, really, to the drastic measures proposed by Senator Capper. The senator provided for a Federal direction of the methods of logging and conservation in private enterprises, and was, the lumber interests asserted, unconstitutional; but the Snell Bill merely suggested a coöperation between the Federal Government, the states involved, and private interest. It was, naturally, the private interest upon which most attention was turned, since it owned over four-fifths of the forests in the United States; and the supporters of Mr. Snell's resolution, to a limited degree, were the United States Forest Service, all the state forest departments, the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, American Paper and Pulp Association, the National Wholesale Lumber Dealers' Association, Association of Wood-Using Industries, the American Forestry Association and American Newspaper Publishers.

Hearings on the Snell Bill

THE connection between the United States Forest Service and the Snell Bill, when Colonel Greeley, Chief Forester, introduced his predecessor in office, Colonel Graves, became entertainingly clouded. Mr. Tincher, for the committee sitting, asked, reasonably enough, the capacity in which Colonel Graves was present; and, dissatisfied with the reply that the colonel was there as a forester and former chief of the national service, inquired about his present occupation. He was, it now appeared, a consulting forester; but when Mr. Tincher asked for whom he was working, it was suggested that he make his demand of Colonel Graves himself.

At the beginning, I thought, the sitting had an air of insecurity, almost of the casual; the chairman asked Mr. Snell how much time he would require, and, when he heard that two hours were requested, became doubtful. Did Mr. Snell prefer to be heard today? Since men had come from the West, he replied, from Minneapolis, for this express meeting, there was a strong prejudice in favor of the immediate present; these men, in addition, were all business men.

Mr. Tincher, for the committee, then brought out the depressing fact that there could be no opportunity for general legislation during that session of Congress; and Mr. McLaughlin of Michigan at once proposed that the gentlemen from outside, inconvenienced by having to remain, be given the first opportunity when they took this matter up again at some other—and more suitable—time.

Mr. Snell appreciated that the hearing was wrongly placed, but was firm in his desire to speak; at which Gifford Pinchot, in support of every conceivable measure for the idealization of lumbering, wanted very much to be heard for ten minutes; but a Mr. Williams, not present in opposition to the Snell Bill, made it urgently clear that he would have to get back to Philadelphia by six o'clock. After these preliminary movements were disposed of the hearing progressed with the presentation of Col. William B. Greeley, Chief of the United States Forest Service.

Congress, it was his opinion, could not legislate an economic process like the growing of timber into being. But, he added, Congress could, by initiating a farsighted program of Federal coöperation, directly with the states and through the states with the woodland owners, accomplish the results sought to a large degree. Bringing, in the term woodland owners, a tenderly sylvan air into the shrill business of lumber sawyers, he was hopefully moderate. Section One of the bill under consideration provided that the Secretary of Agriculture should determine and make known the essential things to be done in each forest region to keep a continuous production of timber, and under Section Two preliminary investigations for this end were to be conducted by the Federal Government. Here the Department of Agriculture was to invite coöperation from the states, for which Section Four carried an annual appropriation of two million dollars, with the proviso that not less than a million of these dollars should be expended for the prevention of forest fires.

It cost, the colonel proceeded, about two and a half cents an acre to protect forests from fire; a forest-protection budget, excluding the Federal holdings, would reach eight million, one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year. In the Northwest alone lumber to the value of forty million dollars yearly was destroyed by fire. Against such requirement there were state and county appropriations of one million and sixty thousand dollars, private expenditures of seven hundred thousand dollars, and the Government subscribed a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. As rapidly as the fire hazard was brought under control additional measures necessary to actually growing trees upon the land ——

There he was interrupted by the alert Mr. Tincher, who demanded if the colonel meant on privately owned lands. The colonel did. But he was careful to explain to the gentlemen present that any incidental compulsion would be by the incidental state and not that of the Federal Government. And here, after a reference to his illustrious predecessor, Mr. Pinchot, he proposed to refer very briefly to the alternate measure then before the Senate. This, the Capper Bill, Mr. Pinchot was known to support; but Colonel Greeley, citing a great preponderance of legal opinion, then asserted that such an attempted Federal regulation of private property and industry would be in violation of the Constitution; the American people, he suggested, would not accept it.

How They Feel in Kansas

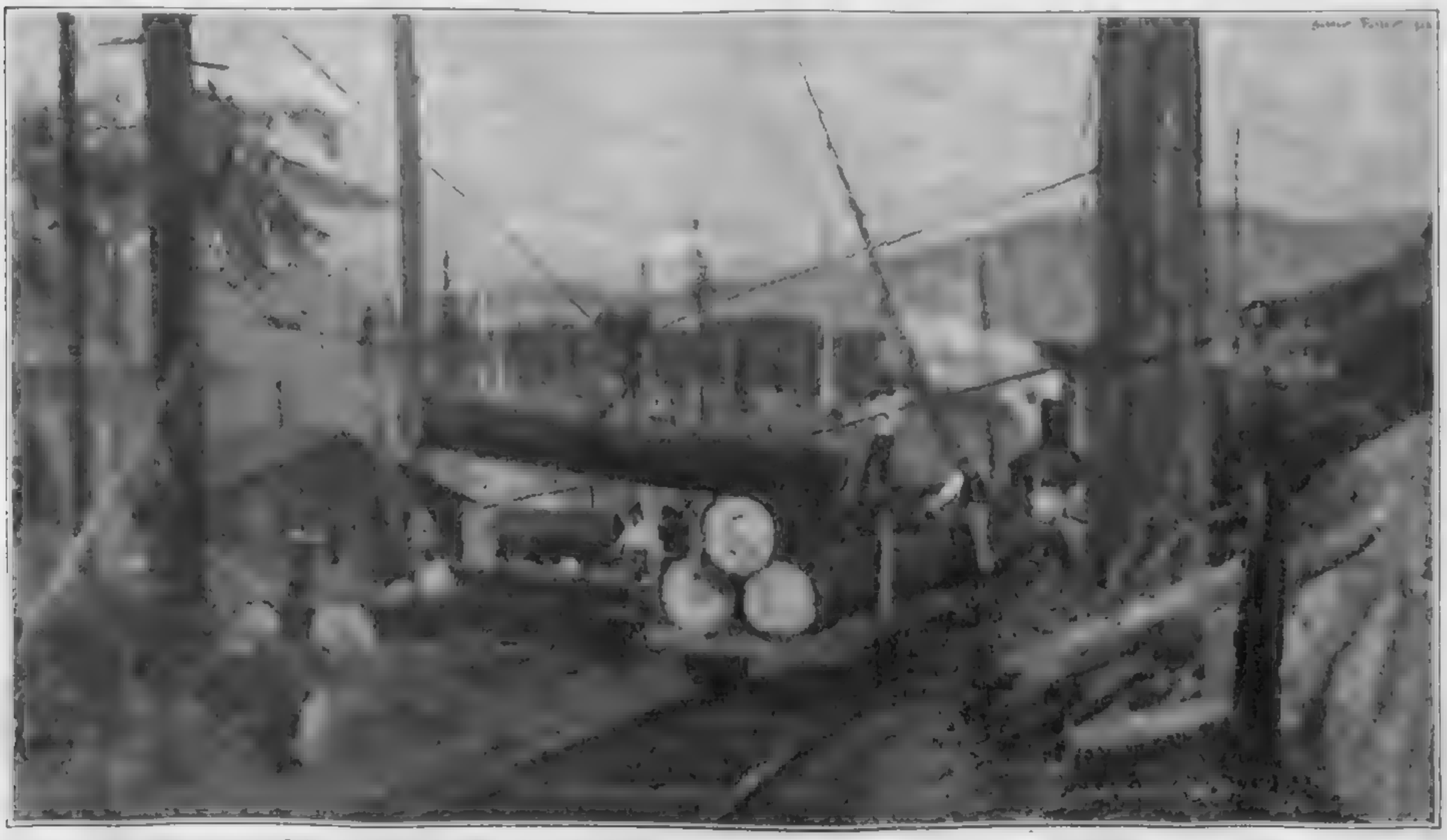
ALL that was needed for a perpetuation of forests, it was his opinion, was protection from fire and a more equable taxation. There, at least, he was clear: Forests now came under a general property tax, levied each year, and their irregular compounding was invariably given as the reason for the rapidest possible cutting, the huge waste, of timber. In place of this a tax had been proposed on the land where trees grew, and the further taxing of the lumber when it was cut. The colonel didn't specify this; but, ordered by the states, it was commended by all the sturdy wood worked into his support.

Never once, even in the literal and unadorned report of a governmental pamphlet, did these proceedings become wearisome. The statement of Mr. Gaskill, State Forester of New Jersey, explanatory of the lumber problem throughout the land, was specially successful in that it brought Mr. Tincher notably and metaphorically upon his feet Since a gentleman from New Jersey had spoken for the Kansas forest he, Mr. Tincher, didn't believe that he would ask any questions, because he had lived there for only thirty or forty years, and he would trust New Jersey to represent him.

The satirical element, ever so fragile, in this he ended with the ringing proclamation that, where Kansas was concerned, the feeling out there was that anyone who cut down a tree should be shot instead of being merely required, in the reported Japanese fashion, to plant two trees in its place.

Speaking for the Western Forestry and Conservation Association, the invaluable title resting like chaplets of leaves on the brows of the more susceptible lumbermen

(Continued on Page 62



Stripped Enormous Logs Were Chained to Flat Cars, the Donkey Engines, on Their Wooden Sleds, Were Sputtering

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions Argentina Bolivia, Colombia, Cuba, Costa Rica Dominican Republic Ecuador Honduras Mexico, Nicaragua Salvador Spain Panama and Peru $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order Express Money Order Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds

Other Foreign Countries in the Postal Union: Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 16, 1922

Taxation in England

IF SCOTLAND, thanks to Adam Smith, can claim that it invented the science of political economy, England has a more disagreeable reputation as originator of most modern forms of taxation. The income tax was started as a war tax by William Pitt, and revived as a peace tax by Sir Robert Peel some eighty years ago. Small incomes were exempted from the first. In the course of time further abatements were developed for incomes up to three thousand dollars. Then discrimination was introduced to favor earned incomes at the expense of unearned. At last, in 1910, when Mr. Lloyd George was a Radical Socialist, the supertax was introduced. That budget was called The People's Budget, and since then the principle of graduation has been carried so far on both sides of the Atlantic that millionaires pay an income tax of ten shillings in the pound and fifty cents in the dollar.

The taxation of capital in Britain is keeping pace with the taxation of income. Small duties have always been levied on estates passing at death and on legacies. Twenty-eight years ago Sir William Harcourt, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, in order to provide for a large increase of the navy without adding to the income tax—though it was then only about three per cent on the largest incomes—introduced death duties; and these have been so graduated and stiffened since the war that the old landed estates of the English nobility and gentry are dissolving like snow in summer. English country houses are already a drug in the market. Many a fine mansion built in the good old days of public economy and low taxes has been shut up because it is unsalable and its owner cannot afford to run a large establishment. Such is the condition to which a great war, an enormous debt, huge expenditure on pensions, excessive armaments and a superfluous bureaucracy have reduced the once wealthy squires and aristocracy of England. The middle classes are likewise severely pinched by an income tax averaging from a quarter to a third of their gross income, and by local rates that are often almost equal to the rent. Meanwhile most of the luxuries of the poor are taxed three or four times as much as before the war.

On the top of all this comes the British Labor Party with a program of large additional expenditure to provide work and maintenance for the unemployed, a national scheme of housing, more money for old-age pensions and higher salaries for teachers and state employes. For these purposes, and for the exemption of workingmen from all taxes (!) the Labor Party on the eve of the general election proposed to raise the income tax—with a steeper graduation—on all incomes exceeding twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars. Following the theories of Henry George, it proposed a plan for the taxation of land values, and wound up its panacea of new taxes with the following, which we quote verbatim from the official Labor Manifesto issued on October twenty-fifth: "Labor recognizes the urgent need of lifting from the trade and industry of the country the dead-weight burden of the National Debt. It therefore proposes the creation of a war debt redemption fund by a special graduated levy on fortunes exceeding £5000"—that is, about twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars.

What a vista of financial confusion and liquidation! At the time when these words were written more than one million three hundred thousand workers in Great Britain were wholly unemployed, and thousands of factories were working at little or no profit. It is understood that the Labor Party's plan would graduate the levy up to forty per cent on the largest properties. All businesses would have to be valued and the levy would be based on the valuation. But as soon as the bill was carried many concerns would close in order to reduce or avoid the assessment. In all probability hundreds of thousands of workmen would immediately be thrown out of employment and a financial panic might be expected to follow.

Divided Loyalty

THERE is no subject upon which business men are more generally agreed than the necessity of loyalty in a working force. Unless there is a spirit of good will, coöperation and loyalty in an institution, unless there is *esprit de corps*, permanent success is almost impossible. In the same way individuals are rarely successful unless they show loyalty toward their employers.

Whatever of good labor unions have accomplished, it cannot be denied that their very existence predicates a most imperfect and inharmonious industrial performance. For the labor union is essentially a fighting, militant organization. It is natural for employers to deal directly with employes—a practice which unions oppose in so many respects—for they are engaged in a common enterprise, and people so engaged should work together. The union comes in from the outside and breaks up the natural interest and devotion of the worker.

Employers are seeking more and more to build up a spirit of coöperation and loyalty on the part of workers. Thus when a great national strike like that of the railroad shopmen last summer carried out many men whom the employers had considered loyal to them it was a bitter disappointment to the boss. He may have been as democratic as he knew how, but when he found the pull of the big union chiefs stronger than his own influence his view of life was clouded for a while.

Now it will not do to be dogmatic about this question of divided loyalty. Perhaps the existence of such bitter line-ups, of opposing and militant camps, is historically and fundamentally traceable to the failure of the employer in the past to seek coöperation. Perhaps he gave nothing but what the union forced from him. Perhaps the unions have become strong only because the worker had to fight for every cent and every right that he now enjoys. It would be well to know under just what circumstances these organizations came into being before they are condemned without a hearing.

But America's industrial opportunity lies in bringing about a greater degree of unity than is represented by such strikes as those of the railroad shopmen and the coal miners. Many organizations outlive their usefulness. The railroad manager of early days needed possibly to be autocratic. The union, no doubt, needed in the same way to follow fighting, militant lines. But times have changed. Institutions whose needs have passed are often an actual menace. It is foolish and dangerous to fight if the need has passed and dispositions have become more peaceful.

It is Utopian, of course, to maintain that employers' and employes' interests are identical throughout. But there are large areas in which they can be made so. There are areas in which conflict is absolutely unnecessary. Many classes of corporations, large and small alike, are cultivating the possible areas of good will and unity of interest with gratifying success. Those who follow in detail the many efforts to cultivate good will and loyalty are not despairing.

An Emphatic Participant

A GREAT deal of loose talking is heard concerning America's brutal nonparticipation in European affairs. A few people have talked this twaddle for so many months that a lot of people are beginning to think that it is true. As a matter of fact there has never been a period in history when America was so mixed up in European affairs, with the single exception of the period when the American Expeditionary Forces were visiting in foreign parts. American bankers have loaned billions of dollars to Europe; American relief organizations have dispensed American food and American clothes in every country that needed such things; American tourists are constantly leaving more than they can afford in countries that want American tourists as well as in countries that don't want them; delegations of bankers and professors and candidates for this, that and the other thing are making numerous trips of investigation to Europe for the ostensible purpose of studying conditions, but more often for the purpose of getting cheap travel and free advertising.

Congressional observers are constantly disagreeing after observing the same European phenomena. American newspapers use columns of European news every morning, and the most active American editorial writers make pertinent daily suggestions to all the great powers. Every day and in every way we are growing wiser and wiser concerning Europe. America is not participating in the existing League of Nations because the existing League of Nations is and always has been impotent to do the things that it thought it could do. America is not backing one European nation against other European nations, after the prevailing European custom, because such a proceeding is contrary to her judgment. America is not canceling the debts that Europe owes her, but on the other hand she is not pressing for payment. Outside of these few things, America is participating in European affairs with tremendous enthusiasm. Those who say that she isn't should take a cooling drink and stop trying to make America ashamed of something that doesn't exist.

When Everyone Loses

THE effects of a strike can never be confined to the particular industry concerned. When the unions walked out in the two primary industries last spring, coal mining and transportation, it was quite clear that every phase of business would be affected and every class of citizen would have to shoulder some share of the loss.

The final stage of the strike disruption came when the farmer was unable to get sufficient cars to market his crops. It is particularly unfortunate that a share of the strike losses should thus be handed on to the farmer, who was just getting into a position to recoup himself in part for the setbacks suffered in 1920 and 1921. Crops generally were good this year. The wheat yield was large, and only the late drought through the Middle West prevented a bumper corn crop. Prices had risen some. If the farmer could get his goods to the market he stood a fair chance to do a little better than break even on the year.

Either strike would have been sufficient to curtail the supply of cars for the handling of crops, and the double blow that labor struck made a serious fall shortage one of the certainties. Normally coal constitutes 40 per cent of the freight hauled. With practically nothing moving from the mines during the summer, the railroads faced the problem of catching up on coal distribution at the time of year when the crop peak load is reached.

Now that the farmer is beginning to pay strike dues in the form of a smaller return on his year's yield, the cost of the labor imbroglio is being impartially distributed. Everyone loses—the striker, the strikee, and the public.

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

Personal Recollections of Our Presidents—By H. H. Kohlsaat

XXXVIII

I ARRIVED at the Victoria Hotel, London, September 7, 1915. My straw hat was a disreputable-looking piece of headgear. As I started out to a dinner with the family of H. Gordon Selfridge I asked the head porter, covered with gold buttons and braid, if he thought my hat would attract the attention of a Zepp. He replied very seriously, "I don't think so, sir; it would be 'ard to see your 'at from so 'igh up."

There had been much discussion in the newspapers of a probable raid on London; searchlights and guns had been installed on the roof of the War Office and other buildings.

On my return from dinner I retired about eleven o'clock and was awakened by rapid-firing guns; went to the window and saw two or three searchlights centered directly over my window on the top floor of the hotel. I could not see the Zeppelin because of the overhanging roof. It passed on uninjured. After the ship passed the hotel I rang for the chambermaid to ask if any damage had been done by bombs, but could get no answer to my ring. Half or three-quarters of an hour later she knocked on the door. When I asked why the bell was not answered she said, "I was in the basement, sir," and then told me of a big fire to be seen from the front of the house toward St. Paul's Cathedral.

Next morning I asked the day chambermaid where she was when the Zepp came. She replied, "I was in bed, sir, in the top of the 'ouse, sir. They pulled me out and made me walk down the cold stone steps in my bare feet to the basement."

I said, "That is where the night maid told me she went. Why did no one warn me of the danger?"

She replied, "Oh, sir, you are not under the Employers' Liability Act."

A few days later, with the aid of an intelligent taxicab driver and a friend, I drove over the district invaded by the Zepp. My friend estimated the damage at over five million dollars, but every London newspaper said the damage was nominal and printed simply a paragraph. The Associated Press carried over two thousand words to the censor to be sent to the United States. He cut it, as I remember, to about sixty words.

A few days later I wanted to go to Paris and went to the French Consulate to get a passport; an official looked at my American passport and when he came to my occupation, which read "newspaper publisher," he asked, "What department of the newspaper?"

I replied, "Editor."

He said, "Then you are a journalist."

I replied, "Only very young reporters call themselves journalists in America," but he insisted, so I let it go on the passport.

Next day I boarded the ill-fated Sussex. When we arrived at Dieppe we had to stand nearly two hours on the slippery seaweed-covered steps of the landing and then pass before a half dozen French officials. When they compared my American and French passports and saw me described as a newspaper publisher in the American and a journalist in the French, it created a mild panic. I do not understand French, but when a soldier took me by the arm and marched me down the quay I saw a night in jail before me. When we reached a small building I was shown into the presence of an official who spoke English indifferently but well enough to impress me I had committed some crime. He pointed his accusing finger at the discrepancy of occupation in the passports. I explained to him how it happened, but he was unconvinced, so I took a package of letters from my satchel that Myron T. Herrick had given me to friends of his in Paris. When he recognized Mr. Herrick's name, clicking his heels together and saluting me he said, "Pardon, monsieur; pardon. A friend of Ambassador Herrick's is always welcome to France"; and turning to a military aide he instructed him to see that I had a good seat on the Paris express.

Lloyd George at a Conference With King George

A few days later, with the kind assistance of our ambassador, William G. Sharp, General Joffre gave Colonel Cosby, our military attaché, and me a permit to go into the valley of the Marne for forty-eight hours. It was one week before the Champagne drive and all visitors to that sector had been barred.

We left Paris in a motor early in the morning and got back about midnight. A week before they celebrated the first anniversary of the Battle of the Marne by decorating the graves of the French with flowers and flags and those of the Germans with green boughs. The French graves and trenches were surrounded by a little white picket fence and the German by a fence painted black.

Many of the crosses at the head of the graves were covered with the caps of the poilu. I remarked to Colonel Cosby it would not be long before tourists carried away the caps. I hope no American would be guilty of such desecration.

When we left Senlis we passed men at work rebuilding the trenches and repairing the barbed-wire defenses getting ready for another attack on Paris. The road was lined with poplar trees, the tops shot off, leaving a bare trunk some ten or twelve feet high. At one of the crossroads we came to a weather-beaten crucifix that had escaped injury by shot and shell. In the crown of thorns on the Saviour's head a bird had built her nest. We saw very few birds flying about. Colonel Cosby said the constant roar of cannon had driven them away.

We passed an old woman on the road with heavy bundles on her head and in both hands. I asked the chauffeur to back up and give her a lift. She took us to a group of farm buildings about three miles away. The village consisted of some hundred and twenty-five inhabitants and a fourteenth-century church. The woman showed us a community compound, the buildings badly damaged by German shells. She said they lost over forty cows and a number of horses. Colonel Cosby asked her if she had men in the war.

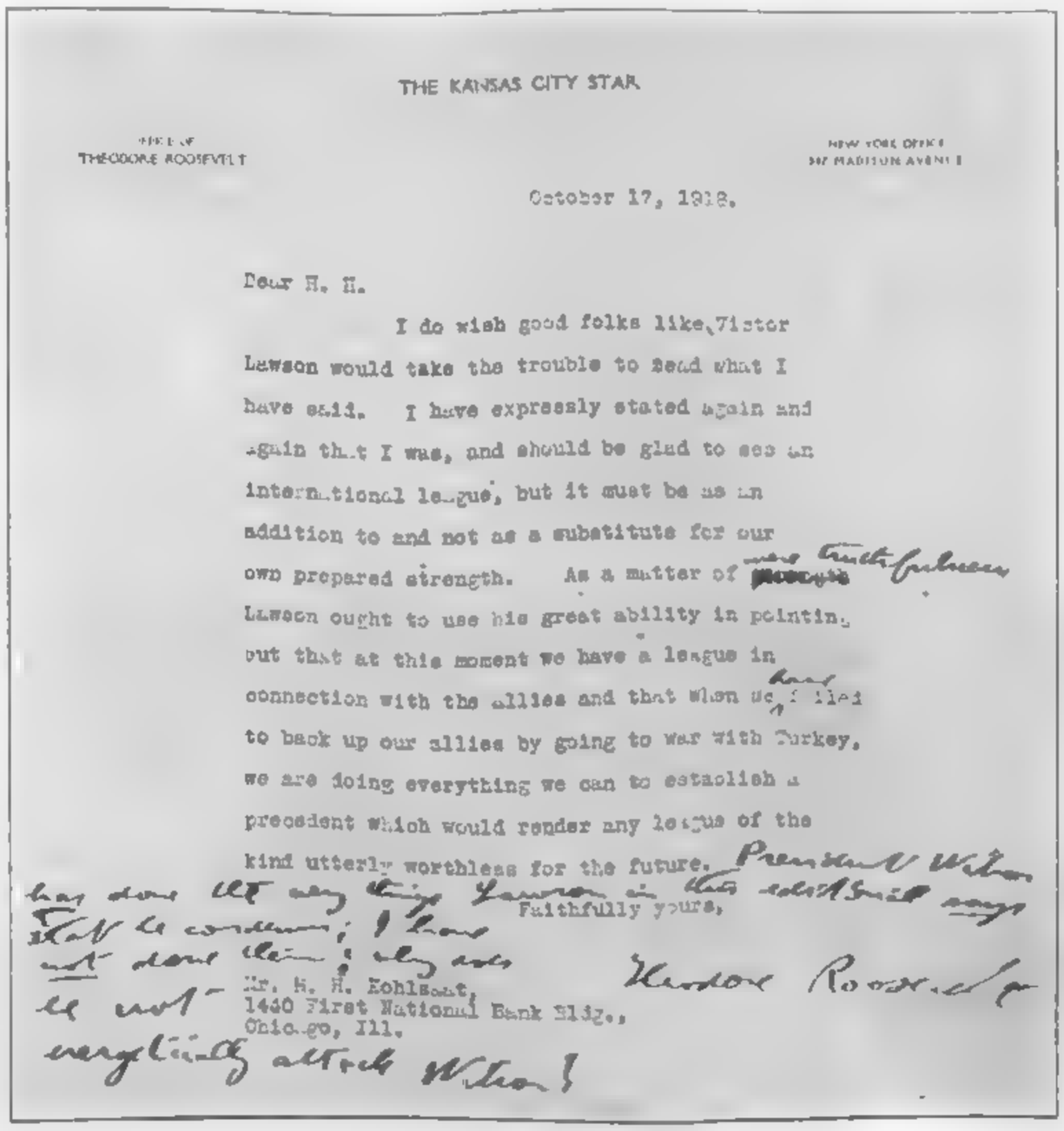
She said, "Yes, my husband and three sons; two of my boys were killed and one is in a French hospital and my husband wounded and a prisoner in Germany."

Through Colonel Cosby I said, "Losing your husband and sons you have made great sacrifice for your country."

She drew herself up defiantly and said, "I wish I had four more to fight for my beloved France."

As we turned toward Paris we called on Miss Mildred Aldrich, author of

(Continued on Page 85)



THE KANSAS CITY STAR

OFFICE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NEW YORK OFFICE 347 MADISON AVENUE

October 17, 1918.

Dear H. H.

I do wish good folks like Victor Lawson would take the trouble to read what I have said. I have expressly stated again and again that I was, and should be glad to see an international league, but it must be as an addition to and not as a substitute for our own prepared strength. As a matter of fact Lawson ought to use his great ability in pointing out that at this moment we have a league in connection with the allies and that when we failed to back up our allies by going to war with Turkey, we are doing everything we can to establish a precedent which would render any league of the kind utterly worthless for the future. President Wilson has done all any thing Lawson in this could say that is condemn; I have not done this; they are not - everything attack Wilson!

Faithfully yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat,
1440 First National Bank Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Ye Christmasse Puddyng

IN HIRAM WALKER'S humble Cot
Was Mirthe and sweet Accord;
A Christmasse Puddyng, piping hot,
Was laid upon ye Board.

Without, hys Arms across ye Sill,
Hys Motives low and mean,
Ye burlie Bandit, Burglar Bill,
Surveyed ye happy Scene.

"They're mine!" growled he—"hys Goods and Gold;
For None shall me resist!
This Hiram is of gentil Mold
A peaceful Pacifist"

Then in he burst and loud he curst
And clamored, fierce and fell
And likewise rude, "Ile have your Food
And all your Goods as well!"

Up spake ye gentil Hiram then:
"I greet thee, Burglar Bill!
We say agen 'Good Will to Men,'
And thou shalt have thy Will.

"Soe take this Puddyng first of All,
And welcome to that Same!"
He flung ye flaming Cannon ball
With true and deadlie Aim.

It burst about ye Ruffian's Head,
It filled hys smarting Eyes,
And forth ye blinded Bandit fled
With wild, remorsefull Cries.

And still in Hiram's humble Cot
When Merrie Christmasse comes,
Appears a Puddyng, piping hot,
Well stuffed with precious Plums.

Arthur Guiterman.

Father's Idea of Santa Claus

Musical Notes

MUSIC is divided into two classes: The kind everybody likes to hear and the kind it is fashionable to pretend you like.

Anybody can like musical music, but it takes education to like the kind that isn't musical.

Bill Nye said he had been given to understand Wagner's music was a great deal better than it sounded.

Ram's-horn music is pretty rotten, but the walls of Jericho fell for it.

There is hardly any honest person in America who wouldn't rather hear a good male quartet produce close harmony in The Old Oaken Bucket than hear Mary Garden sing Thaïs.

If one could just listen to the male quartet old-oaken-bucketing and see Mary's back at the same time, nothing more would be desired.

Hardly anything could be finer than Juanita sounds to a drunk who is singing it.

Rachmaninoff is the only pianist who can simultaneously wear a prison haircut and make a crowd listen willingly to piano solos.

Little German bands formerly made the worst music, but modern jazz has them badly abraded.

I know very little about music—almost little enough to be a New York critic.

"De bottom ob de flouah barrel make mighty po' music," Uncle Eph says. —*Strickland Gillilan.*

"The Science of Autosuggestion, by Emile Coué"

IF YOU'RE feeling glum and bitter,
It is better not to mutter
At your fate, for you'll feel fitter
If you hark to what I utter:
Follow Coué to the letter,
Say "I feel I'm getting better,
Every day in every way I'm
Getting better, better, better."

If your heart should have a flutter
And you find you're growing fatter,
Do not cut out bread and butter,
For your diet does not matter.
Though you eat a hearty dinner,
Yet you'll find that you'll grow thinner
If each day you keep repeating
"I am thinner, thinner, thinner."

All the ills that round you flitter
Soon will scatter helter-skelter,
And your eyes will brighter glitter,
While Old Gloom will duck for shelter;
For ill health's a snare and fetter,
Pretty soon you'll feel much better,
If you follow Old Doc Coué
You'll feel better, better, better.

Newman Levy.

He Who Gets Danced

FEWER dance-mad ladies have been encountered this open season, but the survivors of the great herds are all the more dangerous. Among gentlemen at dinner and supper parties they prowl about like raging lions, seeking whom they may dance with, and their prey seldom escapes.

As generally happens, an all-unsuspecting gentleman leads one of these otherwise mild and gentle ladies forth to browse upon snowy fields of napery, set about by lofty *couvert* charges. When the first note of music is struck, blown or otherwise maltreated by the jazz orchestra in attendance, the lady begins swaying like a serpent charmed by the piping of an Indian fakir. She drums on the table. She emits a loud humming noise. Then she deliberately stalks her partner, fastens upon him and—no matter what the perishable quality of the food placed before them drags him out into the clearing between the tables.

Perhaps those rarities, cocktails, have just been surreptitiously served in the guise of grapefruit when the ambushed orchestra blares forth. No matter; the predatory lady tears and worries at the gentleman until she has him sliding upon the waxed floor. Has someone appropriated his cocktail by the time he returns, eager and breathless? Someone has.

Once again all are seated. Hors d'œuvres, piquant, appetizing, are offered. The gentleman consumes one and is rendered ravenous. Soup and a second selection by the orchestra are simultaneous. The lady glances meaningly at the gentleman. He reluctantly claims her as a partner. Rather warm, he seats himself again. Rather cold he finds the soup.

(Continued on Page 114)

DRAWN BY TONY SARG

SUPPOSING—That Augustus Thomas and Will Hays, the Theater and Movie Overlords, Assisted by Judge Landis, the Baseball Arbiter, Gave a Little Play (Very Proper, You Know), Teaching Us What's What in the Proprieties

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Equal to any appetite!

Bring home your huskiest appetite. Greet it with a plateful of Campbell's tempting beans. Feel your hunger disappear as you enjoy these "meaty" beans and relish their tasty tomato sauce. You have always liked beans, but Campbell's give you a satisfaction all their own. They're slow-cooked; this means they are digestible. They're Campbell's; this means they are Quality Food.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The Return of Frank Clamart

XI

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

SHANE EMMET went around to the offices of the newspaper of which he was staff artist, and there passed a trying hour in giving his description of the affair at the Melting Pot, again finding himself subjected to the mental strain of deciding under a sharp enfilading fire of questions how much to tell and what to hold in reserve.

He left there in a bad state of nerves and with the urgent desire to see and talk with the one man from whom nothing need be held back. Shane wondered how men, especially family men, could possibly stand the strain of leading double lives. It seemed to him that nothing could be more trying than to be under the constant necessity of guarding one's speech when in contact with one's intimates, accounting for one's time and occupations, the balancing and verifying of movements, almost of one's inner thoughts. It did not seem to him that anything could be worth such effort. He reflected on the vast number of individuals who were doing that very thing more or less successfully all the time.

He felt that he, at least, was not much of an intrigant. Jedburgh had immediately discovered that he had been holding something back, Olivant had known it from the start, Cynthia seemed to feel it, and now Shane was uncomfortably conscious that the newspaper people with whom he had just talked and a man from the Central Office were likewise distrustful. In their case it did not so much matter because they had nothing of their own by which to check up his statements, and at any rate might have ascribed his reserve to some nebular hypothesis that he desired to study out more analytically and of the proof of which he desired all the credit.

But worst of all was his oppressing anxiety as to Sharon's welfare. Curiously enough, he seemed to be the one on whom this fell most heavily. Jedburgh certainly had not shown it, nor Olivant. Shane decided they must both be saurian-hearted individuals. They seemed more interested in fixing the responsibility of the act and its motive than in the fate of the girl herself. Now, as many times before, it struck Shane that human beings were singularly inadequate in their faculties of personal affinity. Almost any wild animal or bird or fish or insect would possess some sense that enabled it to find a missing member of its colony, some subtle instinct or a sort of radiotelepathy. But humans, who claimed for themselves the highest stage of animal and spiritual evolution, were lacking in it. If a wolf or seal or gull or pigeon were to become separated from its mate ——

A pigeon. Shane's reflections fetched up short at the thought of pigeons. He thought of that wearied carrier down there at the end of the New Jersey coast, and the croft to which it had fluttered. He considered the long low hangar where the work on the experimental balloon-plane for party trips was suspended because of lacking funds. Then the sinister baboon face of the man Leffy came crowding into the picture, the carrier's message. Shane, bound north to his apartment in a taxi, was suddenly conscious of that curious receptive impulse that often stirs the subconsciousness of the inventor, the—as he fondly imagines—creator, even the interpreter—a sense of receiving something from the void.

"Right Away, Brother. I am Watching Something Over by the House. Little Lights Flickering. Will You Look and See What You Make of It?"

He reached his apartment and called up Clamart's house. Ling Foo answered. He did not know where his master was to be found. No word had been left by him as to his whereabouts. Shane hung up the receiver, angry and resentful. Clamart seemed to expect him to stand by for a call, possessing his soul in such peace as he might muster, while disregarding Shane's possible immediate need of himself. Shane picked up the instrument again and called for Olivant at Jedburgh's. He got him immediately, but Olivant said he had nothing to report. Jedburgh had left the house before Olivant got back, leaving word for him to stick around.

"I've got a sort of vague hunch, Olivant," Shane said. "I'm going out of town and may not be back until tomorrow night or possibly the next day."

"Wish you luck, old chap," said Olivant. "Mind your step."

Shane changed into a dark gray tweed driving suit, pocketed torch, pistol, sketchbook and money, then called up Clamart's house again. "Tell the master I'm going down on the Jersey beach," Shane said. "I shall be gone overnight. Say that I count on him to look after Miss Cabot."

Well, that was that. Clamart would be angry, but so was Shane. He could not see himself sitting there biting his nails or getting nicotinized while waiting Clamart's pleasure. He was no chela. Something seemed to be tugging at an invisible string. Perhaps hunches were really messages, after all, and from the material as well as the spirit world. A bird resembling a pigeon, possibly a falcon, was the crest of his father's family arms, and his mother's had a rampant stoat or skunk or something, though most probably a stoat because the fauna of Ireland does not include skunks: and besides, the position of a rampant skunk would be reversed. An aggressive skunk would ——

An aggressive skunk? Shane's mind fetched up against this idea as it had at thought of the pigeon. He unlocked the drawer of his desk and took out a small globular object, the sight of which would have caused a panic in a sophisticated crowd, and the throwing of it a stampede. It was a police bomb containing tear gas, given Shane not long before by a friend in the department. Like many bachelors of his age, Shane was a bit of a collector, his present fancy being for articles used by or against criminals. He had a nice assortment of burglars' tools and implements, and some of these he now proceeded to stow away about his person, reflecting as he did so that he must be careful to avoid that danger to which many citizens are nowadays so frequently exposed—getting arrested; this risk running all the way from accepting a proffered pick-me-up to buying a railroad ticket from New York City across the river for a lady, and the menace of exceeding the speed limit hovering always like a pursuing genie in the swirling dust of one's car

There was enough damning evidence on Shane to have got him lynched if taken up on suspicion near the site of a recent crime. As he went around to the garage where he kept his car his step was heavy, but he had taken full precautions not to clink. One can also be arrested for emitting such a sound.

Shane reflected that as now equipped he would presently be liable to arrest on any of several charges, in which might be enumerated speed-limit violation, carrying concealed weapons, accessory after the fact of manslaughter, housebreaking—for he was determined to see the inside of that hangar down there—accessory after the fact of kidnaping because of his withholding certain known facts about it, transportation of spirits without a permit—for he had filled his flask. This last offense was a double one, because the liquor was illicit, to begin with. Almost everybody's is that now.

So here was the spectacle of a modern young knight-errant, the avatar in virtuous intention of any of King Arthur's, setting forth upon a quest in a country more or less at peace with itself and the rest of the world, yet said cavalier pricking his gallant way subject to rude seizure and incarceration on so many charges that the brain reels at their enumeration and the penalties attached to them. Wherefore, commending himself to the god of high

(Continued on Page 28)

Double action *with this cleanser!*

1. It scours and polishes
2. It sweetens and purifies

There is one room in the house of which we demand more scrupulous cleanliness than any other—the bathroom. It is *always* to do, over and over.

We scrub the evidence of dirty little hands off the washbowl a dozen times a day. We clean and scour the tub after every bath. We take special measures to keep things not only bright and shiny but *absolutely clean and sanitary.*

More than ordinary cleaning—this was the larger idea Swift & Company had when their chemists worked and tested in the Swift laboratories to perfect a cleanser that would fill this double use. And now **Sunbrite** is a real contribution to household cleanliness.

With **Sunbrite,** there is *double action.* It cuts the grime and grease, and scours just as any ordinary cleanser does. But it also has another quality, more far reaching in effect. For **Sunbrite,** as it cleans and scours, also *sweetens* and *purifies.*

This quality, which housewives have so long wanted in a cleanser, is due to a mild but effective purifying element in its composition. With just enough abrasive also to scour thoroughly, **Sunbrite** is not coarse enough to mar by scratching, nor can it hurt the hands, having in it no harsh chemicals.

Double action—yet **Sunbrite** sells for less by a third than you often pay! The great production facilities of Swift & Company make its low price possible. Further, each can carries a United Profit Sharing coupon.

With the same effort, the same motions you use to clean and scour, now sweeten and purify in addition. Put **Sunbrite,** the double action cleanser, on your grocery list, *now.*

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Double action *yet costs less*

Wash the knife with which you have cut an onion, with soap suds, then cut an orange or apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there! Cleanse and scour the knife with Sunbrite and it is not only brightened but the onion odor is gone

The bathroom must be more scrupulously clean than any room in the house It must not only look bright and shiny but it must be absolutely clean and sanitary. Sunbrite leaves every spot it touches thoroughly cleansed and purified

(Continued from Page 26

endeavor, Shane got aboard his car, rolled out of the garage, threaded the mazes of a city whirling itself in the sort of chronic maze that a self-respecting bee or ant or other disciplined insect citizen would be ashamed of, and in due time struck the Lincoln Highway and proceeded to reel in this turnpike under his unlawfully speeding wheels like the band of a tape measure when one presses on the button.

"Hooray for action!" cheered Shane to his responsive ego. "Here we go south."

XII

IT WAS getting dark as Shane approached the vicinity of the lonely house back of the beach with the big hangar in a swale of the low, flatly undulating ground behind it. The night promised to be dark and still with a viscid murkiness off the sea. But Shane remembered having seen the moon in its third quarter blurring through a similar haze over the city when he had got out of the car in front of Jedburgh's house in the small hours of the morning of that troubled day

At what he estimated to be about half a mile from the shanty on the beach he ran his car off the road into a thicket and secured it against easy theft by means of a tire chain and padlock. He had provided himself with some hard-boiled eggs and ham sandwiches, good fighting food, and some of this he now proceeded to devour, feeling like a prowling creature of the night and sandy spaces.

A flock of curlew flew overhead, their plaintive "coor-a-lee, coor-a-lee" indicating a direction down the beach, toward the shanty. Shane reflected that the ancients drew their auguries from the direction of bird flights, and that here might be an omen. He struck across between the dunes diagonally, and was pleased to discover from the bearing of the lighthouse that he had made a good reckoning. The tide was far out, so he followed the water's edge.

Presently the dark mass of the shanty became visible, and Shane was shot with recent poignant emotions. That day marked the closest sympathy ever existing between Cynthia and himself, the closest that might ever occur, Shane now believed. The tide of their mutual affairs, almost at its flood, had been driven rudely back by the stormy gust of circumstance. His words and actions in that crisis, instead of thrilling, had caused her to shrink away from him. Cynthia would never get over that withdrawal in the face of a harsh impulse, Shane thought. Then suddenly, with no apology or farewell to Cynthia, his mind turned to Sharon; unconscious, unintentional comparison.

Ah, but here was an entirely different nature! Sharon, daughter of Jedburgh, could scarcely be expected to possess Cynthia's thoroughbred fineness, might not even be so mettlesome in a crucial instance, or lack the driving power of a will dominant over fear. But Sharon would not be dismayed by hardness in a man if it were just and needful. She would expect it to be there somewhere, like hair sprouting on his upper lip. She would possibly rejoice in it, as she had fearlessly rejoiced when Shane treated the princess *en cavalier*.

Shane now wished that he had kept on treating her that way. This solitary scout of his was in no hope of Sharon's immediate rescue, but on the off chance of finding some possible weapon to offset Sharon's value as hostage; a hindrance or actually destructive factor to their prospect of early and considerable gain. Shane wanted to see that balloon, said to be in process of construction for taking tourist parties up and down the beach. He could not see any legitimate reason for guarding closely the construction of a big gas bag furnished with planes that was destined to be put on general exhibition and for public amusement as soon as money could be found for its completion. It might be finished even now, and making occasional night flights over the sea, these nocturnal voyages ostensibly to protect its publicity until the time came. Years before, the brothers Wright had done that thing and guarded their secret so well that their flights were regarded by the world as mythical until they chose to demonstrate them publicly.

Shane cautiously reconnoitered the cabin, then circling the big sand dune approached it from the inland side. The back door was closed but not locked. He pushed it open and flashed his light about. The interior looked just as he had seen it last. This was disheartening. He climbed to the top of the sand dune. No light was visible in the direction of the house; in fact, he could not distinguish the house at all. This was better, because an honest house, if tenanted, ought to show light somewhere at that hour, about seven o'clock. It was supper time, and at that season there did not seem to be any particular place for people living there to go. And he had seen two men come out and drive away when watching the pigeon drop down there. Besides, somebody ought certainly to be guarding the airship.

Shane set out to examine these premises, picking his way between the sand hummocks. He struck the road above the house, then decided to visit the hangar first. It was good enough going over sandy turf. Presently the big dark bulk loomed up ahead. Drawing close Shane discovered that it was constructed of something like stucco, probably laid on a loose meshwork of some sort, similar to the rocky mountains of a scenic railroad at a recreation beach. He could not determine what the roof was made of; probably tin. Its width being greater than its height, the hangar though flimsy was no doubt stable enough.

There seemed to be no windows in the sides, and no door other than the small one cut in the big frontal ones. Shane let this door scrupulously alone. It might be rigged with an alarm. He thought that he could cut through the wall itself, after giving it a guarded punch or two. So he passed around to the rear and set quietly to work. The fibrous mesh, with its coating of what might have been a mixture of clay, sand and cement, yielded reluctantly to Shane's wire cutters. Still it took about an hour's work to gash a square U in the wall, when a hard shove broke open a flap and gave him space to squeeze through.

A faint peculiar smell pervaded the interior. It was nothing like the odor that he and Léontine had both remarked—the acetone smell. Neither was it that of seeping rum; nor was it identical with that of the ball of opium gum that Clamart had shown him, and it was not at all suggestive of the fumes of opium when being smoked. Shane knew that distinctive odor not only from travels in the Far East but from having caught it, to his considerable disgust, in certain exotic entertainments to which he had been invited in New York but the hospitality of which he had declined. Such practices were to his healthy cleanliness more than vicious and immoral.

But it struck him that there might be different kinds of opium, or that if the smell of it was actually there the person storing it would be clever enough to mask it with another sort of smell, some persistent claimant on the olfactory sense, like musk or butyric acid. He imagined himself in the place of one of them. He would expect the hangar to arouse the interest of excise officers, and he would also expect them to examine the big lengths of bamboo. Almost anybody would think of them as possible containers of rum. But Shane remembered that there was also a great deal of stuff of small diameter in the lot, the upper extremities of the bamboo trees, about the size of fishing poles. These would naturally escape examination since their interiors would hold so little liquid. But they could be made to hold a tremendous quantity of opium if this were to be rolled into pellets and dropped into them.

But the smell could scarcely come from opium plugged in air-tight receptacles like bamboo stalks. Shane thought it might be the balloon cover, and flashed his light upward. There was no cover. There seemed to be nothing, in fact, but a complicated mass of scaffolding of big bamboos, like those used in the Orient for building purposes, water pipes, rafts, outriggers for canoes, and the numberless needs that the almost costless cane so admirably supplies. There was indeed a framework of sorts supported by all this apparently superfluous scaffolding, but Shane could make nothing of it, nor tell ship from stocks.

His next discovery was that the skeleton of the hangar itself was entirely of the same big-caliber bamboo, and that it was a very strong one and easily able to sustain the pressure of anything but a cyclone. Even then the frame itself would have held together, Shane thought. Bamboo, being tubular and very tough fibered, will stand a tremendous strain, as anglers know, and these big cane joists and stringers might have been safely used for a turnpike bridge. It struck Shane that, all smuggling aside, somebody had shown a lot of sense in bringing up a schooner-load of this bamboo from the tropics, where about the only cost was that of cutting and loading it.

As if to corroborate this compliment to the intelligence of the bamboo importer Shane next discovered that what he had taken to be a partitioned room made of the stuff in the farther corner was not a walled and ceilinged chamber but a shored up stack of solid cane, enough material to build another such hangar—two of them, perhaps. It was all of small diameter, fishing-rod size, the last twelve or fifteen feet of the bamboo shoots, and there was a stack of it about six feet high by ten in width that ran half the length of the building. One would have said that these ends, too light to be of service in construction, would bring their price as a by-product for fishing rods or handles of brooms or crab nets and the like. There were infinite uses for such stuff, split for the making of furniture, mats, chair seats, portières, clothes poles, fences, chicken perches, almost anything. The joint separations could easily be knocked out with a long iron rod, thus to leave a pipe of any caliber desired.

Shane selected one of these small bamboo tips from about the middle of the heap. In doing so he observed that the butts of all of these were not protected by a joint, having been sawed off to leave this at the head of the larger and more serviceable pieces. He took out his knife and quickly cut the bamboo, which was not yet entirely seasoned, across above the next big joint. As he broke it noiselessly something suddenly spilled out into his hand: not pellets, but a powder. The smell of this did not tell him much, but he had no question at all about its character. Or possibly there might be other sorts of narcotic in the lot. But the main thing was that these tips were actually the envelopes of drugs. He did not believe that there was a drop of rum in the whole place; or even if there was it did not interest him in the face of this more sinister discovery. Shane was tired of the idea as of the fact of bootlegging; thought it probable that the time wasted throughout the country in merely discussing it would amount yearly into the millions of economic loss.

He now decided to investigate the house, then return

(Continued on Page 30)

"Sharon," He Said Softly, "It's Shane Emmet. Come Quickly"

CADILLAC

The severest test of a motor car's dependability is its conduct in winter.

Winter has revealed to Type 61 owners, as placid summer days never could, the reserve wells of dependability and power which stamp this car as the outstanding success in Cadillac history.

Type 61 owners do not exaggerate when they say that in January, they experience the same ready performance and unruffled satisfaction that they enjoyed under mild weather conditions in June.

It is literally true that they command quick starting, swift acceleration, and a free flow of vigorous power, in the one month as in the other.

Advanced engineering has incorporated in Type 61 refinements of design and construction which have, in reality, overcome winter's resistance to automotive transportation.

So completely superior to winter hardships has the car proved itself that every Cadillac owner is convinced that neither temperature nor season affects his car's dependability.

It is unnecessary to look any further than this security of service throughout the entire year to discover why America has conferred upon Type 61 the most successful year in all fine car history.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 28)

later to give the hangar a more thorough overhauling. He lifted the flap and crawled through the hole he had cut, then passed cautiously around the building to approach the house from the rear. The back door gave on a wooden stoop, and Shane, discovering no sign of life at all about the premises, walked openly up to this and leaning over the steps turned his torch on them for a moment to see if they showed signs of recent traffic. They did, and more than that, they showed some sharp fresh little scratches.

The sight of these acted on Shane like the fresh scent of a deer on a ranging hound. But he immediately discovered that they had been made coming down the steps, not going up them. They were too close in to the next riser to have been scored in mounting, but precisely where they might have been expected in descent. Also, the rim of the last step was splintered, as if a heel had caught on its edge. Shane hurried around to the front of the house, and there he found them again, this time spaced as if going up. The inference was obvious. Sharon had been taken into this house by the front entrance and later led out by the rear.

If Shane had been a bloodhound he would have given tongue. Not having the special sense of such, he could not tell how fresh the trail might be. But the fact of Sharon's having been taken out of the rear would indicate that she had been led off in that direction. There did not seem to be much reason for walking her out the back way and around the house. And being thus conducted out across the soggy fields or vineyards on foot and in evening slippers, the immediate deduction was that she could not have been taken very far.

Shane had now his choice of two methods for attempting to locate the girl, neither very promising. He might try to follow a trail of footprints with the aid of his electric torch; or range in the hope of striking on some place that might serve for the custody of a prisoner. He chose the latter, because it obviated the risk of flashing his light constantly in an exposed area. Returning to the rear of the hangar he started back across the field in a tacking fashion, like a bird dog, setter or pointer. It was sea meadow but not marshy, and the going good enough though soggy.

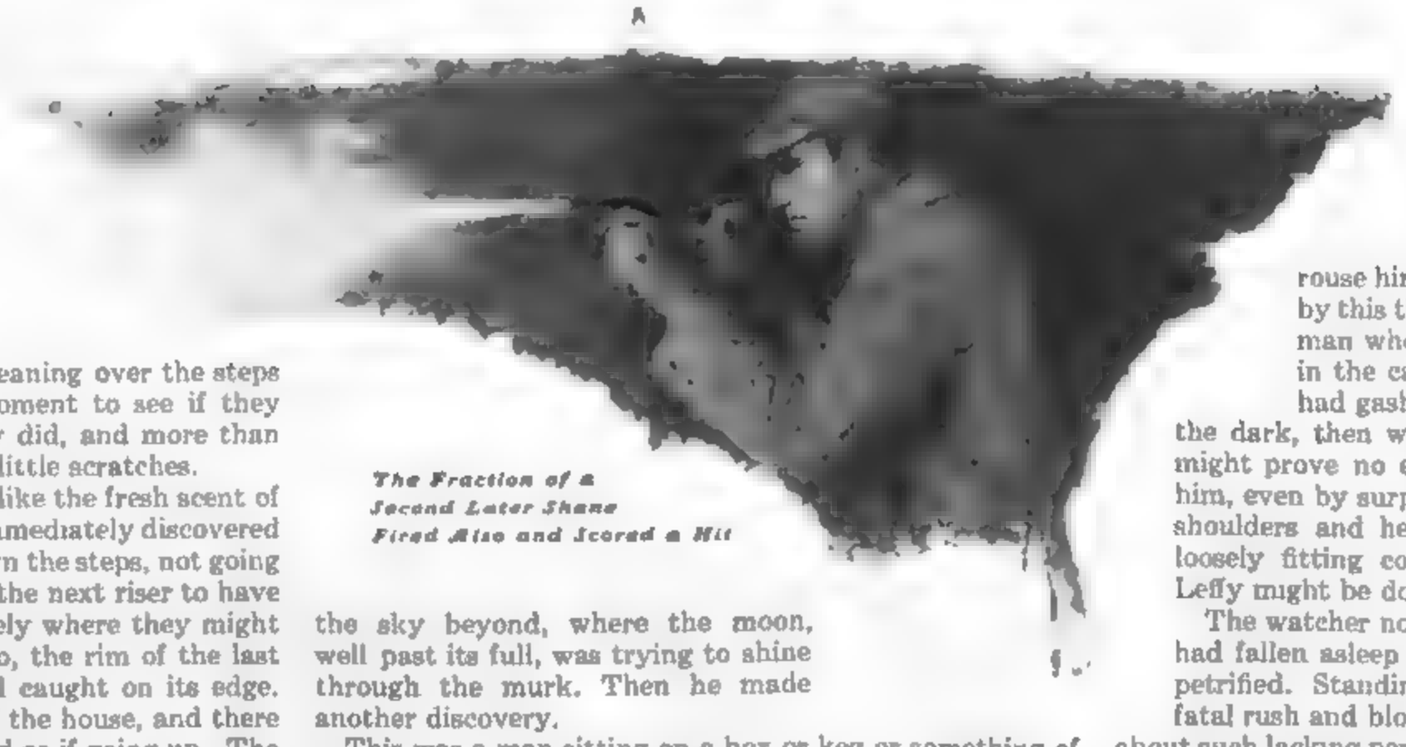
He was about to turn from his second long diagonal when he stumbled on what felt like a path. Getting warm, thought Shane. To flash his light would be inviting failure or disaster, but by scuffling about and feeling the ground he managed to follow the narrow track far enough to get an idea of its direction, then hastened on regardless as to whether or not he was directly on it. It was about as dark as a night in the flat open country can get, but there was a zone of less intense opacity above the earth, and against this, a little to his left, Shane suddenly perceived what at first he thought to be a pole for carrying a wire but which a moment later showed itself as the mast of a boat and the green grass growing all around.

This prodigy did not disturb Shane. He merely obeyed the first law of the wild, the same posted at dangerous railroad crossings—to stop, look and listen. The boat must be lying in a narrow salt creek with sheer banks and, the tide being far out, it would be sunk down out of sight and on the mud. It would be a light-draft motor cruiser, Shane thought, adapted to southern voyaging in shallow sounds, and Sharon was probably aboard it to sail with the full of the tide, about midnight, for Yucatan, perhaps, via Cuba. Not on this little tub, of course, but Don Quinto's small steamer, somewhere out there in the muck: the steamer that had freighted up all that bamboo and its million-dollar contents.

For several moments he crouched there in the dark, eyes and ears acute, nostrils distended—for scent appeared to play an important part in picking up the trail of these particular criminals—and every special sense keyed to its highest receptivity. His mind also was working in that same spontaneous or reflective way that the brain of a lower animal must work, not in consecutive logical ideas but by impressions received from the void with a sort of fourth-dimensional synchrony. Humans are often apt to phrase their thoughts as they would an oral argument, and that is what may be so often fatal. But with the lower animals thought must be quicker if they are to keep on living. A startled deer bounds from its bed by a simultaneous contraction of the extensor muscles of its four legs, and it strikes the earth again with the completely formed concept of what the danger is and how best to avoid it.

Shane now concentrated on what might be at and about the foot of the mast that stuck up out of the field in a fashion so out of place. He dropped on his hands and knees and crawled forward, finding the ground very wet. Then he struck some tracks of feet that he could tell by the feel, the impressions gouged out in a way leading him to believe that some big man had carried Sharon.

Glancing behind as he crawled along, he discovered his background to be impenetrably dark from the tumbling sand dunes. To accentuate this there was a lightening of



The Fraction of a Second Later Shane Fired Also and Scored a Hit

the sky beyond, where the moon, well past its full, was trying to shine through the murk. Then he made another discovery.

This was a man sitting on a box or keg or something of the sort, as one not knowing of the creek might have thought, out there in the middle of the field. Shane could distinguish only his head and shoulders, but from the slant of these was able to reconstruct his position. He desired urgently to take this picket unawares and silently, for there might be other guards below and the danger to Sharon very great if there should come a sudden close alarm. She might even be throttled and sunk in the slime.

Shane, having ascertained the position of this watcher, began to circle on his hands and knees so as to approach him from behind. He had, as has been said, a sort of pocketed burglar's field case, and he selected from this equipment a leathern blackjack shaped like an elongated gourd, of which the expanded end was compactly filled with small shot, a sort of ball-bearing noiseless death dealer guaranteed to make its pressure felt even through a woman's heavy hair. He slipped his hand into its thong and crept silently on his way.

The tide was flowing into the creek and its hushed sibilant noises, undertoned by the growl of the surf not so far distant, favored him. There are always these little hissings as the rising water flows into the holes of fiddler crabs and seeps through minute honeycombed passages, expelling the air within. Shane presently was able to perceive the darker fissure of the opposite mud bank. The crouching figure he could dimly see was like a mound of mud itself. Shane was not afraid of being actually heard, for his passage caused scarcely any sound at all. But what he did anticipate was some sort of instinctive warning. It did not seem possible for one creature, even a human, actually to stalk another within striking distance before the projected hostile intent should give its subtle warning.

He was by this time sure of the correctness of his assumption that Sharon was down there in that boat from which the mast sprang, and closely guarded. This stalk of Shane's held, therefore, none of the quality of mercy. It was as devoid of sportsmanlike elements as dynamiting fish, a dirty job to do and one in which the slightest alarm might prove fatal to its object. Shane crept closer. When he was within twenty feet of his quarry the crouching figure stirred a little. Shane braced his toes for a rush. He was able to perceive the turning of the man's head as he stared across toward the dark bulky mass of the hangar. Then he seemed to shift his position a little, gave a sort of shudder—as though the chill of the night or the near presence of death had laid its slimy grip on the vital core of him. Shane edged forward again.

There came at this moment the sound of a voice directly under him, as it seemed to Shane. It was Sharon's voice, and said petulantly, "I want a drink of water."

The man at the top of the bank did not move, but from beneath there rose a sort of rustling about, followed by a clink and a faint gurgle.

As if roused from his stasis by the sound of Sharon's voice, the man squatting on the box thrust his head out and upward, like a tortoise, then rose sluggishly, stretched his arms and yawned.

Shane flattened to earth, face downward. He knew of the betraying luminosity of a white visage in the dark where there are yet some low tones of diffused light to be gathered and reflected by certain textures. He wished that he had blackened his face, and decided now to rub some mud on it as soon as the opportunity offered. The distance between this picket and himself was about twenty paces, and if the man had good night eyes he might discover at any moment the dark splotch of Shane's body sprawled there on the ground.

Now that he knew Sharon to be there, Shane could risk less than ever the alarm of a pistol shot. Even a yell might be fatal to his hope of rescue, for the still night air had that sort of conductivity to sound that seems to amplify rather than to insulate it, and the house was within easy hail. It seemed to Shane that if the sentry were to listen acutely for an instant he could not fail to hear the beating heart not many feet away.

It was impossible to stalk the man closer while he stood thus erect. He seemed now inclined so to stand, as if to keep awake, and there was the added danger that at any moment he might start pacing back and forth to rouse himself to further alertness. Shane was by this time sure that he had to deal with the man who had been the subject of his sketch in the cabaret and who a few minutes later had gashed his knuckles by a knife thrust in the dark, then whisked off Sharon. In this case it might prove no easy matter to seize and overcome him, even by surprise, for Shane had noted the broad shoulders and heavy bony frame under the black, loosely fitting coat. And that deadly weasel of a Leffy might be down aboard the boat.

The watcher now stood as motionless as though he had fallen asleep upon his feet. He seemed to have petrified. Standing there almost within the scope of a fatal rush and blow there was something unbelievable about such lacking perception of a closely crowding doom. It falsified all theory of a sixth warning sense. To Shane himself the waiting was intolerable, especially as at any moment he might find himself hopelessly outnumbered. The attitude of the sentry suggested this. It was expectant, and he stood as if watching for some activity from the house or hangar.

Shane's patience was not of the animal sort that is able when stalking its prey to ignore the duration of tense immobility. His pulse steadied, but his brain was seething. The waiting grew unendurable. He began to tauten for a swift offensive when there came from under the bank the sound of a slight splashing of the water, then the voice of Leffy in a whining snarl: "Come on, now. She's afloat."

The other man turned sharply, then asked: "What time is it?"

"It's time to go, that's what time it is. Come down, you, 'n' lend a hand."

The answer to this came in a tone so soft and purring and conciliatory that Shane could not account for the curious ripple sent down his spine:

"Right away, brother. I am watching something over by the house. Little lights flickering; yes, some little lights. Will you look and see what you make of it?"

The voice was low, its inflection a distinctly foreign one, though of just what nationality Shane could not have said. That did not matter. He seemed to know instinctively that the speaker's object was to lure Leffy up the bank, and for a sinister purpose. Shane would have felt that, even if he had not been looking himself toward the dark bulk of the house and seen no little lights. There was a coaxing cadence to the voice, such as might be employed by a false dragoman or *procureur* to entice his quarry into a trap. The silken accent of it to Shane was unmistakable.

"Aw, come on!" Leffy answered; and in the utter stillness Shane could hear his catarrhal "K'n -k'n" and sniff. "You're seein' things."

"Then have a look yourself. There they come again, brother, like somebody carrying a light from room to room with the shades drawn down. I don't like it. Look, and tell me if I am right. I think we had better wait."

"Wait, nothin'!" came Leffy's grumbling whine, followed by his palatal "K'n—k'n." But his curiosity had been aroused, for there was a scuffling at the bank. Shane, closely watching the watcher, saw him stoop and take something from under the box on which at first he had been sitting, then straighten up again. The dark bulk of Leffy's figure appeared and moved toward the other.

"Where?" he snarled. "I don't see no lights."

"Don't you, brother—over that way?"

He pointed, stepping back a little. Shane with eyes burning through the gloom saw the other arm swing up suddenly, then down again. There was a thud of impact, not loud but of deadly significance. Leffy's body had the curious aspect of being driven into the soggy turf. It sank slowly, like an oar thrust into the ooze.

The soft voice said, but now with a sort of mocking amusement: "There! Now do you see those little lights, brother?"

Leffy, utterly collapsed, was practically invisible to Shane. The man who had thus treacherously dispensed with him appeared to stifle a chuckle. Or perhaps it was merely a grunt of satisfaction. He leaned over a little and at the same time tossed something in Shane's direction, for he was facing that way. It might have been a short section of lead pipe. And as it left his hand the man seemed suddenly to freeze. Shane saw that he had been discovered. He gripped the sod with both hands, got a purchase with his toes and as the other sprang at him he launched himself to meet him.

The actions of the two were in fact precisely similar though their forces opposingly directed. No doubt their impulse was identical: each to subdue the other as quickly and silently as possible. Neither struck. The same instinct impelled them, that oldest one in the ages of human

(Continued on Page 54)

$985
F. O. B. Detroit

The Good

MAXWELL

Rapidly attaining its manifest destiny—the complete conquest of its market by higher quality easily recognized. Outselling on the closest possible comparison of the four great evidences of value—*manufacturing superiority, better performance, greater beauty and durability.* Fulfilling and surpassing the promise of two years ago that the good Maxwell would be made *so* good that leadership would come to it by spontaneous public recognition.

Note in particular the singular *beauty* of the Club Coupe; the unusual quarter side windows, which can be lowered and raised; the larger window at the rear, with curtain; the advanced type of windshield; the visor, windshield wiper and rear vision mirror; the exceptional hardware; the leather upholstery, the devices for raising and lowering all windows; the comfort of the driving position; the ample leg-room and roominess of the seating arrangement; the convenient package compartment back of the seat, and the unusually large rear-deck compartment. Heater, disc steel wheels and cord tires are standard equipment. In view of these superiorities, *mark the price.*

To Fully Appreciate the Club Coupe, See it at the Maxwell Dealer's

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN · · · · MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO

WHO'S THE BOSS?

By Robert Simpson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. ALLEN

COSGROVE admitted there were others who knew that the acquisitive instinct was Nature's greatest joke on mankind, but he believed he was alone in the practice of a superindifference to the baits of Fortune.

Nothing could induce Cosgrove to want anything. He knew, if he desired a thing, whether it was a chocolate éclair or the Presidency, he was going to be disappointed when he got it.

Love and appetite and money and the enjoyment of the arts these things might come to Cosgrove if they cared to, but he did not go in search of them. The pursuit of dreams and power and rainbow ends was a nerve-wearing business.

Of course, so that life upon the earth might continue, he appreciated the necessity for the simple fundamentals of existence. But Cosgrove refused to get excited about it. He liked peace even more than he hated a row.

He was in the tea business in the vicinity of Hudson and Franklin streets, New York, and lived in West Eightieth Street, with a slightly older, unmarried sister who did not agree with his theories at all. To Winifred Cosgrove—she preferred to be called Winnie—young love was still a beautiful thing, and some day, though it might be a bit delayed, she was sure it would come to her.

The tea business, which Cosgrove had inherited from his father, prospered in a sure and solid way, greatly because he was blessed with a sales manager whose acquisitive instinct was at once ravenous and careful. Andrew Glen never bit off more than he could chew, but his mastication was perfect, and Winnie, who frequently visited her brother's office, thought he had lovely teeth.

Glen was not married. He had been thinking, however, that he had put a lot of time and energy into the job of building up Cosgrove & Co., and that it might be a good idea if Winnie and he fixed it so that the firm name could read Cosgrove & Glen. Of course this would mean changing the letterheads and invoice forms and advertising cuts, and so on, and would entail a lot of extra expense, but maybe Winnie and he could save some of it on the honeymoon

Therefore, so that it might be at once romantic and economical, it was a lunch-hour wedding in June, secret and inexpensive.

Cosgrove learned about it from his bookkeeper.

Cosgrove's bookkeeper was a lady. She lived in Washington Heights and came out of the Subway as if she were the only passenger. Slim and dark and blue of eye, she gave the casual observer distinctly to understand that an introduction was at all times necessary, and on Saturday mornings Cosgrove & Co.'s salesmen approached her desk with deference and small voices. She was known as Miss Garth. If she had ever been called Marion the occasion had been entirely forgotten.

Shortly after Cosgrove returned from lunch that Wednesday Miss Garth entered his office, and, going right up to his desk as she always did, announced simply, "Miss Cosgrove asked me to say that she is being married to Mr. Glen this noon, and that he will probably be a little late in returning from lunch."

There was no smile on Miss Garth's lips and Cosgrove did not know whether she was laughing at him or not. But he did know that the situation was intended to be funny—that it was one of his sister's attempts to do things as they were sometimes done in the best magazines—and he tried to treat it accordingly.

He opened a drawer in his desk, carefully selected a cigar, clipped the end off it with becoming deliberation and said generously, "That'll be all right. If there is anywhere you can reach Mr. Glen on the phone tell him he can have the afternoon off if he wants it."

Miss Garth nodded. Cosgrove thought she had a remarkable mouth. Her lips did not even twitch, and her eyes just bowed gravely as she turned to go out. Cosgrove lighted his cigar. As the door closed behind the slim, darkly clad figure he was sorry he had terminated the interview so abruptly. Presently, however, Miss Garth came in again.

"I managed to reach Mrs. Glen at the Grosvenor," she announced as a matter of business, "and gave her your message."

"Yes? What did she have to say?"

"She did not seem to understand it at first, so I repeated it, and—I think she began to cry."

"What on earth for?"

"I suppose"—quietly—"it was because she did not expect you to say that."

"What did she expect me to say?"

"I imagine Mrs. Glen thought you would ask me if I knew where she could be reached, and that you would rush up there to offer your congratulations."

To Winifred Cosgrove Young Love Was Still a Beautiful Thing, and Some Day She Was Sure It Would Come to Her

"Oh"—flatly—"I see. And I thought that was my cue to be funny too. But it doesn't always work on both sides of the fence, does it?"

Miss Garth did not say. "Shall I tell Mr. Glen you will be right up?"

"Is he holding the wire?"

"Yes."

"Wait. I'll have Miss Giffen put him on my wire."

Miss Garth waited. She was privileged to hear Cosgrove congratulate Glen and Winnie in turn, and to listen to a lot of inconsequent persiflage on the terrors of matrimony.

When he had finished talking he turned to her and said quickly, "Better order some flowers and send them up there. You know what to get."

Miss Garth nodded and went out, and though Cosgrove started uptown immediately, the flowers reached the Grosvenor before he did. He did not know what they were but there were a lot of them and they looked fine.

Winnie's tears were all dried up. Glen was trying to look bashful and apologetic and Cosgrove ragged them both. He was in high spirits, and told Glen to stay away as long as he pleased. A check made a suitable wedding present, and Cosgrove, having kissed his sister for the first time in heaven knew how many years, shaken Glen's hand and wished them both all the luck they wanted, went back to the office feeling that he had done his duty as a brother, an employer and a man.

He knew, of course, that Winnie would be disappointed when she discovered that Glen was a tiresomely canny old crab, stingier even than she was; and he also knew that Glen would get the shock of his life when he found out how much humoring his wife needed, and what a devil of a temper she had when she did not get it. But that was always the way, in some form or other, with people who wanted things and insisted upon getting them, willy-nilly.

Cosgrove thanked heaven, in his own phraseology, that he was not as other men.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen returned from their honeymoon at the end of a scant two weeks. Until they could get an apartment and furnish it with the assistance of the August furniture sales, Cosgrove had agreed that they should live in the Cosgrove house in Eightieth Street, which, of course, was rather large and lonely for a solitary bachelor.

The Irish lady who cooked, the colored lady who cleaned up, and the lady who kept Cosgrove & Co.'s books—all had their several opinions of this arrangement. Before the end of July their convictions were a certainty, and by the first of September, Cosgrove was living in a bachelor apartment in Fifty-seventh Street and the Glens had the house to themselves.

There was no fuss. Cosgrove hated a row. Though the house belonged to him it was obvious he could not occupy it alone, and all sensible people knew it was not good for a married couple to have a relative living with them.

Of course Andrew could not be expected to pay as much rent as the house was worth; particularly furnished. Winnie knew this. So did Andrew. And Cosgrove. But perhaps —— Well, as Winnie suggested, if Andrew paid the carrying charges until a suitable tenant could be found —— But they could agree about that later.

Cosgrove liked his apartment. He bought a lot of new stuff, fixed the place up according to his own ideas of things as they ought to be, experimented with a Jap valet and amused himself generally with the business of settling down into a new groove. Once a week he dined with Winnie and Andrew. It developed into a kind of solemn rite, and he did not rag them now; could not. Apparently since he had left them to their own devices they were perfectly happy; smug, comfortable and altogether satisfied. Cosgrove felt like a stranger in his own house, and after he had eaten two or three dinners at his own old dining table there was no more mention of a suitable tenant.

Cosgrove hesitated about pressing the point. He thought vaguely of the phrase "sacrilegious impertinence" when he thought of the matter at all. It could not go on forever, but for the time being, to give them a chance to get properly under way, as it were ——

When the first tax assessment came in Winnie paid a visit to Cosgrove's office, the first since she had been married.

Andrew Glen, as it happened, was out of town that day. Perhaps Winnie thought of this. In any case it was plain that she had something of importance on her mind, though she entered her brother's private office wearing a sisterly smile that did its best to conceal it. For a few minutes she talked of almost everything but tax assessments, and then with a sudden hawklike swoop she got down to business.

It might be well to say that Winnie did not look in the least like a hawk, any more than Cosgrove, who stood seventy-one inches in his socks, looked like a sparrow. But when she put the tax bill on her brother's desk he hardly saw it.

"I brought this down, Jim," she began with a soft poor-relation kind of look, "because I think you and I ought to talk it over before I ask Andrew to pay it. I am your sister, Jim, but Andrew is only an employe, and somehow it doesn't seem right that an employe should pay his employer's taxes!"

She smiled just a little sadly when she said this, and Cosgrove laughed shortly too. It did sound rather funny and out of place when you looked at it that way.

He was just going to say something about calling it rent instead of taxes when his sister continued, "I've lived in that house nearly all my life, and I'm so attached to it I'm sure I wouldn't be happy anywhere else. Of course if you insist, Andrew and I can look for rooms elsewhere, but furniture is so expensive and rents in any kind of neighborhood so terribly high—but that isn't your fault, is it?"

Cosgrove looked a little puzzled.

"You mean, you'd rather I paid this tax bill, and that you will try to find an apartment elsewhere?"

(Continued on Page 35

Things in Which Peerless Excels

The grand total of all the things in which the new eight-cylinder Peerless excels, is expressed in this net result:—

The road is yours with Peerless, under any and all conditions and circumstances of motoring.

The new Peerless is at its best when competing with the best — revealing daily, in such contests and comparisons, an inspiring mastery.

The intensely loyal following it has always held, is augmented now by a vastly wider recognition, growing greater every day.

The conviction is gaining everywhere, that here is an example of eight-cylinder engineering which has never been equalled.

It is being spread and strengthened by a score of things in which Peerless clearly excels — superiorities which resolve themselves into the practical, convincing fact that *the road is yours with Peerless.*

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

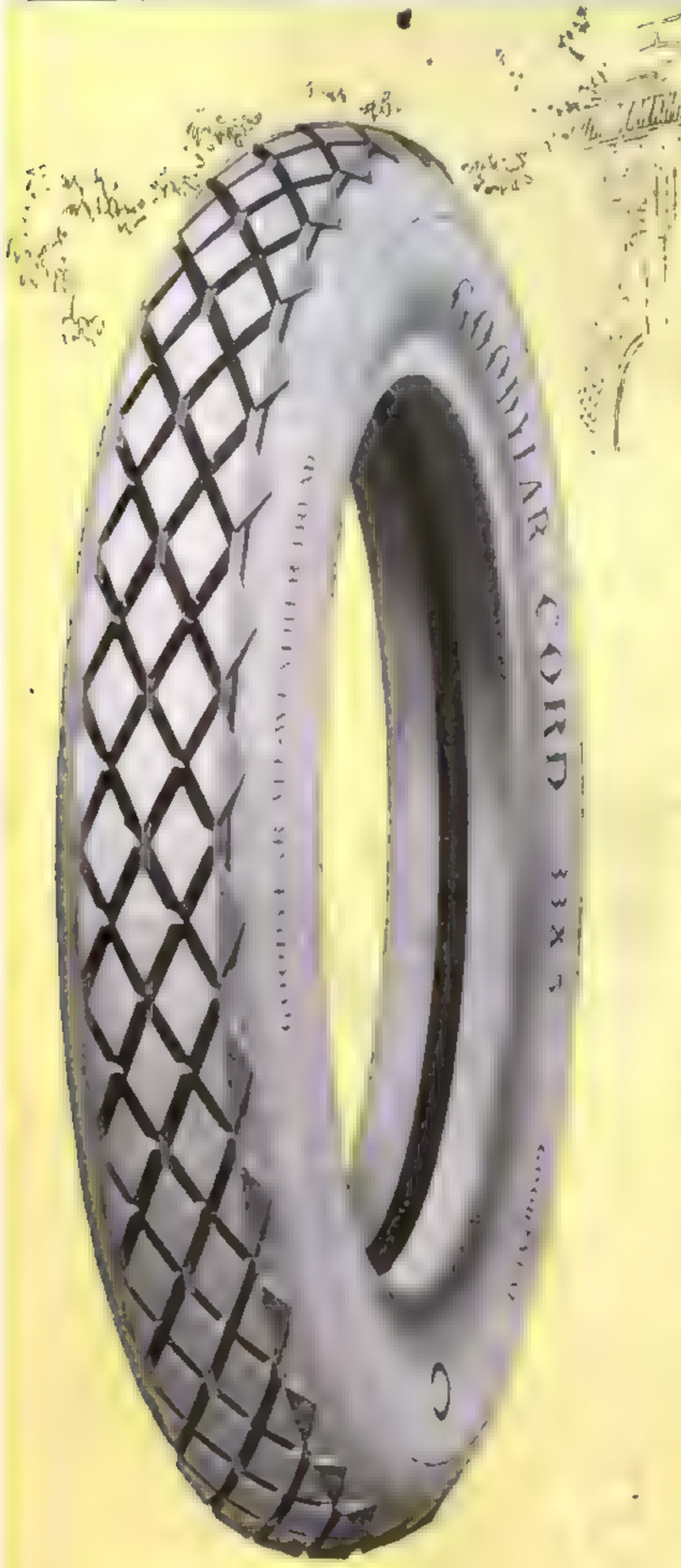
The Crankshaft

Perfect running balance—literally perfect to a hair—is assured in the New Peerless crankshaft. The three main bearings are unusual in both diameter and length. The perfect balance of the crankshaft contributes much to the extremely smooth running of the Peerless engine, throughout its entire range of speed.

Peerless Eight Types—*Four Passenger Touring Phaeton; Seven Passenger Touring Phaeton; Two Passenger Roadster Coupe; Four Passenger Town Coupe; Four Passenger Suburban Coupe; Five Passenger Town Sedan; Seven Passenger Suburban Sedan; Five Passenger Berline Limousine; Four Passenger Opera Brougham*

PEERLESS

THE PASSING OF THE WILDCAT DAYS



LOOKING back two years, one sees tire production at its height, and dealers' and manufacturers' stocks the largest they have ever been.

One sees, also, demand suddenly slacken, dwindle, and fail.

Then the large stocks had to be converted into badly needed cash.

There were many real bargains two years ago, in good quality tires offered at desperately cut prices.

° ° °

The public seized the opportunity, and bought.

Soon the distress stocks of good tires were liquidated, and still the public sought out "bargains."

The situation from then on was made to order for the tire maker or dealer who would stoop to sell tires of a quality to fit the price they thought the public wanted to pay.

The days of wildcat tire-buying were in full swing.

° ° °

Now the reaction has set in.

In the long run the American public is sensible and has an instinct for true value.

It has learned that there is no substitute for quality, and that, except in extraordinary circumstances, a cheap price does not mean cheap mileage.

The tide of buying has turned away from the tire that is made primarily to sell at a price, to the tire that is made primarily to give satisfaction.

° ° °

An immense proportion of the motoring public realizes now that with present low prices on Goodyear Tires it does not pay to take chances on tires of unknown origin.

This is particularly true in view of the fact that the inherent fine quality of Goodyear Tires is supported by the conscientious service of Goodyear Dealers.

Because such quality and such service are indispensable to economy, Goodyear Tires are selling this season as they have never sold before.

They are better tires than ever, and their prices were never so low.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1922, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

863

(Continued from Page 32)

"If you insist"—just a little stiffly. "Naturally, I'd rather stay where I am, but Andrew's salary, and my income from what dad left me—well, you know how much that amounts to."

Cosgrove secretly thought that Andrew's salary was as high if not a bit higher than that of any other salaried man in the tea business. And he knew that Winnie's income, though small compared with his own, was enough to keep any woman fairly comfortable.

He fingered the tax bill, glanced casually at the amount, which was not equal, in this instance, to a single month's rent, and then said as if it were his fault, "All right. I'll take care of this. I suppose we can store the furniture. Most of it would be too big for these present-day apartments anyway."

Winnie's eyes slanted a little. Then her manner suddenly changed. She lost the poor-relation look and became decidedly upstage, and spoke with the voice of maturity condescending to confide in adolescence.

"Just as you please, Jim. As a matter of fact Andrew and I have been talking things over quite a bit lately, and we've come to the conclusion that a man never really gets anywhere working for a salary. Of course we haven't decided anything yet, but with Andrew's connections and selling ability frankly, Jim, I think he's just wasting his time."

"You mean, he's thinking of ——"

"Well, perhaps I've said too much as it is. I know he'd be furious if he knew I'd told you about it, and I wouldn't want you to mention it to him. But, you see, Jim, the fact that I am your sister and Andrew's wife makes my position rather difficult. I don't want to do anything that will hurt your business in any way, but I can't ask Andrew to stifle his natural desire to be his own master."

Winnie stopped there. She knew by her brother's expression that this was enough for the time being; and she knew also what Cosgrove did not, that Andrew Glen was not the kind of man who would give up the assurance of a fat salary to risk the rocks and shoals of individual enterprise.

After a while Cosgrove said, "All right, Winnie. Thanks for letting me know. I won't say anything to Andrew about it."

And after his sister had sailed airily out Cosgrove picked up the tax bill abstractedly, then rang for Miss Garth.

"Pay that when it comes due, please," he instructed her when she came and stood beside his desk. "And charge it to my account."

Miss Garth, to whom his finances, business and private, were no secret, hesitated as if she had something to say, then thought better of it and went out. But Cosgrove knew that her opinion of him as a business man was even lower than usual, and usual was bad enough.

He went to lunch early and returned late. About four o'clock he asked Miss Garth to come in.

"I'd like to get a statement of some sort showing the business done each year for the past seven years. Nothing elaborate. When could I have it? This evening?"

"In half an hour."

And in about half the time she had stipulated Miss Garth had a statement on his desk that was not at all elaborate.

"Er—sit down till I look it over," Cosgrove invited. "You'll probably have to elucidate. Huh! What's this mean?"

So Miss Garth stood beside his chair and elucidated. Apparently it was very simple. And when she had finished making it all clear Cosgrove understood that business had more than trebled since Andrew Glen had joined the organization, and that Miss Garth had delicate long slender hands and a way of looking straight at him when she wanted him to understand something that was really important. She certainly was a fine type of girl.

He sat stroking his chin with one hand and drumming upon the desk with the fingers of the other while Miss Garth waited. Then Cosgrove looked at her suddenly, and she knew before he said it that it was going to be something he should not say. He had that look.

"I'm seriously considering offering Mr. Glen a partnership. Had a talk with Dickenson, my lawyer, about it today, and these figures—what do you think?"

For a second, perhaps, Miss Garth looked startled. Then she almost smiled. Since he had gone to live in an apartment all by himself he had more and more given the impression of wanting somebody to talk to, and this, with a vengeance, was proof of it.

"I hardly think—perhaps I had better not express an opinion," she returned guardedly.

"Which means that you don't think I should go through with it. Why?"

"I did not say that."

"No; but that's what you mean. Don't you think he deserves it?"

"Yes"—firmly.

"Then why so careful?"

"It's hardly my place, Mr. Cosgrove ——"

"Oh, never mind that! This is strictly between you and me, and I wouldn't ask your opinion if I didn't think I'd be likely to act upon it. And I'm not just looking for somebody to agree with me. Because I don't agree very well with myself. Dickenson says wait a while. But these figures are pretty convincing evidence in Mr. Glen's favor, and of course he's my brother-in-law, you know."

Miss Garth gave all her attention to the lead pencil she held in her hand, then waited until Cosgrove's red-haired secretary, who came in with some mail, went slowly—painfully slowly—out again.

"What do you think?" Cosgrove asked again hopefully.

"I prefer not to say," she announced firmly enough. "I think you should decide for yourself." Then, after a significant pause: "With the further advice of your lawyer."

Cosgrove's smile was slow.

"I see. Thanks. I'll think it over."

Cosgrove did not want a partner any more than he had wanted a brother-in-law. But he liked to be fair and it was difficult to think of Andrew Glen as his sales manager now. He was compelled to think of him as Winnie's husband. And of all rows, a family row was the worst.

By the first of the year Dickenson had drawn up the papers in the approved manner, protecting Cosgrove's interests so far as the law could protect them; and thereafter Cosgrove & Co.'s stationery read Cosgrove & Glen.

To show his appreciation Andrew almost immediately offered to take the Eightieth Street house off Cosgrove's hands. He could not pay much cash, it was true, and the market price was too steep for him, but Winnie was so attached to the house—well, they thought Cosgrove might shave the price a bit and give them time to pay for the place.

Cosgrove winced. But Dickenson earned another fee, even though he told Cosgrove he was all kinds of a fool while he earned it.

"What you need, Jim," he said paternally, "is a wife. An extravagant one, for preference. She'd make you hump and quit being so blamed philanthropic."

And Dickenson knew. But Cosgrove grinned and threw up both hands.

"No, sir. No!"

What Miss Garth thought of the sale of the house she did not say, and Cosgrove was careful not to ask. When she came into his room or he passed her desk he tried to assume a senior-partner expression that was not at all convincing.

Meanwhile, consciously or unconsciously, Andrew Glen was developing a strut; also a manner of speaking that was short and sharp and, even to Cosgrove, mildly irritating at times. In the beginning, when this phase first manifested itself, Cosgrove grinned. He rather liked to sit back and watch Andrew perform. Then it stopped being funny.

Once, when Miss Garth was in Cosgrove's room, Andrew came in. He was a dapper, clean-shaven, rather little man, who was acquiring a paunch to go with the strut, and a suggestion of flabbiness around the jaws. In his hand was a letter that Cosgrove had written; a letter that Cosgrove's red-haired secretary had considered important enough for Mr. Glen to see before it went out. And evidently Andrew had something to say about it that could not await Cosgrove's pleasure.

So Andrew dismissed Miss Garth with a gesture in the middle of something Cosgrove was saying to her—that is, he tried to. Miss Garth apparently did not see the gesture or hear the brusque word of dismissal that immediately followed it. She continued to listen to Cosgrove, and, watching the quick furrow that appeared between his eyes, hoped for greater things. Then she saw his mouth tighten a little.

But all he said was, "All right, Miss Garth. I'll take it up in greater detail later. What is it, Andrew?"

Andrew did not wait for the girl to leave the room. On her way out she heard him say distinctly, "Just happened to catch this letter before it went out. Don't think you ought to send it. It's bad business. Of course their account is good, and all that, but these promises of extended credit—well, I think before you come to decisions of that sort we ought to confer ——"

Miss Garth closed the door on the rest of it. She went to her desk biting her underlip rather nervously, and waited.

Presently Glen came out of Cosgrove's office, and when he had closed the door he tore what looked like a letter into minute pieces and, whether he did it for effect or not, flung them into Miss Garth's wastebasket in passing.

The girl's blue eyes, which Cosgrove had likened to violets, were not in the least like violets then. But she was not thinking of what Glen had done; only of what Cosgrove hadn't.

War, murder and divorce, burglary, strikes and the plutocracy, kings, ward bosses and motion-picture stars were some of the disagreeable things Cosgrove attributed to the acquisitive instinct. He had never even thought of office politics.

Andrew Glen rarely thought of anything else. The subtle intimacy between him and Cosgrove's red-haired secretary had nothing sentimental in its make-up. Andrew had discovered that the red-haired girl did not like Cosgrove, possibly because she thought he consulted Miss Garth too much, and Andrew made the most of it. Cosgrove began to learn what censorship meant.

And as the weeks and months drifted past he began to feel like an alien, particularly when he strolled through the outer office or the warehouse, or made free with his cigars to the salesmen on Saturday mornings.

New faces were taking the places of the old. Clerks and stenographers and salesmen and warehousemen were leaving, one by one; or Andrew had thought it advisable to dispense with their services—Cosgrove was never sure just why they left.

He did not like these changes. They disturbed his peace, but when the summer vacation period came round he went off for a month and fished and shot and golfed himself back into good humor, and returned in time to hope that Miss Garth would have a good time too.

Standing beside her desk, he noticed a strange young man who looked somewhat familiar, occupying

The Subtle Intimacy Between Him and Cosgrove's Red-Haired Secretary Had Nothing Sentimental in Its Make-Up

the desk adjacent to hers, and he asked the youth facetiously, "Well, where did you spring from?"

"I'm Edgar—Andrew's brother."

"Oh, yes"—without any enthusiasm—"I remember you now. You've grown since last I saw you." Then to Miss Garth: "Where is Miss Johnston?"

"Mr. Glen thought it better to let her go."

Cosgrove's back was toward Edgar, but that astute young man saw Cosgrove's right arm stiffen and his head lift with a sharp little jerk. There was a dead and colorless pause, and then Cosgrove said slowly "I—see."

He walked abruptly into his office and the door closed more forcibly than was necessary. But Miss Garth went on her vacation a day or two later, conscious of a deeper sense of disappointment.

Andrew did not take a vacation. He was too busy. And yet, at the end of the first year, Miss Garth's annual statement showed that Cosgrove & Glen had not been so successful as Cosgrove & Co. The amount of business done had fallen considerably below the previous year; this in a year that had been decidedly more prosperous throughout the country generally.

Andrew could not understand it. Cosgrove suggested that perhaps Andrew had made too many changes, and hinted that it was generally good policy to let well enough alone. Andrew did not argue. He was on the wrong side of the fence at the moment and had sense enough to know it. But this did not prevent him from questioning the accuracy of Miss Garth's figures.

And Cosgrove, who hated a row, said briefly and impolitely "Don't be an ass."

Glen staggered. His amazement would have been comical if it had not been irritating. To avoid looking at him Cosgrove gave his attention to the formidable array of figures again, then rose, found his hat and coat, and called it a day.

Andrew and Andrew's brother worked late that night; also the next and the next. But Miss Garth's figures stood. Nothing short of an ink eraser could change them, and Andrew was not foolish enough to try that.

Consequently he hated Miss Garth in proportion to the exasperating quality of her accuracy, and remembered that, on her account, Cosgrove had dared to call him—him!—an ass.

Cosgrove apparently forgot about it. When Winnie visited his apartment one evening alone, and brought him a cake she had baked specially for him, he had nothing to say about business. Instead, as he sampled the cake in large chunks, he seemed as anxious as ever to avoid anything approximating unpleasantness, and just nodded indifferently when Winnie asked for an extension of time on the next payment on the house.

So Winnie went home and told Andrew it was all right, and that she was sure if he just got rid of Miss Garth he would not have anything or anyone to bother him in the future. Andrew thought so too. His brother Edgar would make a better bookkeeper anyway.

There are several generally accepted ways of making a bookkeeper's life miserable. Some of them are raw and blunt and without any finesse whatever. Others are more subtle; a little slower in their action, perhaps, but ultimately more wearing.

Andrew tried both kinds. With the assistance of Edgar he managed to give Miss Garth the distinct impression that she was being watched; not just now and then, but all the time. No bookkeeper likes this. Under this treatment bills payable have a tendency to look like bills receivable, and when the bookkeeper is a lady who can find another job without looking very hard, the climax is likely to be sudden and unexpected.

For once in his life Andrew was glad Miss Garth was a lady.

Cosgrove was in Boston when it happened. When he returned two days later he reached the office about ten o'clock, and glancing at Miss Garth's desk in passing did not attribute any particular significance to her absence from it at that moment.

Andrew was in the warehouse just then, but joined Cosgrove in the latter's private office a few minutes later. They talked of Cosgrove's trip, of business and Boston golf courses, over one of which Cosgrove had gone under eighty.

This last meant nothing to Andrew, who finally said, as if he were very sorry about it, "I don't like to have to tell you this, but Miss Garth got out the day before yesterday."

Cosgrove was fiddling indifferently with some unopened mail on his desk when Andrew said it. He looked up quickly.

"Got out? What do you mean?"

"She left. Got mad at something I said about an invoice, called me a few unpleasant names before the whole office force, and walked out in the middle of the afternoon. Probably she had an offer of another position that wouldn't wait, and took advantage of your absence to quarrel with me so that she'd have an excuse to jump out at a moment's notice. She never liked me, you know. Of course her books are all right, but I think that was a pretty low-down ——"

"Don't talk rot!"—surlily. "When did she leave?"

"Day before yesterday."

"Hired anybody in her place?"

"Not yet. Edgar can do the work all right and ——"

"Edgar, hell!"

"Why ——"

"Shut up and get out!"

Andrew backed away from Cosgrove's desk a few steps, trying not to be afraid of Cosgrove's eyes. He had never seen them look like that. There was a fighting light in them he was not prepared for and did not in the least understand.

"You mean ——" he began, then tried to bluster. "Don't forget I'm a partner in this business, and I'll not have any employe of mine talk to me as she did, and then have you bring her back because—because ——"

Andrew did not know how to finish it; and it was here, in any case, that Cosgrove grinned. It was a nasty grin, and somehow or other it sympathized with the light in his eyes. Andrew tried to decide which he liked least as he moved nearer the door. Cosgrove ignored him. He proceeded to open his mail, and slit the first envelope with a slow deliberation that did not make Andrew feel more comfortable.

"Wh-what are you going to do about it?" he demanded nervously. "I'm a partner ——"

"You're a fathead," Cosgrove corrected without any exclamation point. "Get out."

Andrew got out and Cosgrove immediately stopped slitting envelopes as if they were throats, and sat heavily back in his chair, his expression dark and sulky and giving no indication that it might improve with time.

His red-haired secretary came in with an inquisitive look upon her sharp little face, to ask if he had any letters, and went out rather hurriedly, less than a minute later, wearing a sarcastic and most unpleasant smile.

After a while Cosgrove rose, paced the floor for a few minutes, growling inarticulately to himself, and working up a perfectly healthy desire to fight with someone; the bigger the better. Then, because Andrew was only a pompous little shrimp and wholly inadequate to fit the occasion, Cosgrove crammed on his hat and went out.

He did not know where he was going, and did not care particularly. For something to do he took an early lunch, and the waiter irritated him almost as much as the man with the loud voice at the next table. Cosgrove wanted to make himself heard, too, but he wanted the others to shut up and keep their confounded drivel to themselves.

Then he went uptown, and mooned about his apartment most of the afternoon, becoming more and more disagreeable in pursuit of something he did not have, without, however, admitting to himself that there was anything he wanted.

After dinner, which was more of a fizzle than lunch, he went into a motion-picture theater, but got out in the middle of a comedy, which seemed to amuse a lot of giggling, guffawing fools round about him.

When he reached his apartment again he found Winnie waiting for him. She had heard all about the rumpus he had had with Andrew, and since she had advised her husband to get rid of Miss Garth, Andrew had hoped, nervously, she would be able to straighten things out with her brother.

Winnie's first glance at her brother's face gave her a sinking feeling. The sound of his voice made the feeling sink still lower. She knew several payments on the house were long overdue, and with the interest on the mortgage to be paid the following week ——

"Well, what's the trouble now?" Cosgrove asked abruptly and unpleasantly, before Winnie had a chance to get settled in her chair. "If it's another extension you're after, you can't have it."

"Extension! Why, Jim!"

"And I want you and Glen to quit fooling about buying that house."

"Fooling!"

"I could call it by an uglier name, but we'll let it go at that. Glen likes to live in a place like that, but he hates to pay for it, and ——"

"Jim! Do you realize you are speaking of my husband?"

"That he's your husband is your funeral, not mine. Matter of fact, he can't afford the house or won't afford it and he's just stalling along, hoping I'll get soft enough one of these days to make him a present of it."

"You must be going clean out of your head!"

"Tell him he'll either have to clean up all the arrears on the payments and give me a fair price for the furniture or I'll turn the whole business over to Dickenson and let him handle it."

"Bu-but"—Winnie was really frightened now—"if he could do that, Jim, he wouldn't have asked for these extensions."

"Then what did he want to buy it for? Because you were so attached to it? You're so gol-darned attached to it I can't pry you loose with a team of horses. Well, I'm through! Tell him to pay up or get out!"

"You're going to put us out! Me! Your sister!"

"Blah!"

"Jim! What's wrong? What on earth has happened to you?"

Cosgrove did not know. He walked the length of his room with nervous heavy steps, then spun suddenly toward his sister again.

"I'm through, I tell you. Isn't that enough? You married him without consulting me, and thought it a joke until I thought I'd be funny too. You married him into my house and into my business, and his feet haven't touched the ground since. Well, this is where he comes back to earth, that's all."

"Wh-what are you going to do?"

Cosgrove was not sure. But he had a vague idea that he wanted his house and his business back again, and everything that got in his way was likely to get hurt. His gloomy silence made Winnie nervous.

"You mean," she began haltingly, "that you are going to take the house away from us on a mere technicality, and keep the money Andrew has already paid in Dickenson's office!"

"I'll do whatever the law gives me a right to do. If Glen means business, all right. If he doesn't, let him vacate the premises in ten days, take the deed down to Dickenson and cancel all bets, and he can have his money back. I'll tell Dickenson about it in the morning."

Winnie tried not to look too relieved. If the thing could be done fast enough the interest on the mortgage could be made to fall on Jim's shoulders, and a small apartment on West End Avenue would be more economical anyway.

"All right, Jim"—quietly, and with the old, rather sad poor-relation look—"if you insist upon feeling like that about it, I'm afraid there's nothing left for Andrew to do but give it up. His drawing account, you know, doesn't give him much of a chance ——"

Cosgrove snorted derisively and most disagreeably, and enjoyed the sensation, but when Winnie had flounced back to Andrew, and Cosgrove was alone, he was not satisfied. He was not sorry for anything he had said; in fact, he hadn't said enough. Glen had lived in his house for nearly two years.

Cosgrove began to do some figuring, and the more he figured the more disagreeable he became, even though he knew, as the night wore on, that figures and money and the grafting littleness of Andrew Glen had little or nothing to do with it. It was not the house; it was not his business; it was —— Cosgrove said "Oh, hell!" at this juncture and tried to go to bed.

But this was worse than figuring. He got up finally and, in an effort to put himself to sleep, started to read Coleridge's Biographia Literaria. Even this could not do it When morning came he counted seven cigar butts and did not try to count the cigarette ends.

He did not go down to the office. He was afraid to. Once or twice he had an utterly absurd vision of himself gripping Andrew Glen by one leg and swinging him round his head. Of course he could not do it, but he thought it would be rather amusing if he could; so he stayed away from temptation and spent most of the morning in Dickenson's office, waiting for the lawyer to come in.

While he waited Andrew Glen came in with the deed. Cosgrove was in no humor to see him at that moment, and it was fortunate that Dickenson arrived just a few seconds later.

Andrew did not waste any time. He made his mission clear to Dickenson in the fewest possible number of words, and left Cosgrove to verify it. Just then he reminded Cosgrove of a deflated balloon and a scared rabbit, and this annoyed Cosgrove so much that he promptly picked on Dickenson, who was big enough to make it worth while.

After this bit of business was settled Cosgrove felt like a rudderless ship. He had nowhere to go, nothing to do, and in the succeeding twenty-four hours he was torn, minute by minute and hour by hour, farther and farther away from his beloved moorings of peace.

It was the following morning, about 10:30, that he called up his red-haired secretary and asked gruffly for Miss Garth's address and phone number. The red-haired girl grinned sourly and made a gesture which relegated Cosgrove forever into the discard, and supplying the necessary information in a saccharine voice she slammed the receiver back on the hook.

Cosgrove heard the slam and made a mental note of it.

Eleven A.M. is no time to call upon a lady. But Cosgrove did not bother to think of this, even though Miss Garth had tried to suggest it to him when she spoke to him on the phone.

He wanted to talk to Miss Garth now—at once—and since she would not come downtown to him ——

It did not occur to Cosgrove that there was anything violently disruptive about this desire, and that he was violating his most cherished principle in pursuit of it. In fact, he was beginning to like the excitement, and as he rode uptown in a taxi he knew, without any doubt about it, that he wanted something and wanted it badly.

Miss Garth, herself, trying to look not in the least perturbed, let him into the Garth apartment, and led him

(Continued on Page 53)

"After tobacco has been properly aged, blended and packed for smoking the sooner you smoke it —the better it is."

fresh
from the factory

Just plain common sense tells you that *fresh* tobacco is better than tobacco which has laid on the dealer's shelf for a long time.

Now 15¢

So to the careful ageing and blending for which Tuxedo has always been noted, we have added—

something entirely new

—the guarantee that it is fresh wherever—whenever—you buy it.

Tuxedo is now delivered to your dealer in small lots—even one dozen tins, if necessary. The cartons are dated showing the last day it can be sold.

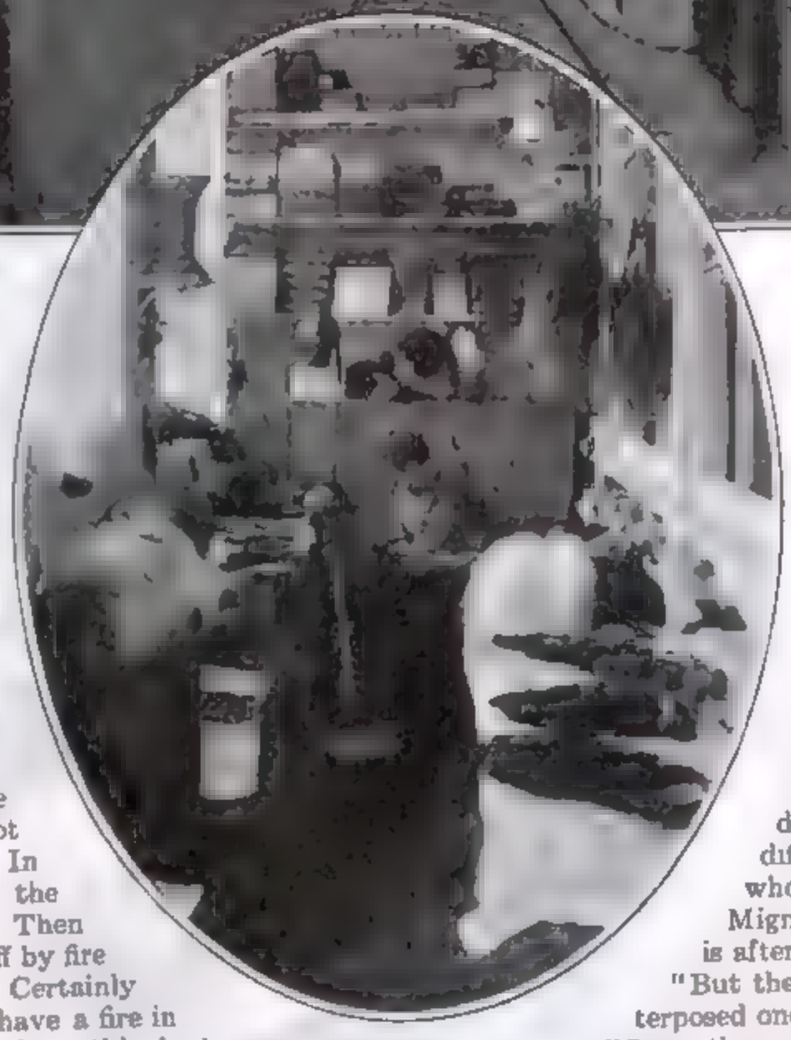
Buy a tin—try one pipeful—and see how good fresh tobacco really is.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.

BACK STAGE — By Ruth Scott Miller

PHOTOS. BY HARRY A. ATWELL, CHICAGO

In the Basement of the Chicago Opera's Storehouse, Where an Endless Array of Properties of Every Period and Every Clime is Housed



In the Wiggery

"SAY, Bill," yelled the assistant house manager cheerfully to some unseen factotum as his party of opera-house tourists was halted by the unexpected obstruction of a forbidding heavy iron door, "I never saw this door before. What in thunder's this room for? . . . Whazzat? The color kitchen? . . . Oh, yeah. Sure. So it is."

He turned to his operatic sightseers and explained instructively, "This is where the paints are stewed. I've been with this company now for nearly ten years and darn if I'm acquainted with all the ins and outs of this back-stage business yet. Every time I bring somebody behind the scenes—and it's mighty few that get back—I get lost. The place is so big. Yeah. Every time. You see these bins back here against the wall? Looks like a grocery store in a hick town, don't it? Well, those bins have got all the colors in 'em." Rapidly reading the labels on the tin boxes that lined the shelves: "D. C. green. That means dark chrome green. Yellow ocher, L. C. green, raw sienna, raw umber, dutch pink, permanent white, celestial blue—for skies, you know—lampblack. See that washboiler"—darting like a flea to another subject and pointing to a battered affair that contained a noisome, sticky mass—"that's glue. All heated by steam. Everything is heated by steam. What are you doing with those slippers, Bill? . . . Oh, the chorus has to have 'em made silver for tonight. I get yuh." Translating to his flock: "Gold slippers made silver while you wait. Anything you want in this place you get. Wonderful system."

From the paint room he led his tourists out onto a long iron bridge swung high above the stage. Below, a rehearsal of Cleopatra was in progress. And as Cleopatra, clad in a fashionable sand-colored suit and a squirrel coat, beguiled, soprano-fashion, a large tenor in a neat but not gaudy brown check, two stage hands lugged a mattress across stage and proceeded to make up the Nile siren's couch. Then they dragged a table from some hidden abyss and, ignoring Cleopatra's soprano mutterings, anxiously and audibly demanded instructions as to its proper placement. An assistant conductor and a coach rushed to them with excited advice given in three languages and with four hands. Obviously their opinions about the correct position of that table differed. There were muttered words, many sweeping gestures, hands flung to heaven and stifled protestations embroidered with explanatory pantomime to the director in the pit. The stage hands dropped the table center stage and wandered off, leaving the two combatants to fight it out. Cleopatra sang on under her breath.

Lights and Paints of Many Colors

THE chorus, waiting their call, huddled together in groups and compared their collections of the autographs of the various stars. They exchanged whispered anecdotes of the operatic great, and at some there was a stifled titter. Sections of the walls of a palace were lowered past the group on the bridge, to be slammed into place by the waiting scene setters. A great candlestick slipped drunkenly past, dangled by a heavy rope.

Crossing that dizzy bridge the operatic outsiders gave ample leeway to a long tin table, repository of tin pans of paint. They dodged between huge palettes of pigment and squeezed past a man with a coat of many colors who was working energetically on a mammoth back drop representing a half-painted hut and some growing mountains.

"Six hundred pounds of paint on that drop," pronounced the guide. "When he finishes that part another section is lowered, and then he goes after that. More work than painting a house. That panorama, now, is lowered and raised by hydraulics just as he needs it. But then, everything in this theater is worked by hydraulics. The traps to shoot the scenery up from the basement, to raise the curtains, to raise the devil—in Faust. That's an automatic sprinkler"—pointing to a strange contrivance. "Got 'em everywhere. In the basement, on the stage, everywhere. Then everything is cut off by fire doors. Has to be. Certainly couldn't afford to have a fire in this place. Think how this junk would burn if once it got started."

As his party, intent upon seeing the operatic wheels go round, climbed iron trellis after iron trellis, past miles and miles of tangled hanging rope, past mountains of coiled rope up to the third and fourth fly floors, they were blinded by the blaze of electric lights. Row after row of hot white globes. Enough incandescence to set a fair-sized city ablaze.

"There are," droned their guide in true barker fashion upon noting their agonized squinting, "seven border lights of four hundred and eighty globes each. See that. Now that's what I call pretty"—as a searchlight struck his followers full face and staggered them. "That's a four-hundred-watt nitrogen lamp in four colors. Pretty, don't you think? We've just got a new set of dimmers. Set us back fifteen thousand dollars. There are twenty-five men in the electrical department all the time—sometimes thirty-five. Depends on what the bill is. One of these blame modern operas calls out the whole force. Lights as well as the scenery are regulated from the fly floors. The head electrician sits out front. Telephones his orders to his assistants at the various stations on the stage. They mix his sunshine and his moonlight for him. Sometimes if it's a new hand the boss is real cheered up by getting his moonlight from both sides of the stage at once. Then's when the wives of the opera directors raise hell.

"There is one so-called music critic in this town," he continued conversationally as he led the way into one of the long barren dressing rooms which accommodate from three to twenty-five of the chorus, "that the boss electrician is layin' for You see, it happened this way: The other night in the first act of Otello there was a spot back of the lighthouse that threw its shadow clear across the ocean, which is something no shadow of a regular lighthouse would do. Then another time, in Mignon, when Wilhelm Meister invites the lady to sit by the fire, there wasn't any fire because some bonehead subelectrician had gone dead on his job."

Down the Nile

"AND another time, in Aida, in the temple scene when Aida spills the beans with the moonlit Nile slumberin' in the background—well, we had the Nile working pretty, with the light behind the backdrop to make the water look ripply—all shimmery and darn if a new hand didn't walk right down that stream in full view of the audience. Naturally the sight of the dirty fathead walking across the Nile upset the house. It was worse than the time that new wop soprano lost her nerve in the arrow-shootin' scene in La Nave and shot all her arrows feather end first. Funny how a detail like that will ruin a performance. No matter how good the singing is or the actin', let there be some fool slip like that and all your hard work's wasted. Anyway, as I started to tell you, this bright reporter played up all these accidents. He panned the technical department for all it was worth. Laid 'em out pretty with a lot of this heavy sarcasm. I'll bet the boob wouldn't know a baby spot from a border light even if somebody explained the difference. Believe me or not, he wrote a whole column about the nonappearance of Mignon's fire. And now the boss electrician is after him with an ax."

"But there should have been a fire," timidly interposed one of his audience.

"Sure, there should. But there wasn't. And being sung in Italian—yeah, I know Mignon's French, but y'see the maestro being wop, an' all—but as I said, being sung in Italian nobody knew whether Mignon was being invited to sit by the fire or to take the air. And if this boob reporter had stopped to think that an opera company has a complete change of bill every night, that the stage is in constant use for rehearsals and performances, see, from nine in the morning until midnight, and that there is mighty little chance for the boss electrician or the scenic artist to try out new effects, maybe he wouldn't have got so careless with his typewriter. Now, for instance, take that storm scene in Otello. Do you know how many times the boys rehearsed those lighting effects? Just once. Is it any wonder that they got the shadow of the lamp-posts going clear across the ocean? In the regular theater the manager can fuss with the lights all he wants to. With the big spectacles he is given months to work out every little thing to the last detail. But with grand opera everything has to be done overnight, y' might say. Quick, see?

"And when you stage an entirely different spectacle every night there are bound to be mistakes. The wonder of it is that there are so few. But it takes instant judgment. That's what you've got to have in this business. And then everything is done on such a big scale. Just take that stage down there, for example"—with a flourish toward the nether world. "It has a sixty-five-foot depth. The depth

(Continued on Page 40)

CADILLAC

The first complete electrical system for motor cars was Delco—and Cadillac was the first motor car manufacturer to install it. Ever since that time, Delco has been Standard equipment on Cadillac cars.

Today, the majority of leading motor car manufacturers specify Delco equipment. Motordom agrees that Delco, the first complete electrical system for automobiles, is still the first system in point of merit.

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES COMPANY, DAYTON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Delco

Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 38)

of the average theater stage is twenty-two feet. Our proscenium opening is forty-eight by forty feet. When we go on the road we have to have specially built scenery for the smaller houses."

"Doesn't that make operatic barnstorming pretty expensive?" queried a lyric sightseer, gingerly testing a swaying trellis.

"Yes, but we got a system by which we can adjust—sort of shrink the scenery from the big house to suit the smaller theaters. We paint it so that sections can be removed or pushed together by means of wedges that move in slots. Of course when they paint it in the original size they make allowances for this telescoping so that a tree never overlaps a house or a windmill never gets tangled up with a church steeple."

At this juncture in his narrative the opera-house guide and his tourists had reached the topmost of the five fly floors, where at last, on the fifth, not even a lingering echo of the brilliant aria being sung on the stage below could be heard. The stage with its tiny set could still be seen through a mass of trellised stairs, swaying rope, suspended scenery, a myriad of dancing mocking lights and the spraying searchlights of the spots.

From there was begun a tour of the rooms that honeycomb the walls of this operatic arena. First, in a gallery devoted to frivolity—terpsichorean frivolity, packed in neatly labeled, numbered and catalogued hampers were nothing more or nothing less than thousands of ballet shoes, cradled in great soberwicker baskets. A new consignment of these dainty accessories of the high-flung kick and the dancing toe had just come in and were spilling out of their shiny pasteboard boxes—pink and lavender, silver and gold. There was nothing in this long, white, monastic corridor of a room but ballet shoes.

Adjoining is the trunk room, wherein stands a sober army of wardrobe trunks in regular formation. Each is numbered and its contents listed. Boots, shoes, wigs and music are dignified by reposing in trunks in transit. All costumes, except such as belong to individual artists, are moved in wicker hampers, whose lids—or, rather, the entire tops—are held in place by metal rods and securely padlocked. Fragile scenery and properties, electrical apparatus, furniture and armory, with the exception of swords, are packed in crates. Swords and silverware have specially made boxes containing racks that prevent any movement of the contents when subjected to the loving caresses of the baggagemaster. Nothing is more easily damaged than a sword, and few of the accouterments of opera are harder to replace. A sword belonging to some remote period is the most valuable piece of hardware in the operatic armory and is guarded jealously.

A View of the Carpenter Shop, Chicago Opera Company. Pagliacci's Theater Front is Being Put Together in the Foreground

Costumes Awaiting Their Cue

THE old blue crate, the mainstay of the theater and circus, inseparable in the mind of the passer-by from the stage door, is represented in the trunk rooms. Incidentally the Chicago Opera Company, which does part of the lyric trouping in this country, has shattered all traditions with respect to the use of that favorite color. The technical department of this organization uses a different-colored crate for each department. The electrical effects are packed away in green crates, the props in red, the carpentry in white, and so on down the list, in order that, on tour, each department can be identified instantly in the mass of hundreds as these huge boxes are unloaded from the cars.

Next are the fireproof costume rooms, where hang, swaddled under long white sheets, the dresses of a thousand grand dames. Costumes fare best at the hands of time when exposed to the air. And there is something about them, hanging there, moth-ball perfumed and sheet shrouded in this operatic atelier, that is horribly reminiscent of a ready-to-wear clothing store. Inspectors from the costumier look them over from time to time and single out such garments as require repair or attention. These go to the workrooms and, having been cared for, are replaced in their silent lines until wanted. There they hang, awaiting their cue, the habiliments of kings, queens, courtiers, the demimondaine, the peasant, the soldier, the beggar, and all the motley horde that have been called forth to people opera. There is a quick staccato order for the frocks for Carpenter's Ballet of the Infanta, and the master of the robes walks straight to where their bouffant frivolousness hangs ready.

Beyond the costume rooms is a cluttered department devoted to what one's guide calls the small electrical effects. Here are the infinitesimal globes that serve as fireflies in the first act of Madame Butterfly. Here stand lamp-posts each with its individual battery and switch, lanterns, candlesticks and all the paraphernalia of medieval lighting.

Next the operatic investigators sneak up on the wardrobe room with its busy tailors. These deft manipulators of the shears and needle glance up at the entrance of the intruders with a sort of cheerful well-who-let-them-in air. A new costume is being made for one of the secondary singers. It is a rush order, but the head tailor stops long enough to scold about a new set of oilcloth costumes that has been ordered for a fantastic modern ballet. He snatches one of them from a startled seamstress and, shaking it vehemently before his audience, exclaims that there is a fine example of criminal waste, that the material has cracked and begun to show the white of its foundation even now before it is completed. This set of costumes, he raves on, glaring murderously at the pair of shiny black pants in his hand, is costing hundreds of dollars and can never be converted into anything useful, like a pair of breeches for Scarpia, a negligee for the ever-mad Lucia, a veil for Salome, or something sensible.

However, the scenic director, who has attached himself to the party, disagrees with the costumier's few pointed remarks. This artist has no word in his operatic lexicon about dressmaking economies. He takes the garment fashioned from that crackling, slick, shiny substance that hitherto has always been associated with the kitchen, and regards it through half-closed eyes.

"But think," he murmurs raptly—"think how it is going to catch and hold the light!"

The lighting is the fetish of the stage director. It is his tube of colors, his brushes, the medium of his genius. It is impossible for him to disassociate anything, even oilcloth, from the substance of his craft—light. The Mecca of the scenic director's soul is a mammoth switchboard.

Next is the dim cavernlike room devoted to props, wherein is everything from a wine cup to Violetta's bed in Traviata. Here lie, gathering dust, Lohengrin's swan, John the Baptist's head, seashells, flowers, Marguerite's jewels, the coach that carries the quack doctor in The Elixir of Love, andirons, beds, tables, chairs, a fountain and a collapsible altar built to receive the incantations of a pagan priest.

Then there is the acrid-smelling wig room, where an earnest hairdresser is intent upon giving Mélisande's golden hair a soft and undulating wave.

The following evening its pale gold will help another soprano lead astray another traditional dearest friend of another operatic husband and further damage or advance—depending upon the viewpoint of the audience—the cause of opera in America.

Beyond the wig room is the armory, where the shields of heroes and the crowns of kings are hammered into shape. It happens that the day's opera is Die Walküre, and at the last minute Wotan's shield has proved too small. It must be made at least a foot longer, and wider.

"Why," wailed the armorer as he banged silver-headed tacks into its white-pine foundation and tucked matted wads of fur here and there in the extending process—"why did that fool barytone have to grow to be seven feet tall? Why couldn't he have been reasonable and been able to wear a regulation shield?"

As the opera-house tourists wound slowly down from the fifth fly floor, down past the dressing rooms and the offices of the technical staff which catacomb the walls surrounding the stage, they came at length to the basement, which is occupied chiefly by the apparatus of scenic necromancy, for, like all true magic, that of the lyric drama must come from the lower regions. Here are the traps to raise the devil or a ghost; here lie coiled the steam pipes whose vapors ascending about a red-lit, painted castle give a gratifying effect of smoke and snapping flame; here, on shelves, are the ground cloths representing everything from the proverbial grassy sward to the icy snow-strewn earth of midwinter.

Acres of Art

NOW all this amassment of the counterfeits of glory is but the rind that surrounds the sweet pulp of your opera performance This is only the emergency ward of the lyric drama. A dress is torn, a wig is ruffled, a chair is broken, a purling brook doesn't fit, a castle is weak-kneed—and it is rushed for mending to this last-minute station of opera. This section of the so-called technical department of dramatized song is the cotton wadding that protects the settings of high-flung tones and the glittering beads of the bravura aria.

But this shell is only a fraction of the rags and hanks of hair and bits of wood that go to garnish your art of song. The carpenter shop, canvas room, paint frame, property shop, electrical department, atelier, wig room, period-furniture shop, blacksmith and armorer's rooms back stage in the grand opera house are but inconsequential miniatures of their parents in the operatic warehouses.

It takes two solid hours of swift climbing and no loitering on the trellises to inspect with any degree of thoroughness back stage of a great opera house. It takes a week to become thoroughly acquainted with its warehouses.

One of the warehouses of the Chicago Grand Opera Company is a four-story building with basement, each floor comprising thirty-five thousand square feet of floor space. There is no surcease from activities in this huge plant. It is run not only during the operatic season. Every day in the year it devotes itself to manufacturing or refurbishing the canvas trees and sartorial extravagances of the lyric drama. Old operas selected from the standard repertoire are brightened up and rejuvenated, novelties of other years are put in order for revival, and the new operas are built. And building an opera is not exactly the sort of undertaking the small-time plutocrat should endeavor to finance. Prokofieff's Love for Three Oranges, produced last season, cost the opera company something over eighty thousand dollars two years before it ever saw the light of the operatic stage.

In the operatic warehouses may be found the equipment for something like a hundred and twenty-five productions—a colossal equipment, by the way, unequaled in

(Continued on Page 42)

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

His Gift to Her—and the Family

A Mutual Christmas Gift That Provides Usefulness, Health and Happiness For Them All

Millions of dollars are spent annually for family Christmas gifts. The purpose is to express good will and bring happiness to all.

How better can this be accomplished than by pooling the family Christmas fund and applying it on the purchase of a Chevrolet automobile?

Here, for example, is illustrated the Utility Coupé; an ideal all-year car for the small family. Then there is the 5-passenger Sedan or the 4-passenger Sedanette for the larger family.

If open models are preferred there remain the 2-passenger Roadster and 5-passenger Touring.

There is nothing the modern family needs so much as economical transportation. A quality car like Chevrolet delights every member of the family and makes Christmas joys last for years.

Think it over, consult the wife, then arrange with the nearest Chevrolet dealer to deliver your car on Christmas morning.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

There are now more than 10,000 Chevrolet dealers and service stations throughout the world

SUPERIOR Two Passenger Roadster	$510
SUPERIOR Five Passenger Touring	525
SUPERIOR Two Passenger Utility Coupé	680
SUPERIOR Four Passenger Sedanette	850
SUPERIOR Five Passenger Sedan	860
SUPERIOR Light Delivery	510

All Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Applications will be considered from high grade dealers in territory not adequately covered

(Continued from Page 40)

magnitude and perfection of detail by any five of the great opera companies of Europe that a certain breed of so-called American is so given to getting wrought up about.

The scenery and heavy properties of each production have their especially allotted spaces, where they lie piled in apparent confusion but in actual good order. The costumes, boots, shoes, wigs, armor, weapons, furniture and lighter props are stored in departments that are huge replicas of those making up the emergency ward back stage. Each piece is numbered, labeled and catalogued so it may be withdrawn at a moment's notice.

In the pile devoted to Cavalleria Rusticana may be found the church and Sicilian street scene. In the Pagliacci pile is Canio's traveling theater. Properties like these are the exclusive belongings of their particular operas. They cannot be juggled from one opera to another as the stage director chooses—not unless that hapless individual should want to start a critical riot and lay all the music reporters low with a stroke of apoplexy.

But a rug, a sword or a spear, a table, a chair or a bench, a basket or a candlestick, or any of the thousand and one things that go to make up the atmosphere of music drama possesses value from the standpoint of fidelity to some period, and may be used in any number of scenes of any number of operas placed in that particular time. Therefore these are departmentized much as are the interchangeable parts of an automobile in some great motor-car factory.

Nosing about in the gloom of the corridors of the warehouse one comes unexpectedly upon a huge room brilliant with light and furiously busy with the clamor of wood-carving machinery. In the foreground two mechanics are joining together the several slabs of a huge sarcophagus, which looks as though it might have been brought piecemeal from the heart of an Egyptian pyramid by some scientific ghoul intent upon securing its mummified occupant. Near by another group are working on a huge bedstead such as might have graced a baronial hall in the Middle Ages.

Beside them a lone artisan examines thoughtfully several unusually lovely examples of early Italian furniture. He is a quiet, unobtrusive man with studiously thick glasses and a hatred of discussing his personal achievements, who, when accused of being the moving genius of all this antiquity, shows a tendency to run off into a corner and hide. It is he, however, who rummages in museums, libraries and the shops of the antiquarian for the atmosphere of music drama. He discovers the style of the girdle of Cleopatra or the sort of laces Aphrodite preferred to wear in her sandals. He finds some carving, painting or frieze and models it in wax in order that it may be transferred to the machines that grind out his twentieth-century replicas. Through the use of these complicated machines, which are uncanny in their power to duplicate the delicate intricate work of human hands, the operatic inconsistencies of other days have disappeared. The furniture and props employed by the modern opera company are solid, real and, except for vintage, genuine. In fact, to atone for the modernity of the furniture the wormhole process employed by the European antique manufacturer is applied to the throne of Henry the Fowler and Violetta's bed.

The Operatic Unit System

"BUT why do you bother about all these fine points?" demanded one of the operatic sightseers of the czar of this antiquity.

"Well," he answered, "it would hardly do, would it, for this opera company to toss a drape over a kitchen chair and call it the throne of the doge of Venice?"

"But," insisted his interlocutor, "that mob out front doesn't know what kind of laces Aphrodite wore in her sandals. They can't appreciate all this endless work. They don't know ——"

"But I know," came the unanswerable retort of the soul of artistic sincerity who ruled this atelier.

Each piece of furniture is entirely practicable. This is a show-shop expression for a chair that a pleasantly plump woman can put her trust in. The only reason these seats of the operatic mighty would be out of place in the palace of a shoe-string prince is because of the doubtful advantage of their being equipped with interchangeable parts. The tapestry seats and backs are all removable, so that old-rose cushions may be used at one performance to match the set or artists' costumes, and be replaced with blue or brown the following evening as the occasion may require.

This feature of the interchangeable cushions is only one part of a unit system. It is duplicated in the platforms and staircases. The technical director has several unit types, such as convenient curves and corner pieces and balustrades. Whenever he wants a balcony or some marble stairs he combines a number of these units. If special stairs and platforms were built for each of the hundred and twenty-five operatic productions, as is done in the theater, extra warehouses would have to be commandeered and the housing problem of the music drama would put to shame the puny troubles of the ultimate consumer. The idea of the operatic unit system seems to have been inspired by that which underlies several types of structural metal toys that have found favor with the juvenile mind of late years.

Few patrons of opera have any conception of the vast machinery and the prosaic painstaking labor that go to make the modern lyric drama possible. During the opera season three heavy shows are handled daily between midnight and the raising of the asbestos curtain. At the fall of the final curtain after Tosca has hurled herself off the castle ramparts to a dramatic operatic death on a mattress below, Scarpia's apartments, the interior of the Church of Saint Andrea alla Valle and the terrace of San Angelo Castle must be struck, as the operatic showmen call it,

Products of the Property Atelier—Heroic Figures in Papier-Mâché to be Used in Jacquerie

and taken to the warehouse. The next production, in the quaint vernacular of the stage director, must be hung, and the opera for the night after that brought in and set up for the final rehearsals the next morning. There is a Gargantuan moving day always in progress in a major opera house, and especially equipped automobile trucks working day and night shifts make possible this incessant transportation.

The detail involved would drive the normal theatrical producer, creator of three or four shows a season, to Suicide Bridge or the psychopathic ward inside of six months, but apparently the handling of three huge shows a day, and even four when there is a last-minute emergency change of bill, means absolutely nothing in the coloratura lives of the great opera companies with their elaborate efficiency systems. There seems to be no limit to the detail and the painstaking foresight and precaution against accident or emergency.

Several years ago, obeying the urge to see the operatic wheels go round, to take the machinery of opera apart and find out what made it tick, a reporter strayed back stage during the performance of La Nave, one of the huge and expensive failures in operatic history. It was between acts and the scene shifters were changing the set.

As this self-appointed investigator of the music drama arrived on the stage a huge tackle reached down from one of the fly floors, grazed his ear and gripped with iron talons a mass of mottled cloth lying on the floor that resembled nothing so much as a collapsed hoop skirt. Then it churlishly retreated with its spoil into those upper regions devoted to iron trellises and masses of rope. The collapsed hoop skirt perforce followed, and metamorphosed in the process into the majestic marble pillars of the next scene.

As the iron tackle descended again an assistant stage manager clutched the hireling of the capitalistic press by the arm and dragged him to safety. They stumbled over a stage hand who was laying a new ground cloth and tacking it down as carefully as though it was the firm intention of the opera company to leave it there on that mammoth stage for the rest of the season. The carpet-laying process completed, two or three carpet sweepers materialized out of nowhere in particular and were pushed energetically over every inch of that brown-stained cloth.

"What's the big idea of the carpet sweepers?" demanded the reporter of his rescuer.

"There are dancers in the next scene," came the weary answer, "and that is to catch any stray tacks."

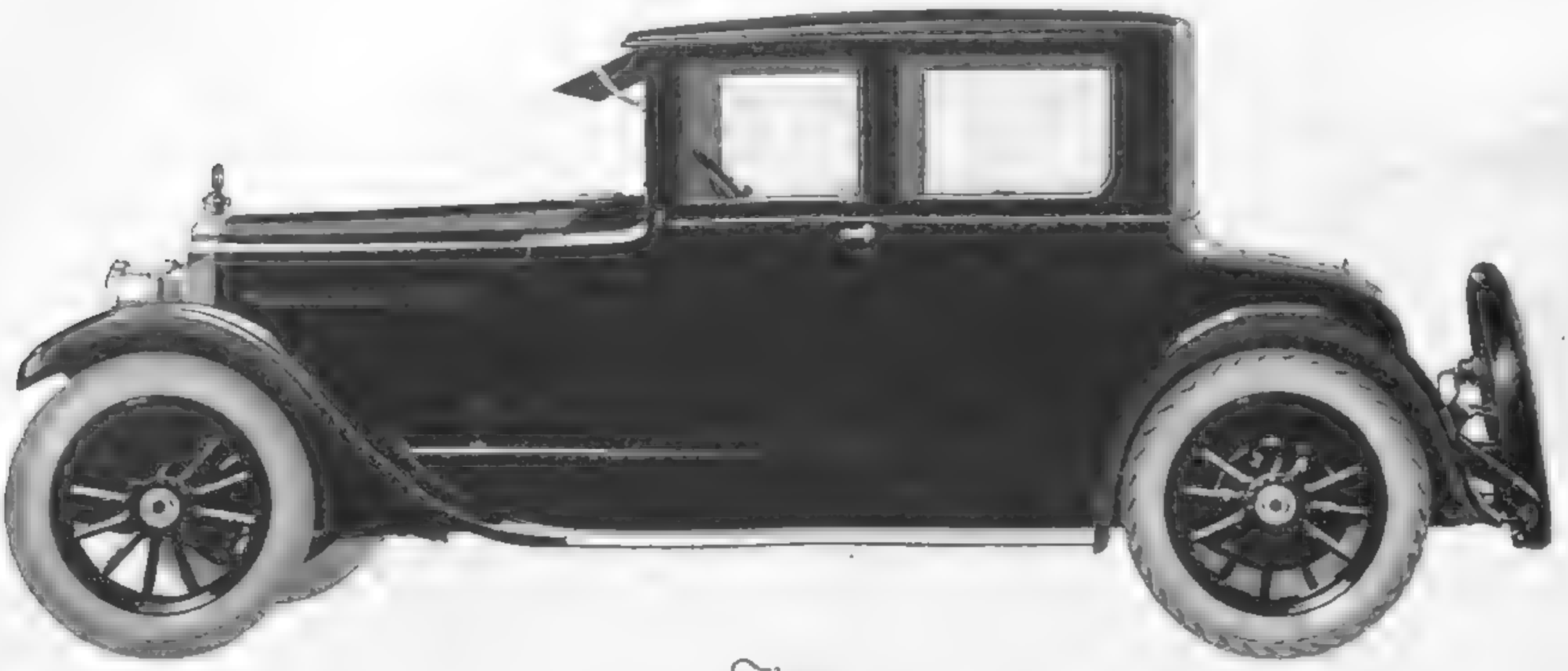
Going back stage in a great opera house is no puny undertaking, no piffling pilgrimage. Rather it is an endurance contest, a strain on wind and limb, a world tour and an adventure. Strangely enough, there are very few associated with an opera company in its artistic or executive aspects who really know this strange world where a bit of glue, a wad of papier-mâché, a hammer, a few nails, a sliver of wood, a handful of gilt and a strip of velvet make a fit throne for a bellowing operatic Herod. There are few who know that the value of these accouterments of the operatic make-believe in nickels, dimes and quarters amounts to something like three million dollars if one is considering a major opera company; in fact, an inventory made in the storehouses and shops of the Chicago company sometime ago disclosed an investment of as much as four million five hundred thousand dollars in scenery, property and costumes. With the exception of the fabulous salaries of some of the superstars the cost of opera is a bit of high finance that is seldom discussed

Fakers in the Music World

THERE is considerable babel of tongues about the thousands of budding vocalists who wend their way cityward, lured by the white glare of the operatic spotlight. You may learn in print of the trials, temptations, heartbreak and disappointment that lie coiled in their musical path, grimly waiting. You may read wise words on the charlatanism in music, the graft, the shortcomings of its teachers, its practitioners and its managerial element. The major musical frauds are slowly being unmasked. The teacher who extorts twenty dollars for fifteen minutes' instruction and devotes that quarter hour to ruining a thread of a pretty voice and inflating a wholly natural but pathetically unattainable operatic ambition in some earnest, sensitive youngster, has been getting some well-deserved press-agenting lately. And the manager who is unable to procure engagements but, nevertheless, accepts a thousand-dollar booking fee from the débutante in the concert field, giving nothing in return but the use of his name on her advertising, is due for some of the same wholesome publicity. In fact, nowadays one may glean in one way and another much concerning the luminescent side of the musical curtain. One reads in chatty interviews the story of how a famous soprano was discovered in a cabaret by a diner who had been overwhelmed with her voice and artistic talent. One learns that this interested gourmet sent her to an operatic coach who changed her from a contralto into a soprano; that after the vocal metamorphosis the director general of a great opera company was walking along the street one day and heard her singing; and that he walked right into her boarding house and engaged her on the spot at a two-thousand-dollar weekly salary. But in all that illuminating interview is there one word of the hand that paid that two-thousand-dollar salary? There is not.

To dwell a few hundred words further on the musical enlightenment that is prevalent in America today, there is the life story of the Tetrazzini, the most luxurious private car in existence, as published by any of the world's greatest dailies. Now in exclusive railway circles the Tetrazzini has made quite a name for itself as being the best-equipped private car in the United States. "From the shining kitchen, presided over by the diva's favorite chef, to her boudoir with its gleaming brass bed and its tiled bathroom," we read breathlessly, "this car is a marvel of comfort. There is an exquisite little dining room," gurgles on the article, "sparkling with its silver and china service, a drawing-room that makes up in luxury what it lacks in space, and finally the music room, the first apartment of its kind ever installed in a railway coach. In this music room is the tiny grand piano which Mme. Tetrazzini had made especially for her concert tour. It is a folding piano," explains the enraptured reporter carefully, "with detachable pedals and no legs. The music room also contains the prima donna's music library with its scores of her favorite operas and other compositions and talking machine with its records of the world's greatest artists." But in all

(Continued on Page 44)



The
SINGLE-SIX
FOUR-PASSENGER COUPE

Of all cars, the ambitious and discriminating man or woman desires most to own a Packard.

That has been true for twenty-three years—it is receiving most impressive evidence at the present moment.

It is being evidenced everywhere, not merely by unabated eagerness and unabated sales, but by the *way* in which the Packard is being bought.

The anxious inquiries in regard to performance and manufacturing practices, which usually accompany the purchase of a motor car, are largely lacking.

There is little or no discussion of the construction, design, or mechanics of the car, as a car. It is accepted as it is, and for what it is—a Packard, and therefore beyond the need of debate.

It is not too much to say that Packard has earned the right to this implicit confidence by the superior character of every car that has ever borne the name.

But it is none the less a tribute probably unique in automotive history—and none the less a responsibility of which the Packard Company is keenly conscious.

Five-Passenger Touring, $2485; Seven-Passenger Touring, $2685; Runabout, $2485; Sport Model, $2650 Coupe, $3175; Five-Passenger Sedan, $3275; Seven-Passenger Sedan, $3525 Five-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3325; Seven-Passenger Sedan Limousine, $3575; at Detroit

PACKARD

Sealdsweet
Florida Grapefruit

"Friendly fruits from Florida" aptly describes Sealdsweet grapefruit

PROPERLY prepared for serving, as a breakfast dish, in the manner illustrated above, there is a genial glow to every portion.

Each spoonful of juice and pulp contains a smile—eat *Sealdsweet* grapefruit every day and life will hold greater joy for you.

Rich in food values and high in vitamine contents, *Sealdsweet* grapefruit aid in the digestion of other things good to eat. Health-giving, they help you to work and think better.

Get acquainted this season with Sealdsweet grapefruit and the friendship will prove cordial and lasting

SEND FOR GIFT COPY OF BOOK

"HOME USES FOR JUICES OF SEALDSWEET ORANGES AND GRAPEFRUIT"

Contains tested recipes for home use, in new and pleasing ways, of the juices of these food and health fruits. Illustrated in natural colors, invaluable in the household, helpful in sickrooms. A gift copy is yours for the asking. Address

Florida Citrus Exchange
706 Citrus Exchange Building
Tampa, Florida

Sealdsweet
Florida Oranges

Buy oranges for the juice they contain. It is in the juice you obtain the food and health value. *Sealdsweet* Florida oranges are extremely juicy, whatever the color or outward appearance.

Ask for SEALDSWEET oranges and grapefruit—insist that they be furnished to you in wrappers bearing this trade-mark.

(See recipe in free book.)

(Continued from Page 42

this ecstatic effusion is there one word of polite commendation for the hand that fed this particular stellar pocketbook with huge operatic fees and thus made all this railway splendor possible? Not so it is painfully noticeable.

Thus it is plain that through the medium of the daily press the perspiring and conscientiously inquisitive musical lowbrow may become in part enlightened as to the manner of road that leads to opera, and the alleged habits, private life, exotic personal history, idiosyncrasies, taste in neckties, tonsorial affectations and special diet of any whilom traveler of its treacherous length, but try as he will he can learn but little of the public-spirited citizens who foot the bills for all this operatic glory. For the music drama, you must understand, not only does not pay dividends, it cannot even support itself without the aid of the wealthy helping hand.

It has been estimated by those people who like to spend their time that way that, during an operatic season, a major company costs in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars a day to maintain in all the splendor of its trilling prima donnas, its corpulent tenors and their languishing vocables, its dollar-and-a-half-an-hour electricians, its thirty-thousand-dollar-a-season conductors, its autocratic orchestra men and stage hands.

The fiend for statistics can readily discover, if he really puts his mind to it, that the upkeep of the canvas trees and the sartorial extravagances of the so-called music drama amount to well over a million dollars per season. To offset that million-dollar outlay all this lyric glory is sold for six dollars a warble and less. But even at that price, at the end of the season there is a deficit of from three hundred thousand dollars up. It is reported that one great company broke the record one year and registered a loss of one million one hundred thousand dollars. It does not take any unusual powers of observation for the lay statistician to ascertain that somebody, in bringing opera to the well-known people, is being mighty reckless with his loose change.

The Little Matter of Contracts

During the period last season that this typewriter devoted to mending a broken shoulder and the study of operatic economics she had occasion to flourish the above facts in her notebook before the son of the owner of an enormous amusement enterprise. As she piled up the millions before him he became querulous.

"Say," he demanded peevishly, "how do they get that way? It costs dad something like eight thousand a day to run the big show, and believe me it makes money for him at only a dollar and a half admission. How do they get that way?"

The way that the gorgeous spectacle that is the modern lyric drama arrives at its destination of extravagant expenditure is exceedingly simple. The board of directors of a great opera company pays for goods it never receives. It hands over money in the thousands to vocalists for performances they never sing. It maintains in idleness and luxury various European gold diggers in the art of song who consider that since the American art patron has a well-filled purse it is their duty to empty it as expeditiously and painlessly as possible.

A striking example of how it is done might be cited by relating the story of a certain tenor. He was, several years ago, and still is so far as this reporter knows, a brilliant exponent of a glorious minstrelsy. And he was fully aware of the fact, entirely cognizant of his vocal virtues. This particular season referred to he signed a contract with a certain company for forty performances at three thousand dollars each. In order to prevail upon him to accept this modest stipend the opera company was compelled to sign up his wife also, a singer generally and mildly referred to not as a has-been but a never-was, for twenty performances at fifteen hundred per perform. In addition to this trifling remuneration for their services their passage from the cultured Continent via an expensive and speedy liner was paid for by the company engaging them. Then in order not to have the stigma of mercenariness, the vile opprobrium of being financially tight attached to the fair name of this lyric organization, the board of directors paid the hotel bills, at five hundred per week or thereabouts, of this brace of lusty opera stars. If you are good at sums over a hundred thousand you can readily estimate just how much these good vocalists were able to put in their stocking against their summer at Monte Carlo.

But perhaps the most exquisite touch in all their musical business dealings came at the end of this season that they had struggled through financially. When the time came for them to renew their contract the board of directors feebly protested against paying their hotel bills in the future. Whereupon these leading citizens of the music drama gave hearty expression publicly of their personal private opinion of these impossible Americans, and left that opera company flat, to teach it a lesson. Nor is this worthy couple an isolated operatic example by any manner of means.

Along about the fall of the year, when the scene shifters begin to move piles of canvas forests and medieval castles from one side of the huge operatic stage to the other; when the chorus master may be found in some great bare practice room surrounded by the shirt-sleeved, sweating, vocalizing, masculine contingent of his choral ensemble, mixing alien profanity and expostulation with a fragmentary piano accompaniment; when the optimistic bromide and the Pollyanna operatic prophecy are being clicked off automatically on the music commentator's typewriter—then is the time for the seeker after lyric truth to investigate the maestro's desk. He will find it proves a profitable search, for there may be unearthed therefrom many operatic contracts. These are exceedingly pretty to look at and enlightening to read. Two of them guarantee two superlatives of the music drama forty performances at three thousand per, making a total of two hundred and forty thousand dollars for the services of a pair of singers whether they are called upon to sing once or forty times. A sheaf of these scraps of paper calls for twenty performances at a thousand dollars each, a stray half dozen demand twenty-five appearances at fifteen hundred dollars a lyric materialization, there is an uncounted number that engage the services of the small musical fry at five or six hundred the night, until at the very bottom of the pile you may find a careless memorandum of the members of the chorus, who receive from thirty-six to forty dollars a week. Careful investigation will reveal some two hundred of these little tokens of financial appreciation forced upon various and sundry singers by some operatic management. And even the most thoughtless of us realize that an opera season that lived up to all the singing contracted for in that packet of golden promises would resolve into nothing more or less than a continuous performance.

The Directors' Alibi

Then again around the last of April, when Prinzivalle's tent is being folded up along with all the mountains and valleys and their encumbering castles; when all the operatic moonlight, Cleopatra's Nile and Lohengrin's swan are being crated and shipped to the huge warehouses to await another turbulent season of the lyric drama—one may discover, with the aid of one's old opera programs and by the expenditure of a little shrewd calculation, that the three-thousand-dollar songstress gave of the gold of her voice on twenty-five occasions instead of the forty for which she was paid. One may learn that the fifteen-hundred-dollar Toscas and Violettas stabbed their Scarpias and died of the operatic consumption, which never was known to imperil a vocalist's breath control or her last loud-flung high notes, only seven times out of the scheduled twenty-five; that the thousand-dollar Lohengrins addressed their faithful swans only a scant dozen times instead of the prescribed twenty; that the twelve-hundred-dollar Escamillo has alienated Carmen's affections only half the number of times for which he was paid the trifling remuneration that helps him keep the wolf away from the door along the Riviera.

To most of the world at large, carelessness with any funds, operatic or otherwise, like that enumerated above, is a scandalous and sinful waste. However, the great and astute business men who are the directors of the outstanding opera companies have a perfect alibi for their apparently inexcusable extravagance, and one that is seldom realized.

There is, in this land of the perforated roll and the talking machine, an insatiable desire, stimulated by their canned voices, to hear the stellar operatic luminaries in concert. Managers used to pay ten thousand dollars for a Caruso concert, and even at that price this great tenor proved to be a money-making proposition for them. Other lyrical stars over whom not so many quarts of impassioned purple ink have been spilled by the ecstatic reviewers can always secure a concert engagement yielding them from one to four thousand dollars a recital. The wear and tear incidental to concert work amounts to little in comparison with the onerous four-hour rehearsal necessary to opera, the expense of effective and appropriate costumes, the emotional exhaustion attendant upon even operatic acting, and the substantially lower fee obtainable in opera. This peculiar competition raised up by the concert field with grand opera has made it possible in America for principal singers to set their own fee and the number of performances for which they must be paid whether they set foot on the stage during the season or not.

It would seem logical that the best way to take a few hacks at the operatic deficit would be to curtail the personnel of music drama. If two hundred songsters do the work of only a hundred, forsooth, eliminate the drones. But in America we don't do our lyric drama on any such cautious, moderate scale.

Soft for the Press Agents

The advance news stories that herald the approach of an operatic band of supersingers fade the glory of the wizard press agent who was responsible for the whirlwind sensation of Jenny Lind, P. T. Barnum. And, remarkably enough, these contain, when stripped of their adjective hyperbole, little of exaggeration. It takes little imagination on the part of the passionate press agent to concoct a glittering or lurid news yarn when the cost of transportation alone of the three-million-dollar equipment of a touring opera company—a paraphernalia, incidentally, that includes everything from John the Baptist's head and the tackle used to raise and lower the back drops to the wherewithal to build a complete new stage in an emergency—is fifteen thousand dollars a week.

That the leading exponents of the lyric art have the power to dictate to the directors of their company is a foregone conclusion. That they sometimes lend this same power to weird, quixotic and morally fraudulent purposes is one of the high lights of opera promoting. Not so many seasons ago this fantastic quirk in operatic ethics cropped out in a disconcerting burst of gratitude on the part of a finely routined and brilliant juggler of the operatic baton.

About twenty years ago, when he was a slight, tensely eager and gifted lad, bitterly poor and prayerful for opportunity, one of the worshiped idols of his opera-mad country saw his sincerity and earnestness, recognized the rich promise of his talent, and with a gesture or two of her white tiny hands wafted the influence his way which ultimately brought him opportunity, fame and the padded purse. This diva was then on the pinnacle of an ultrabrilliant career. Her voice had the richness, the sweetness and the clear golden sheen of honey globules in the sun. And she ruled imperiously the music-mad mob which unhitched her carriage and drew it through the streets, as well as the overlords of finance and politics who denied no whim of hers that money or power could procure. That was twenty years ago.

During the years that followed, her protégé grew into musical maturity, adding achievement to achievement and operatic conquest to lyric victory until America discovered him.

To condense, this *bâtonnier* was brought to this country and put in a place of great operatic power. His patroness paid the penalty exacted of all the hothouse flowers in the art of song. The inescapable hand of time crushed her lovely voice, broke beyond repair its crystalline clarity. And this Nemesis of luxurious youth did a far more cruel thing than even robbing her of her voice. He changed her from a luscious, slender, exotic beauty with hair like a grackle's breast and eyes that alternated their dark wistfulness with a snapping impishness, to a gross fat old woman with a thick mottled skin, dyed hair and a petish querulousness. Following close after her vocal and physical losses came her financial ones. And when her erstwhile

(Continued on Page 46)

DODGE BROTHERS
BUSINESS SEDAN

The same qualities which recommend the car to business men recommend it with equal force to everyone.

Its name has suggested, rather than limited, its many sided usefulness.

Business requires a car of exceptional hardihood; one that offers weather protection and comfort the year round; a car dignified in appearance and economical to run.

Business absolutely *demands* such a car, but practically everyone *needs* such a car.

The Business Sedan meets this universal requirement in a unique and specific way.

Its construction has made closed car history.

The steel body was known before on Dodge Brothers open cars, but its recognized advantages have never before been applied to the construction of a closed car.

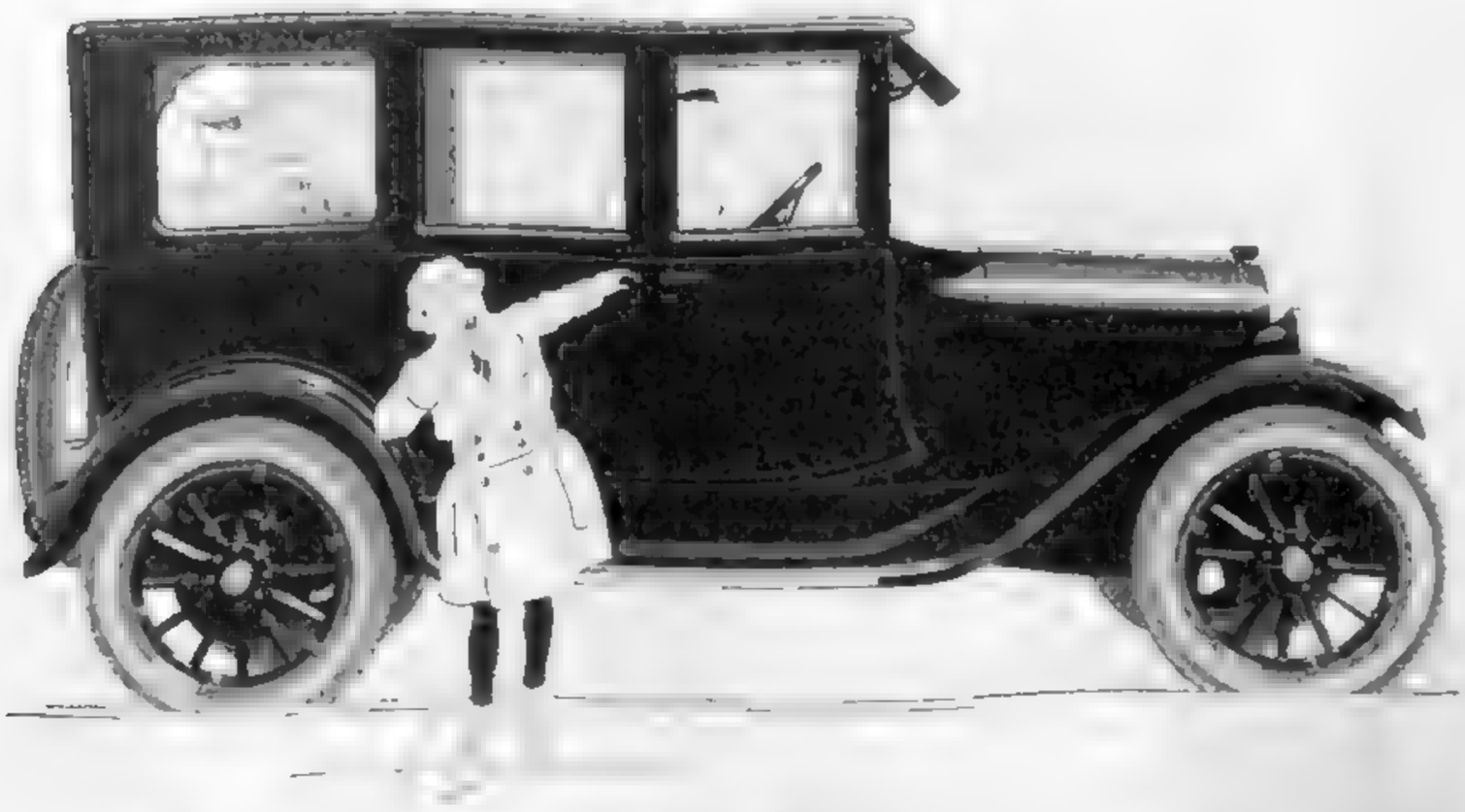
The same thing is true of the baked enamel finish, which cannot be applied except where the body is built of steel.

In one new feature, the Business Sedan goes even further than open cars have ever gone in the breadth and scope of its usefulness.

The rear seat furnishings are removable, converting the entire section back of the front seat into a steel-walled compartment, with 64 cubic feet of loading space.

Dodge Brothers peculiar achievement, in other words, has been to make the sedan a practical car, so that everyone may enjoy its protection and usefulness at little more than the cost of an open car.

The Price is $1195 f. o. b. Detroit



Patents Pending

"The write gift"

binds friendship closer. The beauty of the old, old custom of Yuletide Gifts is fraught with deepest meaning when thoughtful selection is expended on each gift.

You can find no gift to more aptly convey your affection, your understanding, and your yearning for deeper friendship than Boxed Writing Paper —"The WRITE Gift". In its character, its selection and its significance, it expresses to the recipient much of all that you feel.

Boxed Writing Papers may be had in many varied sizes and many varied styles. And there can always be found a box which will exactly answer your gift requirements. From 25c to $25.

To American Fashioners has fallen the privilege of furnishing the fine writing papers that set the standard for quality and style in all the countries of the world.

Consult your dealer

Fine Stationery Manufacturers Association

American Fashioners of Proper Paper

(Continued from Page 44)

protégé heard of her as he sat in his five-hundred-dollar-a-week suite at his hotel, she was in actual want. When he had an artistic and technical staff of five hundred at his beck and call she was going days without adequate food and turning and piecing old costumes into dresses.

Upon learning of the desperate state of her affairs the maestro became very much upset. Highly emotional, he looked about his luxurious rooms and eyed his double sirloin and thought of her dark little room and her proverbial crust, and broke down and wept bitterly. Then he wiped his eyes and told his comrades between sobs that he had decided to act. This wonderfully kind woman who had played the part of fairy godmother in his penniless youth should not be permitted to remain in the ignominiousness of poverty and obscurity any longer. The bread she had cast upon the operatic waters should be returned to her. He would show the world that here was one great artist with gratitude in his heart.

In dissolving his indebtedness, however, he did not do the obvious and American thing of setting aside a stated sum for her each month, sending it to her anonymously or otherwise. The maestro never considered anything so dull and matter-of-fact as that for an instant. What he did was to sit down and get one of those so-beautiful contracts of his opera company out of his desk and proceed to make it out, giving his whilom patroness a season of twenty performances at a good smashing figure per perform.

But his crowning achievement in delicacy and tact was not the presentation of the beautiful contract with its fat emolument attached, but the fact that he saw to it that, lest she sense that charity had prompted the deed, this prima donna of another day made at least some of those twenty appearances.

It has nothing especially to do with the story, but it is interesting to note, just as a side light on American psychology, how this erstwhile star was received in her operatic resurrection.

Cheap Charity

The music reviewers, when her threatened return became an actuality, stopped, looked, listened and called on the God of their fathers. Vocally this old-time singer was not even a wreck—she was a ruin. Had she not been so eager and earnest and pitiful she would have been the most mirth-provoking figure that ever trod any stage. She was fat, she yowled, she wore shoes so tight she hobbled, and instead of her age lending her a gracious dignity it had given her a bedizened look.

Yet, paradoxically enough, the shadows of her former power and charm crept out of the past to make her a pathetic and tragic figure.

When, at the end of the first act of one of these good old-fashioned lyric melodramas where the young and trusting maiden leaves the old homestead to go to the vast and iniquitous city to earn the wherewithal to pay off the mortgage or its operatic equivalent, and everybody knows in the next act she will be residing in the marble halls of the duke who means her no good, this operatic veteran wabbled down center and let out one last long, mad high screech, one embittered music reporter remarked to his confrere viciously, "My God, but I hope her feet hurt her!" But, be it said, his was the only derogatory remark heard.

The press praised her for what she had been, and courteously ignored her vocal present and future. The great American public that paid its good money to hear her treated her with the same courtesy and quiet respect.

The good citizens of this United States who had received an operatic gold brick when they paid their six dollars at the box office for the particular performances in which she sang, sat and listened to her raucous vocalism, writhed, set their teeth, perspired and—applauded, that a little tired old woman might not know that the lamp of her operatic glory had flickered and gone out.

But as an exquisite finishing touch to this whole episode, which was so symbolic of the avaricious and quaintly impudent attitude of the European musician for his American dollar-chaser patron—an attitude often publicly expressed—it was not the long-suffering American operagoers or the operatic guarantors who got the credit for this good deed, but the maestro; and as one plain singer put it, "It didn't cost him nothing."

Every November when the electricity is shut off in two hotels and a couple of office buildings in a certain city in order that the great, multiton curtain may rise on another season of gory operatic thrills, the veteran first-nighters anxiously await the first entrance of the chorus. At last, between the efforts of the perspiring chorus master, several assistant conductors and the rattled stage manager, it is maneuvered onto the stage at the wrong time. With the entrance of the first spear bearer the operatic insatiables in the audience lean forward and wait anxiously for the appearance of a mammoth brunette who overflows her tight bodice like a pan of dough but who is coy and sprightly withal. When they locate her in the first row they relax and sigh contentedly, "There's Aunt Sciatica, bless her old heart! Now we can stagger through another season."

Aunt Sciatica is a riot when she gets into the languorous draperies of the Nile sirens in Cleopatra and during the tavern scene perches lightly on the knee of some ninety-pound chorus man and waves a papier-mâché wineglass about with a daring gesture. Scoff if you will at auntie's æsthetic shortcomings, but don't forget that in the labyrinth of opera chorus auntie knows her way about. She is the competent bellwether of that flock of slim young choristers who follow and imitate her blindly. She has a thousand and one nights of opera behind her. She needs no prompting in those swimming gestures traditional to operatic sirens or peasants or the lyric general populace. Now 90 per cent of her fellow peasants or sirens are American girls to whom the habit of the opera chorus is a new vice. Five years ago most of them would not have been able to distinguish Aïda from any other colored help. In spite of their two years' training in the opera's chorus school previous to their participation in the big chorus they need all the hints that can be given them by a routined and conscientious singer. Thus, through virtue of their long experience, the Aunt Sciaticas of the opera choruses are indispensable to any opera company. They are the ones who carry on when the prompter and offstage assistant conductors fail; they cover up the slips and stumbles of the uninitiated, and are never known to fail to rise to emergency or avert that panic known as stage fright among their comrades.

But, being human, they are fully aware of all their best operatic traits. They suffer from no inferiority complex, and spend their odd moments threatening to leave the company flat. And, as it is, they often lead their fellow sewing women, swordsmen, warriors and cigarette girls into enterprises other than the manifesting of vengeance, sorrow, horror, secrecy or mirth in the traditional opera manner.

Why Aunt Sciatica Wept

It is these reliables who usually can be found at the bottom of the opera-season crop of strikes. These evidences of acute displeasure on the part of the supernumeraries of music drama take place on an average of half a dozen times in ten weeks. Sometimes these choristers strike because they are disgruntled with the pay check, but generally it is a personal grievance and no sordid financial motive that moves them to walk out and leave Lucia singing her famous mad scene alone.

It is very simple to grieve an opera chorus. The weather can do it, or the bill for the evening, the fit of their shoes, the type of the costumes, the attitude of the stage hands, the hours of rehearsals or the quality of the grease paint. But it is the stage manager who bruises and batters their feelings all to smithereens most of the time.

Many times and oft the opera director will get a riot call from back stage just before time for the curtain to go up, and tears behind the scenes to listen to frantic tales of woe from a jabbering incoherent mob that is demanding the stage manager's scalp, his hide and that his bones be made into fertilizer. Why? Why? Because he has used rough language, he has called the first standardbearer his best Italian equivalent for a bonehead, his instructions have not been couched in the language of a gentleman, he has given the third girl from the right a dirty look when she came in a measure too soon, he has shoved the second swineherd brutally off the stage. Or if the miserable man hasn't insulted them en masse he has brutally wounded an individual, and then there is a sympathy strike.

Once a frenzied director was rushed back stage between the acts of one of those huge operatic spectacles where the chorus works every minute and overtime, to find Aunt Sciatica sitting on a sarcophagus weeping large oily tears. She was surrounded by an expostulatory indignant group who were administering smelling salts and the balm of flattery. The five-minute bell had already rung for the curtain. Somehow that chorus had to be got on that stage for the beginning of the next act. But they incoherently and emphatically refused to budge. The director, whose artistic conscience was the largest part of him, grew white. He threatened them with instant dismissal. They merely glowered and muttered among themselves. He invoked all his patron saints and began to plead. Who had committed this terrible wrong against them? What had been done? Who was the reptile, the worm who had dared to offend them? Out of the chaos of subsequent explanations he gathered that the stage manager had mortally wounded Aunt Sciatica. After her years of faithful service and fairly working herself to skin and bone, a mere shadow of her former robustness, to make the opera company a success, he had banished her to the obscurity of extreme back stage and told her she waddled.

The Opera Musician

Another item that adds to the general excitement of operatic affairs and helps to pad the expense budget is the orchestra. The breed of orchestral musician known to the days of Theodore Thomas, who played his Wagner and Beethoven for love and fiddled ballads in a barroom for his skittles and beer, nowadays is catalogued with the dinosaur.

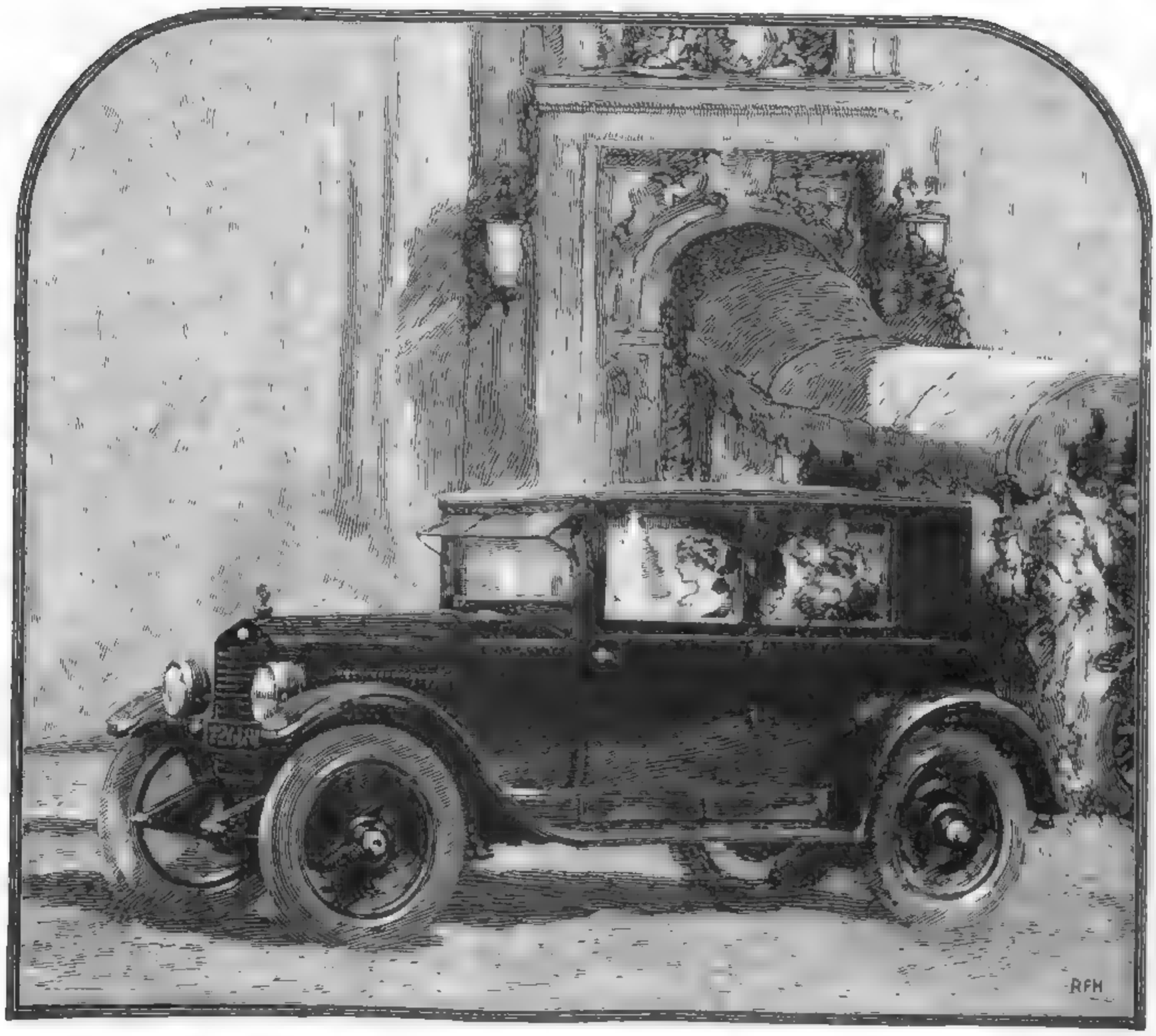
In these modern times of musical uplift the muscled hand of the musical workman will fiddle Isolde's Love Death for you to the jingle of a minimum wage of seventy dollars a week—the maximum is anywhere from one hundred to two hundred and fifty a week—and no coarse remarks from the director during rehearsals.

But of all those who labor in the orchestral vineyard the opera musician is worthiest of his hire. The orchestra man of opera works the longest hours, the conditions, the whole atmosphere of opera rehearsals and performances contain all the worst of music's hardships, and he accomplishes his stint with a minimum of complaint. Those who rail at his occasional outbursts or protests against the conditions of his daily toil as the Bolshevik mutterings of a base ungrateful wretch who does not know when he is well off have no conception of the strain on the sanity of rehearsing season after season the various scenes of operatic madness à la negligee which never fail to culminate in an agile coloratura aria wherein an industrious and effervescent flute chases a soprano through a labyrinth of brittle high tones.

Before the movies with their mammoth orchestras made it possible for these servants of opera to dictate their own terms to the management, a conductor could call for forty rehearsals of an opera and not pay his orchestra men one piffling two bits for all those long, long hours of tootling. But the musical demands of the jigging drama have changed all that. Nowadays time and overtime rehearsals are paid for minute by minute.

This particular aspect of the labor question has accomplished four things so far as opera is concerned: It has enlarged the opera deficit, it has curtailed the number of rehearsals, it has—perhaps—led to less operatic perfection, and it has made the operatic conductor work out his score before rehearsal instead of practicing his various interpretative notions on his men. In fact, there is a record of one excellent *batonnier* whose complete operatic regeneration has taken place since the musicians' union created the problem of the high cost of music. Hitherto he was never prepared. Give him a hundred rehearsals of any opera, no matter how standard or simple, and at the last minute he would start to shriek, "All is chaos! This opera cannot, cannot be put on in such a state! The singers don't know their parts, the chorus ——" Then he would drag everybody through a

(Continued on Page 48)



What to Expect of a Closed Car

Chassis Quality and Reliability or Body Fittings—Which Do You Want at the Same Cost?

You are offered two types of closed cars at around $1245. One makes its appeal to the eye. Its makers call attention to the body fittings. Such luxuries are nice to have.

But clocks, dome lights, cigar lighters and vanity cases are not essential to comfort and they have nothing to do with car performance. However, you must pay for them. To know how much they cost consider what the open model of such a car sells for.

The Essex Coach sells at $1245. The body is simple and sturdy, built for utility and comfort. Non-essentials are omitted. What they would cost is invested in motor, clutch, transmission, axles and frame. The Essex, one of the world's leading four-cylinder cars, never disappoints.

It is positively reliable. Carefree, untroubled transportation, at the lowest cost for fuel, oil, tires and maintenance, is assured.

We believe you will find the highest satisfaction in a steering mechanism that operates as easily as a bicycle, in clutch, and brake pedals that respond to the slightest pressure, in freedom from squeaks, rattles, body noises and in performance that matches the costliest cars.

In no car can you get more than you pay for. It is for you to decide which type of closed car will give the most lasting satisfaction.

Touring - $1045 **Cabriolet - $1145** **Coach - $1245**

Freight and Tax Extra

Canadian Prices follow, f. o. b. Windsor, Ont., all duty, sales and excise taxes paid

Touring - $1550 Cabriolet - $1695 Coach - $1850

494

ESSEX Coach $1245 · *Freight and Tax Extra*

The gift for men!

A RUBBERSET Shaving Brush, in its attractive satin-lined case, is about as successful a Christmas gift as you can choose for any man. No matter what he is using at present—a Rubberset or any ordinary brush—he is sure to be pleased with a new Rubberset. It's the world's standard shaving brush

Such a gift gives the daily monotony of shaving a real thrill of pleasure. The fine, full bristles work up a big, bubbling lather—a sensitive skin is soothed, ingrowing hairs are prevented. And the bristles can't come out. *Every bristle is gripped everlastingly in hard rubber.*

The prices of Rubberset Shaving Brushes range from 35cup to $25. And the de luxe satin-lined cases give just the extra touch of quality you want in a Christmas gift. Any dealer will be glad to show you his stock of Rubbersets today. All are backed by the unconditional guarantee—Rubberset Brushes make good—or we will. We are the largest makers of shaving brushes in the world.

ALBRIGHT
RUBBERSET
the world's standard
SHAVING BRUSH
MADE BY RUBBERSET COMPANY
NEWARK, N. J., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 46)

couple more rehearsals. He has even been known to acquire operatic chilblains and change the bill on an hour's notice in order to lap up a few more rehearsals.

Now that organized labor is the piper and there is that little question of time and overtime, he rehearses to his looking-glass and is getting to be quite a successful conductor.

It has always been the mild indoor pastime, during the slack critical season, of various erudite musicologists to hunt among the sundry musical formulas for a satisfactory and exact definition of opera. They revolve owlishly among the arguments which settle so thoroughly each in its own way, whether this strange child of the union of two great and fascinating arts, music and drama, most resembles the maternal or paternal side of the family. Is it, they query, following the Wagnerian method, a vast symphonic poem with mimetic accompaniment, or is it a pretty story with music on the side?

A couple of seasons ago an unseen host, an unshaven and overalled crew made up of the scene shifters, the carpenters, the stage hands and the electricians, put the ruminative medicine men of music to rout with one short trenchant statement, and settled the question of the definition of opera once and for all.

Grand opera was grand opera, they declared, whether Gaetano Donizetti or Richard Strauss wrote the score, when an additional 20 per cent went into their weekly pay envelopes along with the regulation stipend exacted by the musical union for grooming the scenery of the opera.

Just why the erecting of the ballroom scene in Traviata should be worth more to scenery pushers than putting it in place in The Girly Whirl is a question worth pondering. Perhaps the strain upon their constitutions is greater when "*Ah, fors' è lui*" is sung by some one-hundred-and-eighty-pound operatic Camille than when "Whose little baby are you?" is caroled by Emmeline Blimp of the Follies.

But what about the men who pay the stage hands' union the difference between grand opera and the kind built for the tired business man? What is the reward of all these philanthropic citizens whose pocketbooks meet the increasing demands of the scene shifter, the singer and the flutist? What do these promoters of high art receive for their pains for having made Caro Nome the familiar American anthem that it is?

So far as they are concerned the only visible returns they get on the millions they have expended promulgating the art of opera among us is the ownership of the canvas trees, the purling brooks and Escamillo's pants. Their only spoils from the lyric drama are the papier-mâché cups, the folding throne of Herod and a couple of Salome's veils. These are invaluable accessories to the music drama, but hardly of decorative value even in a millionaire's home. Thus it can be said, almost without reservation, that, to the guarantors, opera is its own reward.

AS I REMEMBER

By Jefferson Winter

AS I MENTIONED in a previous article, Henry Irving did not indulge much in letter writing. Nevertheless, he did occasionally write real letters, and I quote from some of them that were addressed to my father.

One was written the day after Irving's first performance of Hamlet in America, and refers to my father's critical article on that event—one of the most thoughtful and penetrative essays on the subject ever published, and surely not the less remarkable for that much of it was written on bits of paper held on one of the writer's knees while riding in a horse car.

"BREVOORT HOUSE, NEW YORK,
"27 November, 1884.

"*MY DEAR WINTER: You* have spoken, and I thank you—again and again, and ever thanks.

"You have let your heart act, and no words can convey the pleasure you have bestowed upon me—a sweet pleasure, as from friend to friend; and *an undying tribute*, from poet to actor.

"Again—I thank you! I always feel a poor thing when I attempt Hamlet. I love him, as you do.

"I have written to Richard Mansfield that, on Tuesday, I shall be delighted to accept. Tomorrow, it is impossible for me to breakfast with Mackay [John W. Mackay, the banker]. I wish I could, but I cannot. When shall we meet? Will you have dinner with me on Sunday?

"Ever yours,
"HENRY IRVING."

Irving began his fourth American tour at San Francisco, September 4, 1893, and ended it in Boston March 17, 1894. It was in some ways the most remarkable season of his career. During it he presented The Bells, Nance Oldfield, The Merchant of Venice, Becket—which had been brought out for the first time, anywhere, at the Lyceum Theater, London, on his fifty-fifth birthday, February 6, 1893—Olivia, King Charles I, The Lyons Mail and King Louis XI. For fourteen performances in San Francisco the receipts were fifty-nine thousand five hundred and thirty-five dollars; for the entire tour, five hundred and ninety-seven thousand four hundred and seventy-four dollars and fifty-nine cents, or an average of three thousand and seventy dollars and twelve cents a performance. It was during this season that Irving declared—what he repeated in 1900: "If it had not been for the unstinted generosity of the American public in my support I could not have maintained my theater in London, as I have done."

The triumphal procession of that tour—for such it was—had scarcely been begun before Irving, as was his wont, began to busy himself with preparations for his next season. My father, at his request, then did for him what unnumbered other times he did for him and for other managers and actors—namely, advised him as to his course and, without recompense or credit, revised, altered and edited a play by another author which ultimately was produced with notable success; in this instance the King Arthur of the late Joseph Comyns-Carr, which, I surmise, was built on the basis of an earlier piece on the same subject by W. G. Wills. The first of the three following letters refers to the commemorative services at The Players, New York, in memory of Edwin Booth, its founder, which Winter for personal reasons did not attend, and at which Prof. George E. Woodberry read an ode:

"PLAZA HOTEL, NEW YORK.
"14 November, 1893.

"*MY DEAR WINTER:* Do let us meet soon! I long to see you. It is somewhat lonely here, and I am waiting for an old friend and a dear one. We ought to have shaken hands yesterday, and I ought to have heard your sweet voice and listened to your sweet words.

"*Who* was that '*ODE-IOUS*' man? Oh, dear! oh, dear!!

"The whole business was, to me, somewhat shallow—the fashionable function, altogether.

"It was a great disappointment to us all, on Sunday—though I can understand your fatigue at times, and impossibility to do all that you would.

"But let us meet. I'd come over to you, if I could; but I'm tied to the stake. My love to Willy, who is with you, I hear.

"Ever affectionately,
"H. IRVING."

"PLAZA HOTEL, NEW YORK,
"26 November, 1893.

"*MY DEAR WINTER:* Love and greeting!

"I hope, when 'Henry VIII' is over, that we shall be able to spend a little time together. This week I shall be at the 'shop' all day long.

"With this I send 'Arthur,' which we can talk over when we meet, and I want you, sometime—no hurry—to study it well for me.

"It *should* make a good play—legendary and mystical—upon a noble theme.

"The many *lyrics* seem to me a difficulty. When just a story is to be told with them, fo-do-re-me-fa would be as well. . . .

"However, this is no insuperable deadlock. The cuts are merely suggested, though *much* must be omitted, for the play is too long for representation as originally put down.

"I fully understand the necessity of your keeping quiet, with your pressing work in hand. A little more repose, just now, would be acceptable to me too!

"Ever, dear friend,
"H. IRVING."

"HOTEL PLAZA, NEW YORK,
12 December, 1893.

"*MY DEAR WINTER:* Your notes on 'Arthur' are of inestimable value, and confirm my own opinion that the play is somewhat languid and lacks ginger.

"It is surprising how thoroughly and quickly you get to the heart of the thing, and I could but regret, as I read your comments, that I had not oftener such a mentor by my side.

"I shall communicate with you again upon this subject and the service which you have rendered me and, in the meantime, barely express my gratitude.

"Would it be agreeable (it would be delightful to us) for you and Willy to spend Christmas here? We shall play on Christmas night, and eat our plum pudding on Sunday, here—only ourselves, a little family party, which I should like you both to make up. Nell [Ellen Terry] will write you, also, and we hope that you may be able to come.

"You were at the play last night, I feel sure—so I know you must be better. 'The chief characteristic of Mr. Wilde as a writer' is certainly yours; and here is another writer to whom 'the chief characteristic' would equally apply—William Archer—for he, too, thinks of nothing but himself." [Irving did not like the English critic, Archer. In another letter he says: "What you [Winter] wrote about Macbeth was deeply interesting, and your criticisms absolutely true. How 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confined' are most of 'em! Fancy Archer writing that the poor raven which was hoarse with croaking was meant by Shakespeare to be the messenger who brought news of Duncan's coming—hoarse with running or shouting, or some such foolery!"]

"Last Sunday was a pleasant afternoon, as such things are; but I was very sorry not to find you there, at Mr. Whitelaw Reid's, for I had looked forward to your coming.

"With love to Willy, and both,
"Ever yours,
"H. IRVING."

"PLAZA HOTEL, NEW YORK,
"15 December, 1893.

"*MY DEAR WINTER:* Your sweet and affectionate letter has given me a true pleasure and touched me much.

"I value your love and friendship, which I return with all my heart, and which nothing in this world could change, in me. I am more than glad about Christmas. God bless you, old friend!

"Ever yours,
"HENRY IRVING.

"P. S. Have you a good *acting* copy of 'Cymbeline'? I should like to see one."

Winter subsequently made an acting copy of that play for Irving, cutting it severely. Irving cut it more and sent it back to my father, who then still further reduced it. Cymbeline was produced at the Lyceum, London, December 19, 1896, and was not a great success. Irving, who acted Iachimo, afterward expressed to my father the succinct opinion, "For the stage, except for Imogen, Cymbeline isn't worth a damn!—Neither is Coriolanus." The best, and indeed the only good acting version

(Continued on Page 50)

Firestone

The Mark of Quality On Rubber Footwear

The name Firestone—the mark of quality—is your safest guide in selecting rubber footwear.

It means the longest service and the greatest comfort and satisfaction your money can buy.

Firestone-Apsley Rubber Footwear is built to withstand the hardest usage. Superior style, finish, and balanced construction have been combined with tough, resilient rubber compounds as the result of more than thirty-seven years of successful manufacturing experience.

The significance of this cumulative skill and steadily maintained standard of excellence is shown in the high regard of many thousands of wearers.

Safeguard the health of all your family, particularly during the winter months, by insisting on rubber footwear unmistakably marked with this name.

The most reputable wholesalers and retailers carry and give unqualified endorsement to Firestone-Apsley products.

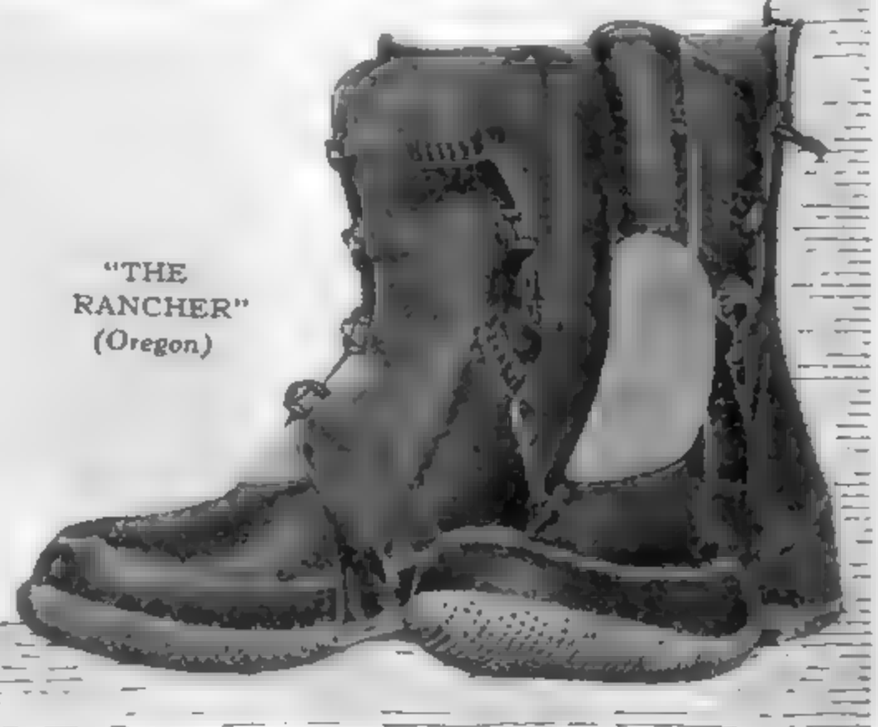
Firestone-Apsley

Rubber Company

Manufacturers of Rubber Footwear, Canvas Footwear, Rubber Clothing and Rubber Heels

Hudson, Mass.

LOOK FOR THE ORANGE LABEL



"THE RANCHER" (Oregon)

(Continued from Page 48)

of that play ever made was arranged by Winter for Miss Viola Allen, who, however, did not use it. Other plays which my father revised and improved for Irving include Faust and King Charles IX—the latter never produced.

The Christmas "little family party" at the Plaza consisted of some thirty-five persons. The company began to assemble about four o'clock on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, and the party ended at seven-thirty on Christmas morning, the only survivors at that hour being Irving, my father and myself.

At about five o'clock Irving and Winter were hard at it on the appropriately gay and festive subject of Byron's Werner, from which Irving read and acted several scenes in a thrilling manner.

At about six he desisted and came over to where I was sitting, and gazing down at me with a whimsical smile, he said, "I know what's the matter with Willy! He's hungry! I think a roast chicken and a bottle of champagne—eh, my boy?" And forthwith he summoned a waiter and ordered them. The waiter looked at him blankly.

"Why, sir," he said, "it's six o'clock in the morning!"

"I didn't ask you what o'clock," answered Irving. "I ordered a chicken and champagne, and I want them."

He got them—as he did most things he wanted.

"GAIRLOCH, SCOTLAND,
"12 August, 1894.

"*MY DEAR WINTER:* As I sit here, the waters of the Atlantic washing up to my windows, I know that they bring sweet and loving messages from you.

"God bless you, dear friend! Tell me everything in your heart and in your mind. I love you—now and always. All will yet be well—we'll have a time together yet; next year, I hope. I wish you were here, in Scotland, and I'm almost glad you're not—the weather has been horrible. 'The rain it raineth,' *not* every day but all the time—day and night.

"I have been quite alone—Walter and Fussy alone excepted. [Meaning, respectively, his ever-faithful dresser, Walter Collinson, and a confounded, pampered pest of a fox terrier, given by the wonderful jockey, Fred Archer, to Ellen Terry and enticed away from her by Irving, who grew to adore the brute and who was almost heartbroken by its death.—J. W.] And I have done a lot of work on King Arthur and a certain Corporal Brewster, an old Waterloo man of ninety—a sketch, by Conan Doyle, and most admirable and lifelike.

"Here's a bit of him, so you may guess the sort of character:

"'You must be proud of that day.' [When Brewster is given the V. C. for bravery at the Battle of Waterloo.]

"'Ah, it were a great day for me—a great day! The Regent, he were there—and a fine body of a man too! He up and he says: "'The Reg'ment's proud o' ye," says 'e. "An' I'm proud o' the Reg'ment," says I to 'im. "And a damn good answer, too!" says 'e to Lord 'Ill, and they both busts out laughin'.'

"And, again, in another place, when describing the battle, in his way, to a certain Colonel, who drops into his cottage, the Colonel says, curiously, to him:

"'And what was it that struck you most, now, in connection with the whole affair?' 'Why,' says the Corporal, 'I lost three half crowns over it, I did. Lent 'em to Jabez Smith, my rear-rank man, at Hougomont. "Greg," (Gregory is his name), says 'e, "I'll pay ye, true, on'y wait till pay day!" By Jiminie! 'e was stuck b' a lancer, at Quatre-Bras—and me without a line to prove the debt! Them three half crowns is as good as lost to me, now!'

"Heigh-o! I'm afraid there's more truth in this than in Arthur!

"I leave here tomorrow and begin rehearsals for our tour, in a fortnight—our tour starting 17 September, until 15 December; then, Lyceum.

"For two months we shall be without our dearest Nell [Ellen Terry]—for she absolutely requires rest and a longer holiday, and must prepare herself for our next Lyceum season and our coming American work; so, as the best thing I could do, I have engaged her sister, Marion [Terry].

"By the way, if you have at any time any articles that you would like to have appear in London, on the English, or American, stage, Hawkins is again Editor of 'The Theatre' and would rejoice to receive them from you. 'Ibsen From an American Point of View' would be good.

"Again, God bless you, and yours. My best love to all.

"Affectionately, ever,
"HENRY IRVING."

Irving's favorite quotations were the two lines of Bolingbroke in King Richard II:

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends;

a speech from Vanderdecken—"There is a bond between us which dates before this day; we are not strangers!"—and these words from Tennyson's Becket: "Men are God's trees, and women are God's flowers!"

His attitude toward women was always chivalrous and gentle—indeed, overtolerant. I remember one night when he expressed to me his feeling toward the sex in a highly characteristic way, which—though the ladies may not like it—is worth recording. It was the night of March 15, 1900, when I chanced to call on him in his dressing room at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, when he was acting Robespierre.

Miss Olga Nethersole's production of the late Mr. W. C. Fitch's play of Sapho, at Wallack's Theater, had been stopped by the police a short time before, and that actress had been required to appear in court. Irving felt that she had been wrongly and harshly treated. This opinion he expressed, and then inquired if I did not agree with him.

"No, sir," I answered. "I saw the performance on the first night, and it is certainly objectionable. It was right to stop it—and it should not, I think, be permitted to reopen."

"But," he said, "Miss Nethersole has been required to appear in a police court—and Miss Nethersole, remember, is a woman."

"What of it?" I rejoined. "She is charged with violating law. You or Mansfield or anybody else would have had to appear in court if you had put on such a play. Why not Miss Nethersole?"

"Oh," he said, turning to me, "you think a woman should be treated exactly the same as a man, do you?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "I do."

"Well, I don't," he answered. "They are all of them emotional creatures—and none of them are responsible. We should always show them extreme consideration and deference."

Irving greatly relished a good story, and he told such with capital effect, especially those of a satirical turn. He had one which I heard him repeat several times, which he got from Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate. It is of a noble at the court of King Louis XIV of France. He bore a remarkable resemblance to the King, which being commented on, Louis sent for him. Gazing very earnestly at the noble, he said, "Was your mother ever at court?"

"No, sire," replied the noble, bowing low, "but my father was."

To hear Irving tell that story was to receive a lesson in acting.

In social conversation Irving, when he felt himself to have been unfairly treated, was sometimes bitterly sarcastic, with an air of bland innocence which gave his words the sharpest effect.

When he revived Macbeth, George Washburn Smalley—one of the ablest of writers—wrote and published some very severe strictures upon Irving's performance in it.

Soon after the two men met at a social festival. Irving arrived first, and as Smalley came in and joined the group around him he was greeted by Irving with a genial smile.

"Ah, my dear Smalley," he said, "I'm glad to see you. In fact, I've been waiting for you. I read—with much attention and interest—your very striking paper on my Macbeth. Smalley, did you ever read Macbeth?"

It was such incidents that made for him some of the bitterest enemies he had. But his friends outnumbered such by a hundred to one. He has been written of as solely an intellectual actor. He was not. Although a man of lofty intellect and aspiring mind, he was essentially a people's actor, and he stood the double test of a great actor—he won and held the people at the same time that he won the finest intellects of his time. He played eight professional tours in America. His gross receipts from August, 1878, to June, 1905, when he closed his London season, were approximately twelve million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and of that three million five hundred thousand dollars was paid to him in this country. The first words he spoke upon our stage were "It is I!"—in The Bells; the last, after a performance of King Louis XI at the Harlem Opera House, March 25, 1904, ending his farewell speech, were "God bless America!"

"Send shirts again —that's a gift I really can use"

That's what Paul Wilbur wrote his sister when she asked for Christmas suggestions.

"Those Emery Shirts you sent last year saved me many a dollar," he added. "They cured me of buying high-priced custom shirts. I wear nothing but Emery now. They fit as well, look as well, and wear better.

"You can't go wrong. You know my neck-band size and sleeve length. Just be sure to get Emery Shirts, and you can leave the selection to the salesman. All Emery Shirts are in good taste."

Why Emery Shirts are equal to custom-made

Pattern in each shirt perfectly balanced—stripes matched in cuffs, front, etc
Different sleeve lengths. Sleeve placquets (buttoning above cuff) to prevent gaping sleeve and make cuffs set right
Pre-shrunk neckbands. Neck-band-tab for inserting collar button in back
Closely stitched seams. Clear pearl buttons. Unbreakable buttonholes. And many other refinements of finish

Emery shirts are sold at better class shops—$1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and up. If there is no Emery dealer near you, we will see that you are served promptly, on receipt of money order and name of your dealer. Give neck-band size, sleeve length and color preferences. W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

Emery Shirts

Horseshoe Road in National Military Park, Vicksburg, Mississippi

A Sensible Christmas Gift for the Homekeeper—

Give the woman who keeps house at least one useful, helpful gift for Christmas. Give her something to make her home more attractive—something to lighten her housework. Give her a Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rug.

A Saver of Time and Energy

Congoleum Art-Rugs are as easy to keep clean as a porcelain table top. For they have a smooth, "enamel" surface that does not stain or absorb dirt or spilled things. All that's necessary to keep these modern floor-coverings spotless and bright as new is a quick, light mopping.

They cling to the floor as though they were part of it—never need to be tacked down or fastened.

Beautiful as Well as Useful

From the two-color reproductions shown above, you can obtain only a slight idea of the beauty of Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs. To fully appreciate them you must see the actual rugs with their soft, harmonious colorings and beautiful patterns.

Patterns for Every Room

There are designs suitable for every room in the house—simple ones for kitchens and bathrooms—restful floral patterns for bedrooms—more elaborate motifs for living-rooms and dining-rooms. There are sizes to fit every room; prices to fit every purse.

With their useful as well as ornamental qualities, their artistry of design and coloring, year-in, year-out durability, and ease-of-cleaning, Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs more than satisfy the most exacting demands of the person seeking an attractive, sensible Christmas gift for the homekeeper.

6 feet x 9 feet	$ 8.10	9 feet x 9 feet	$12.15
7½ feet x 9 feet	10.10	9 feet x 10½ feet	14.15
9 feet x 12 feet	$16.20		
1½ feet x 3 feet	$ .50	3 feet x 4½ feet	$1.50
1 foot x 3 feet	1.00	3 feet x 6 feet	2.00

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted

CONGOLEUM COMPANY

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one Congoleum and that is *Gold Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal here shown. This Gold Seal protects you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. Look for it when you buy.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

So all night long the storm roared on
The morning broke without a sun,
* * *
A smooth white mound the brush pile showed
A fenceless drift what once was road"
Whittier's *Snowbound*

Breaking the Snow Blockade

The "Caterpillar's" field of usefulness is by no means limited to snow removal. There is a "Caterpillar" of size and capacity for every power need. For grading and maintaining streets and roads, for work on farm or ranch, in the mining, oil and lumber industries — wherever tractive power and endurance are at a premium, the "Caterpillar"* has no real competitor*

Leaving sixteen states in its wake the big blizzard of last January struck New York City and New England with staggering force. New York was ready! So were many adjoining "Caterpillar"*-equipped cities and towns. Repeating the performance of the previous winter, New York's fleet of 50 "Caterpillars,"* fitted with big snowplows, cut great furrows through the snow-blanketed streets and kept traffic moving. Three "Caterpillars"* put into action on the hilly streets of Yonkers quickly cleared its business and residential districts. Rye, Mamaroneck and Harrison did equally effective work with their "Caterpillars"* and kept open sections of the Boston Post Road, one of the vital arteries of motor traffic into Manhattan.

Snow blockades each winter strike at the welfare of every Northern community by tying up traffic and increasing fire hazards. Boards of Commerce, industrial plants, public utilities and taxpayers everywhere are asking that thoroughfares be kept open continuously. Back up *your* public officials in the purchase of "Caterpillar"* Tractors. Because of their sure footing and unfailing power, "Caterpillars"* will buck the deepest drifts and clear the snow faster and cheaper than any other method. Their cost is soon returned in the business losses they prevent. They can be kept busy the year round grading and maintaining streets and roads. Let us show you our motion pictures of "Caterpillars"* clearing snow-blocked roads.

CATERPILLAR
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
HOLT
PEORIA, ILL.
STOCKTON, CALIF.

**There is but one "Caterpillar"—Holt builds it. The name was originated by this Company, and is our exclusive trade-mark registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in practically every country of the world.*

THE HOLT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, *Inc.*
PEORIA, ILL. STOCKTON, CALIF.
Export Division: 50 Church St., New York
Branches and service stations all over the world

WHO'S THE BOSS?

(Continued from Page 36)

along a hall past closed doors behind which Mrs. Garth and a visiting married sister lurked in hiding.

"Sorry to bother you like this," the skulkers heard Cosgrove growl, staccato fashion, "but since you would not come down to see me ——"

Then the voice drifted off into the front parlor, which, as far as Cosgrove was concerned, contained nothing save Miss Garth and a writing desk on which there were a newspaper and a lot of letters. He knew these were answers to advertisements, and this did not tend to slow him up.

"My taxi's waiting," he announced suggestively. "Let's talk it over on the way downtown."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Cosgrove ——"

"Never mind that now. Glen doesn't matter. We'll ——"

"Mr. Glen is your partner," the girl reminded him, and her expression became just a little hard. She knew Cosgrove looked different, and she was a little afraid of the unusual wildness in his eyes. "So I'm afraid he matters a great deal. It would be utterly impossible for me to work under him again."

"Oh, shucks! Let's forget about ——"

"No"—simply. "And I fail to see, Mr. Cosgrove, why there should be any debate about it in my case, and hardly a thought of it with any of the others."

"Others?"

"I am not the only one Mr. Glen has found it convenient to get rid of. In fact, I was the only one left he did not want to keep. And when he fired Miss Johnston for nothing at all, simply to put his brother Edgar in her place, you ——"

"He—er—he said you called him unpleasant names and walked out."

"I told him exactly what I thought of him in a very few words. He doesn't need much explaining, you know."

Cosgrove's impetuosity was draining. He felt that he had run his head into a blank wall, and that he was simply stalling for time.

"But don't you think it would have been fairer to me if you had waited until I got back from Boston?"

"What good would that have done?"

Cosgrove's head jerked back. He didn't like that, but the quick light in his eyes did not trouble Miss Garth in the least.

She looked at him in the unwinking way she had when she wanted him to understand something that was really important, and before he could say anything in his own defense she went on gratuitously, "You have had chances, time and again, Mr. Cosgrove, to straighten many things out, but you never took them. Never did anything. I am not an employe of yours now, and since you seem to think I have been unfair to you I'll tell you just why I did walk out of my position as I did."

Cosgrove knew it was not going to be pleasant, but he discovered that looking at her took some of the curse off the impending unpleasantness, so he looked hard.

"I've heard you say, time and time again," the girl began simply, "that the man who wanted anything, particularly if he wanted it badly, was a fool. And I've heard you argue at some length to prove it. But, though you probably did not know it, that was only another way of saying you were a quitter. Not so much because you were afraid, but simply because you were too lazy and easy-going to fight."

Cosgrove fidgeted and grinned rather unhappily, but Miss Garth went right on:

"Over and over, I've seen you back down and do nothing when you should have fought for what was yours. And when you gave Mr. Glen that partnership you did it because you were afraid not to. You were scared into it, and I knew what would happen if you did it. And it has. That's why I left. The incident that led up to my leaving doesn't matter. I realized that there was no possible chance of your taking hold of your own business again, and was convinced that I was not working for you but for your partner, and there was no future in that for me."

Cosgrove cleared his throat as if he were going to say something, but before he could speak Miss Garth added slowly and definitely: "You spoiled a perfectly good sales manager, Mr. Cosgrove, when you took Mr. Glen into the firm, and if you're not careful you'll ruin a perfectly good business too. Then, it is just possible, you will realize it is necessary to want things."

"Ouch!" Cosgrove grimaced feebly. "That would seem to settle it pretty conclusively. But—I—er—I came up here to take you back with me, and ——"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Cosgrove ——"

"And now I know why," Cosgrove completed deliberately. "What I need is a guardian."

He rose, and Miss Garth, already on her feet, backed away from him toward the writing desk. Plainly she was startled and rather more afraid of him than she liked to be. Cosgrove, on the other hand, had never been more deliberate in his life.

He knew now exactly what it was he wanted.

"Yes"—quietly—"that's why I have been in such a dickens of a stew since Glen told me about it. I was too selfish to think about the others much, but when he picked on you!" He laughed shortly. "I've never seen you wear an engagement ring or anything like that, so if ——"

"No!"

Cosgrove paused.

"What's wrong?"—apologetically. "I mean it. I'd like to marry you very much. If there isn't anyone else, don't you think you could put up with me?"

Miss Garth's retreat halted because the writing desk stopped her. Some of the letters she had written fell to the floor, but she snatched them up before Cosgrove could reach them. He stood a foot away, waiting for her to say something, his hands stirring restlessly at his sides. The girl's eyes were giving all their attention to the letters.

"No" in a low voice—"I couldn't marry you."

"Hunh! Why not?"

"When I marry"—she looked up now "I want to give up business."

"Good Lord! You don't suppose ——"

"And I'd never be able to do that if I married you."

Cosgrove winced, and then suddenly Miss Garth knew that the grip of his hands was nothing to trifle with. Her shoulders were conscious of the tips of his fingers for several hours afterwards. She tried to draw away—but not very hard.

"Is that all?" Cosgrove demanded. "The only reason?"

"Isn't—isn't it enough?"

"If that's all—your name's Marion, isn't it?"

Marion laughed.

"All right," Cosgrove said. "I'm going downtown now. I'll call you up later. You'll be calling me Jim before dinnertime."

He found his own way out.

Some people said that Cosgrove, of Cosgrove & Glen, had gone mad. Others, who knew him better, stared in justifiable amaze. And still others, who knew him best, laughed immoderately and said they were darned glad of it.

It was shortly after two o'clock that Marion Garth received Cosgrove's telephone call.

"Hello. That you, Marion?"

"This is Miss Garth."

"This is Jim. Want to come down and pick up the pieces?"

"Wh-what have you done?"

"Come down right away. I'll wait for you. Good-by."

Marion remembered the wildness in Cosgrove's eyes, and knowing that a man like him, when he really woke up, was likely to do anything, she rushed downtown as fast as the Subway could take her.

By the time she reached the offices and warehouse of Cosgrove & Glen her knees were shaking. Outside the old familiar office door she stopped, appalled. The place had all the atmosphere and feel of a morgue, and when she pushed the door open and looked in she halted a moment or two, holding her breath, then went a few steps farther and stopped again.

It was only a little after three, but there wasn't a sound; no hum of voices or click of typewriters or the scurry of busy feet—nothing. And not a soul to be seen anywhere.

Then, in a far-off corner, seated upon a flat-topped desk that had been Glen's, she caught sight of Cosgrove—alone in the midst of awe and silence.

"Mr. Cosgrove."

Cosgrove turned his head sharply and leaped rather than walked toward her.

"Hello, Marion. This is great. Look it over!"—with a triumphant sweep of his hand all about him. "Who's the boss?"

Marion followed the movement of his hand with an incredulous stare that finally fastened itself upon his face.

"What on earth have you done now?"

"Cleaned 'em all out. Fired the whole bunch from Glen down. Had a great time."

"Bu-but ——"

"It's all fixed. Dickenson will take care of Glen, and I'll have every desk filled before the end of the week. I've got a sales manager in mind that'll knock Glen all hollow, and he isn't going to be married to me either."

Marion viewed the devastation again, catching her breath at the unbelievable wonder of it; and without being aware of it she looked up at Cosgrove with an admiration that was shy but satisfying.

"You—you surely did clean up, didn't you?"

Cosgrove grinned, touched her arm lightly with the tips of his fingers and admitted hopefully, "Got my house back too."

"You did!"

"How do you think you'd like it? We would have to get some new furniture and touch it up a bit and ——"

Marion laughed, and Cosgrove drew her a little nearer, his expression suddenly becoming rueful and apologetic.

"I was going to ask you to take dinner with me, so that you'd get accustomed to calling me Jim, but I find there are some orders I've just got to get out, and that'll keep me kind o' late. Do you have to wait till dinnertime?"

Marion did not commit herself.

"Can I help?"

Cosgrove's eyes lighted up, then dulled again. He shook his head.

"Oh, why not?"

Plainly Marion was disappointed. The way she looked at Cosgrove then made him reckless. He drew her still nearer, hesitated a moment, then, feeling more sure of himself, kissed her somewhat fearfully on the lips, then pulled his head back quickly to watch the result.

"You—you'll let me help now?" he heard her whisper almost at once, and his sense of possession leaped to giant heights in a twinkling. His head seemed to climb into the clouds with it.

But it was not so far out of sight that Marion did not see it shake a most decided negative.

"No, lady," he elucidated grimly, "you're through with business."

And Marion smiled and went home before the rush hour, as a perfect lady should.

Christmas with the Youngsters!

LITTLE feet pattering down the stairs—a breathless pause before the sparkling glory of the Christmas Tree—a wild scamper to see what Santa Claus has brought. What would Christmas be without the children?

Let them find a shiny new pair of Educators underneath the tree. They'll be delighted with them and you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that their feet will look well and keep well, in the shoes that "let the feet grow as they should."

Our picture booklet of *Mother Goose Rhymes* will please your little boy or girl. Send for it

Go to the nearest Educator Store and get Educators for the whole family for Christmas.

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc., 14 High St., Boston, Mass.

RICE & HUTCHINS

EDUCATOR SHOE

For MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN

Comfort Gift Suggestions

GIVE HIM—

for his silk hose—

Wide-Web Garters in silk webs and gold plated mountings—

for his woolen socks—

the new Wide-Web built especially for woolen hose—made in appropriate heather mixtures to match the hose—

for his golfing comfort—

Pioneer-Brighton Golf Garters, packaged in attractive boxes of Scotch plaid.

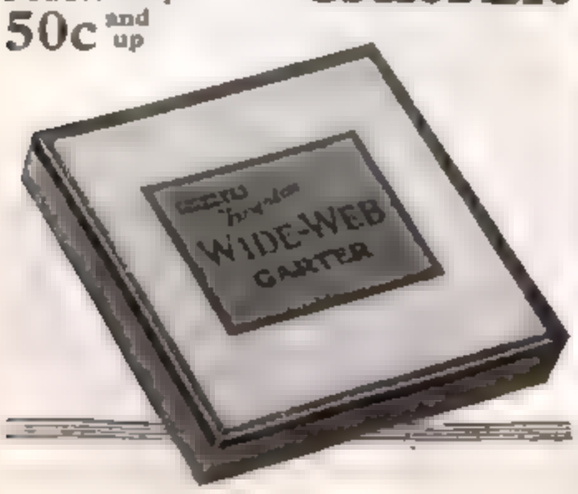
Men appreciate comfort gifts—and the Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Web is the last word in garter comfort. Ask at the men's wear counter in the better stores.

Pioneer Suspender Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

For 45 years manufacturers of
Pioneer Suspenders Pioneer Belts
Pioneer-Brighton Garters

PIONEER Brighton WIDE-WEB GARTER

Single Grip 35c and up
Double Grip 50c and up



THE RETURN OF FRANK CLAMART

(Continued from Page 30)

individual conflict, more ancient than the use of lethal weapons, however primitive—to clinch and choke. It was the sort of duel fought by the solitary prowlers of hostile tribes where the necessity was not only to slay but to do so silently, without the risk of alarm. Shane disregarded even the slung shot attached to his wrist by its leathern thong. He did not want to risk a faulty blow. His antagonist had no time for the drawing of any weapon.

They came together more in the fashion of lower animals than men, each striving for the other's throat and each depending on a potential physical superiority. For a moment it was a curious fumbling affair of strong gripping fingers and chins jammed downward to protect the vulnerable channels of breath. Both were strong and agile men and it may be that both possessed an equal skill in wrestling, but each was animated by the same idea that barred the tricks of wrestling, the fear that the other might make an outcry to summon aid not far away.

In such an elemental struggle one might assume the advantage to be with the more primitive. On the contrary this proved the undoing of Shane's antagonist. Whether through sheer animal instinct or in the hope of an advantage to be achieved through pain he slightly shifted his chin to fasten his teeth in Shane's left shoulder. In doing this he may have overlooked the fact that upper clothing had come into vogue since such aboriginal practice, and not only did he get a mouthful of heavy homespun but in the very torsion of his neck gave Shane the chance to slip in a pair of powerful thumbs—and the rest proved easy.

Shane presently relaxed his hold. The body under his had gone limp and lifeless. The jaws had relaxed in that first throttling grip, so that he had suffered no more than a violent bruise where for a moment the strong teeth had closed. The singular duel had ended as it was begun, in stealth and silence.

Shane paused for a brief instant to get his breath and assure himself that there was no shamming about the business. He rose and looked round for his cloth hat—another curious and later instinct, the first post-battling impulse of the schoolboy—to find his hat, restore his poise by the application of the emblem. Shane found first the other man's hat, a sort of yachting or mechanic's headgear. He clapped it on his head, reflecting that if caught sight of in the murk it might serve as a momentary disguise. Then discovering his own close by he shoved it in his pocket, walked to the edge of the bank and clambered down it aboard the boat.

This resting, as Shane had thought, on the mud with but a few inches of water around it, was of a sort he had expected to find, a motor cruiser of about forty-foot length with a trunk cabin that extended a little abaft the beam. He opened the door and looked inside, to see Sharon crouching on the edge of one of the bunks with a man's coat thrown over her shoulders.

"Sharon," he said softly, "it's Shane Emmet. Come quickly."

Sharon came. She did not cry out or fling herself into his arms or do any of those risky time-wasting things. She came out of that cabin like a child escaping from the clutch of a kidnaper, which was in fact her situation. Shane helped her up the greasy bank, and taking her hand they set off along the edge of the creek. He did not know at what moment the watch might be relieved.

Sharon stopped. "Darn it, my slipper's off."

Shane looked back and caught its silvered gleam. He retrieved it, put it in his pocket, then, as they had some distance to go and no dancing slippers would stay on against the suction of that spongy turf, decided to carry her. He did not do this in the tiring and romantic fashion of melodrama. As Sharon, though of slender appearance, was solid, Shane took her up piggy-back, as children say. Sharon gave a sort of nervous giggle at this mode of transportation. Her porter was enormously relieved to find that she could giggle and that her mind was still clear enough to find some humor in the situation. He had feared that she might have been drugged, fed some of the poppy gum or rendered otherwise semi-comatose.

But she was not. Evidently intimidation had been enough to keep her a passive prisoner, and she had failed to see the bodies of the two men. Shane, half bent to take the strain of her weight where this could be best supported, made of himself a beast of burden and headed for the road above the house. He struck a patch of heavy going, but managed to plod through it to firmer ground.

Presently Sharon murmured, "How did you manage to find me?"

"Tell you later," panted Shane. "Don't talk. Sounds carry, a still night like this."

His heart was fairly bursting with satisfaction. Here was Sharon by way of being rescued, and two more of the murder mob retired from the running. There would be a crimp put in that crowd, Shane thought, but he intended to strike them even harder before the night was over. Bamboo should be fairly combustible, he thought, and he was inclined to believe that if anybody got in the lee of that hangar before his night's work was over, said person might enjoy a beautiful pipe dream without bothering over the usual paraphernalia for such, the pipe and roasting pin.

In this beautiful idea he strode along, now and then shifting Sharon a little higher on his back. Luckily his anatomy was built for such a strain, though his biceps began to feel it at the end of two hundred yards. By the time he struck the road Sharon's normal weight of some hundred and thirty pounds was making its pressure felt. And yet the task was far from being an unpleasant one.

He set her down and straightened his arms. Then without pausing for an exchange of experiences he took her hand and hurried her along the sandy road to where he had hidden his car behind a thicket of alders. Here he asked his first question, that burning one always foremost in the mind where an abducted damsel is concerned: "How have they treated you?"

"Not so badly," Sharon answered. "I played right into their hands like a little fool. When the lights went out I thought of course it was a raid and that we might be locked up for having that champagne on the table. A man grabbed my arm and I thought it was you rushing me out the back way. I never discovered my mistake until I found myself being crammed into a car."

"But didn't you see who it was when you got outside?"

"No. Somebody said 'Hide your face' and threw a scarf around my head. I thought it was fun. They led me through a basement and out onto another street, and the next I knew we were in a big car and one of those bearded men that had been sitting near us was telling me that if I made the slightest fuss he'd cut my throat. So I didn't make one."

"Wise girl," said Shane.

He took his driving coat from the back of the seat and held it for her. "Slip this on, then curl up on the seat and try to take a little nap. We've got a long and tiresome ride ahead of us."

"Where are you going?"

"Back to burn out this nest of adders. Have you had your supper?"

"Yes—but why do you want to burn them out? Why not get them arrested and punished?"

"There are too many complicating features, and what I plan to do will be a fairly heavy penalty. Please don't get out of the car until I come back."

He had brought with him a five-gallon can of gasoline for emergency, and half of this he now poured into the tank. "I'll not be long. You must not budge from the car, no matter what you see or hear. If I don't turn up in an hour please drive to Atlantic City and telephone your father that you are safe. Ask him to call up Clamart and tell him that you left me at the balloon hangar. He'll understand and know what to do about it. You can drive this car, can't you?"

"Yes, but—but I don't want you to go. Can't that wait?"

"Not very well," said Shane. "There's a reason. I want to do my job before they know of your escape."

He unlocked the chain, then took out his wallet and handed Sharon a sheaf of bills. "Shove those into your pocket. If you should be questioned just say that you do not care to make any statement until you have seen your father. But I'm almost certain to be back within the hour."

He picked up the half-filled can of gasoline and set off down the road again. The peculiar quality of his cosmos that Cynthia found so impossible to support was now strongly functioning. Shane felt no more compunction at thought of the two corpses that must now be stiffening over there by the creek than if they had been a couple of water moccasins. Nor had he any doubt but that the word "corpse" was exact.

As before, he approached the premises with caution; then, no man staying him, he was about to creep into the aperture that he had cut when through the stilly night came the purring vibration of a quietly running car. It drew rapidly nearer, seemed to turn into the place, and stopped. Shane shoved his can of gasoline into the hangar, then slipped to its corner and peered around it. A big limousine was drawn up almost against the building and two men were in the act of getting out of it. Shane could distinguish no more than that one of them was a bulky and the other a tall person.

Then a voice said audibly in Spanish, "Go wake them up."

Two links in the chain of evidence. "That," thought Shane, "will be Don Quinto and the chauffeur, possibly the elevator boy on whom Clamart so cleverly stuck the killing of Colling."

And then to overwhelm this gratifying verification of the theory on which he had that day acted and was still about to act, a harsh voice of unmistakable timbre, inflection and accent said with a contempt of the sinister stillness of the place, "So here's where you've got it, eh? Well, where's my daughter?"

XIII

JEDBURGH! So they had succeeded in coercing him, as Olivant had feared they might. Shane's first thought was that he had misjudged the man, that his paternal affection must be far deeper than he and Olivant had given Jedburgh credit for. No doubt his cold impassivity had been a mask. He had got in touch with Don Quinto, made a bargain or a compromise and come in person, contemptuous of any risk, to take Sharon away.

"Come into the house," said Don Quinto in accented English; "you have nothing to fear." He made a gesture toward the hangar. "Yes, my friend. There's the treasure under the eyes of everybody for miles around. Would you like to look inside?"

"No!" growled Jedburgh. "I want to look at my daughter." And then he added in words that seemed to freeze Shane's marrow, "I want to know what sort of a chance I'm takin' on this feller Clamart lying to me."

"If that man told you she was here," said Don Quinto, "then it was not because he wished to help you recover her."

And with this obscure remark he started toward the house, into which the chauffeur had already disappeared. Jedburgh stood stock-still, as if turning this last remark in his mind. Even to Shane it had sounded the equivalent of the Spaniard's saying: "If Clamart told you that your daughter was here, then it was not to help you recover her but to lead you to put yourself in the same fix."

It appeared now to strike Jedburgh that way too. Don Quinto's choice of words had no doubt been unfortunate. He had probably intended to convey the idea that if Clamart had told Jedburgh that Don Quinto's crowd were Sharon's abductors the information was less to benefit Jedburgh than to arouse his rage impotently against the drug runners.

Shane could see that Jedburgh's suspicions of having run himself into a trap were roused. The burly capitalist, looking precisely like a big brown bear on its haunches in the lessening obscurity, did not budge from his tracks. He was not only like a bear in appearance but no doubt at that moment his emotional warning instinct, sullen fury were precisely those that might have been felt by such an animal more or less accustomed to the propinquity of humans, if it were suddenly to find itself surrounded.

(Continued on Page 56)

Vacuette
Non-Electric Vacuum Cleaner

Madam—Meet the Vacuette Representative

The Vacuette representative who calls at your home will show you how to cut out the hardest, most tiresome part of housework.

He is a man we have selected to represent us because he is earnest, intelligent and enthusiastic—the kind of man we can recommend to you; and he will bring a message you will be glad to hear.

You will find him courteous, well informed and willing to answer any questions about this truly wonderful vacuum cleaner.

He will not ask you to take his word or ours about the Vacuette. He will give you an actual demonstration in your own home.

He will put the Vacuette right at work on your rugs and carpets—will let you see how it takes up the dust and dirt instantly and so easily that it seems like play to use it.

Look for the Name on the Bag

★
Endorsed by Good Housekeeping and Modern Priscilla

Then he will show you that it does its work *without electricity.* You will not see him manipulating cords, wires or other attachments. He will use the Vacuette in just the same way that you use a carpet sweeper. You will see the Vacuette operating from its own self-contained mechanism, and wherever it goes the rug or carpet will glow with cleanliness. And with the Vacuette your drudgery of sweeping is ended. Your only cost is the very moderate purchase price of the cleaner itself—and that is about half what you would willingly pay for a really efficient vacuum cleaner.

Ask our representative to show and explain the wonderful simplicity and strength of the Vacuette

You will be interested in the simple but powerful suction fan, the revolving brush, the pistol-grip handle, the aluminum body and the noiseless rubber wheels. You will see no "machinery," no complicated parts—there is nothing to get out of order even in careless hands.

He will let you use the Vacuette. See how lightly it runs; so easily that a carpet is cleaned "in a jiffy."

We give you this demonstration FREE because you must actually see the Vacuette at work to realize how this simple, automatic vacuum cleaner will save time and work for you. Ask for any explanations you wish. Our representative will be ready and willing to tell you anything you want to know. Already nearly 250,000 women are using the Vacuette, and millions of tests made in their homes have proved its efficiency.

Our authorized representatives are to be found in nearly every community, ready to demonstrate the Vacuette free upon request.

Look in your 'phone book for the **Vacuette Sales Co.,** the name under which local distributors are known. If you don't find the name, write to us and we will arrange for the free demonstration. We want you to know, by seeing it actually in operation, what the Vacuette will do, whether you buy or not

Manufactured and Sold Exclusively by

THE SCOTT & FETZER COMPANY

Dept. 39, Cleveland, Ohio

Also Manufactured in Canada by VACUETTES, Ltd., Miller Building, 48 York Street, Toronto

No Electricity

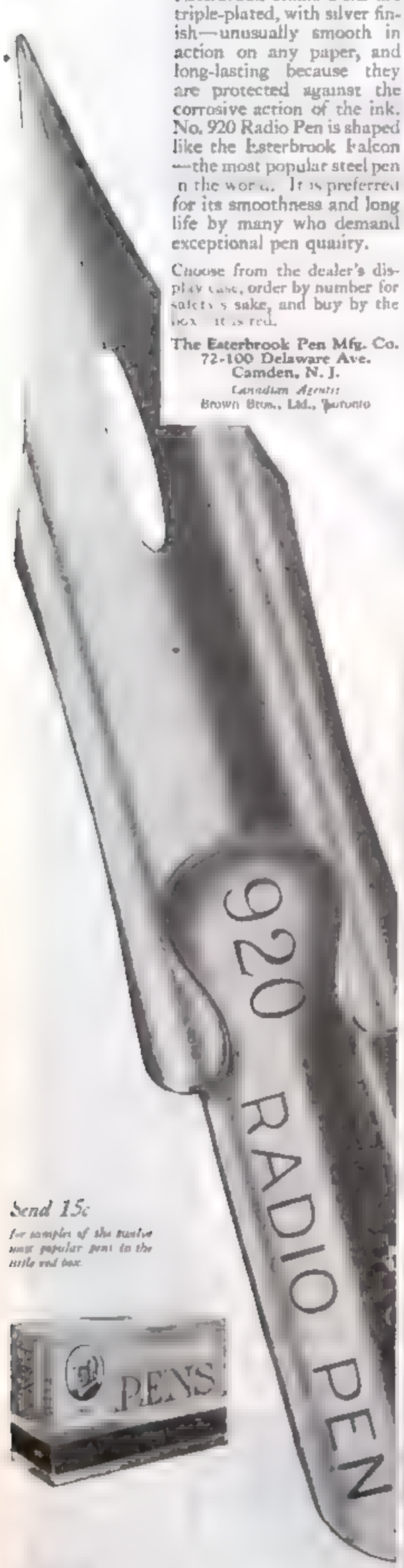
Number 920 Radio Pen

—one of the twelve most popular pens in the world

Esterbrook Radio Pens are triple-plated, with silver finish—unusually smooth in action on any paper, and long-lasting because they are protected against the corrosive action of the ink. No. 920 Radio Pen is shaped like the Esterbrook Falcon—the most popular steel pen in the world. It is preferred for its smoothness and long life by many who demand exceptional pen quality.

Choose from the dealer's display case, order by number for safety's sake, and buy by the box—it is red.

The Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
72-100 Delaware Ave.
Camden, N. J.
Canadian Agents:
Brown Bros., Ltd., Toronto



Send 15c
for samples of the twelve most popular pens in the little red box.

Esterbrook

(Continued from Page 54)

There seemed nothing to suggest immediately that Jedburgh had run into a trap. Don Quinto had gone into the house, leaving him apparently to follow when he got ready. There was nobody in sight and the car had been left standing ready for anybody to get in and drive away. And yet for some reason Shane was strongly of the opinion that if Jedburgh should try to leave those premises something would immediately be done about it.

Jedburgh, evidently of the same mind, did not attempt to leave them, neither did he show any disposition to enter the house. He reached in an inner pocket, drew out a big cigar, lighted it and stood there puffing, thick legs apart though not visible under a long coat that reached almost to the ground. Jedburgh had altogether the aspect of some plantigrade mammal that might remain in this position indefinitely with no great amount of fatigue or inconvenience. He suggested less stolidity than an unlimited animal patience, the savage expectancy that may remain tense and motionless indefinitely until something happens.

So now Jedburgh stood and smoked while Shane stood and watched, no more than his eyebrow sticking round the corner of the hangar. Jedburgh's reference to Clamart had furnished a fresh problem. Did Clamart know where Sharon had been taken or had he merely desired to prove to Jedburgh the rank outlawry of this mob, and that it would stop at nothing, even at a knife in Jedburgh's own throat, if he defied them? Perhaps Clamart, coldly weighing values, had decided that Jedburgh dead would be better for everybody else than Jedburgh living and backing such a huge and nefarious scheme as was here in the bud. Or again, Clamart might have believed that Jedburgh, thus coerced by force, would prove a more hostile force to these others than could be in any other way launched against them.

So far as Shane could see, it was now up to Jedburgh. He wondered what this silent ursine individual was going to do about it. There was indeed everything outrageously bearlike about the man in look and attitude and, as Shane knew, in cunning intelligence. His massive head, heavy but sloping shoulders and thick underpart enveloped in the fur coat looked enough like a bear to have got him instantly shot if he had been poised that way in the yard of some settler's cabin in the wilds.

Shane had not long to wait. The back door opened and Don Quinto came out, followed by three other men and his chauffeur, five in all, for the baiting of Jedburgh. Shane wondered what they had been doing in there. Jedburgh's head moved a little but that was all.

"Why don't you come in?" Don Quinto demanded.

"Where's my daughter?" Jedburgh growled.

"She is not far from here."

"Go get her, then. Nothin' doin' until I see her."

One of the others spoke. "You'll see your daughter as soon as you sign up, Mr. Jedburgh."

"I'll see her first," grunted the big man.

They glanced from one to another. It was evident enough that here was an ultimatum, that nothing short of violence and a good deal of that would move this incubus.

"Oh, well, then," snapped Don Quinto, "go and get her, one of you."

A member of the group detached himself and started off across the meadow in the direction of the creek. Fortunately he passed on the other side of the hangar. Said Shane to himself, "Something noteworthy is soon about to happen." The others of the group seated themselves on the running board of the car, lighting cigarettes. Nobody spoke. Jedburgh continued to loom there like a monolith, a heathen joss with a burning joss stick stuck in it. Shane wondered if either of the hands thrust down into the slashed pockets held a pistol, and if so, how quick on the draw and accurate in firing Jedburgh might be. There was every potentiality of a ruction. Shane also wondered if he himself could make fairly sure of his individual targets at the distance of about thirty yards in that dim light.

For the murk was lightening now as the moon behind it threw down its rays less obliquely. Still it was impossible to distinguish anything about these men. Shane thought it probable that their plan had been to get Jedburgh in some way committed to their enterprise, deliver up Sharon, then get in their boat and be set aboard some ship possibly lying behind the breakwater across the bay.

The tense silence was rudely broken. The man dispatched to fetch Sharon came rushing breathlessly back into their midst.

"She's gone!" he said hoarsely. "Somebody's got her—and—and croaked Leffy and Danielo!"

There was an immediate commotion. The four others sprang up, began to question the messenger. Jedburgh alone stood fast, but the end of his cigar glowed with a fiercer light. Then in the confusion of voices Shane heard the name Clamart several times repeated, but not in execration. It was rather as a group of startled habitants might pass back and forth the word *loup-garou*. They peered about them into the diaphanous darkness. Then Don Quinto stepped up to Jedburgh.

"You hear!" he said snarlingly. "Your daughter is gone, and our two men have been murdered."

"Glad of it," rumbled Jedburgh. "They had it comin'."

"It is this devil Clamart's work."

"Then the feller's too much for ye, ain't he?" Jedburgh asked immovably. "That makes four of you he's got."

"How four?"

"Colling, the man in the cabaret, and this pair. Better call it a day's work, I guess."

There was a moment's silence, then a more cultured voice said coldly, "We'll call it a day's work, Mr. Jedburgh, when we become convinced that you are with us."

"Oh, will ye?" Jedburgh said contemptuously. "Well, then you can call it anything you like. You know my terms."

"But your daughter is gone!" cried Don Quinto.

"That ain't my fault, is it?"

"Nor ours," snapped Don Quinto.

"Then it's a deadlock," said Jedburgh indifferently. "How do I know but what you're lyin'? What d'ye suppose I came here for, anyway?"

The man of the cultured voice said in a tone far more ominous than any angry one, "We know what you came for, Mr. Jedburgh, but we also know that you are not going to leave this place alive until you meet with our demands."

"Oh, ain't I?" Jedburgh asked, and his big bulk half turned to front the speaker though his feet did not change their position. "Why not?"

A thrill of admiration for him shot through Shane. It was plain enough that whatever Jedburgh might or might not be, he was at least unamenable to bluff. The conspirators seemed to feel this. There was a moment of silence.

Jedburgh's name, power, and no doubt more than that, his grim dominant personality seemed to hold them at bay. But Shane, feeling the crisis close at hand, silently drew his pistol, and raising it with one hand steadied it against the corner of the hangar with the other.

"If you are shown these dead men will you believe what we say and do as we ask?" Don Quinto demanded.

"Not if you show me a regiment of dead men!" Jedburgh growled. "You can show me my daughter, alive and unharmed."

He was still facing the other speaker. Shane covered Don Quinto as well as he was able in the gloom. And so they all stood for the matter of some seconds, tense and locked, Jedburgh like a grim fort or blockhouse besieged by savages not yet quite determined on their manner of attack, in ignorance as to the garrison within and its power of defense.

Just what sprung the mine Shane was unable to perceive. It might have been some overt movement on the part of the chief spokesman, the apparent chief. More probably it was that aggressive initiative that had carried Jedburgh through other crises, whether physical or fiscal, the dominant trait that had led him always to speak little but act first, the swifter intelligence that told him there was no longer any other way out than to fight it out.

For now as Shane watched tensely there sprang from the side of Jedburgh's heavy bulk a tongue of flame. He had fired through his capacious pocket into the body of the chief. The fraction of a second later Shane fired also and scored a hit. Don Quinto collapsed, and immediately Shane, discovering the three remaining closely grouped, shot into them twice, running forward as he did so. And again Jedburgh's pistol barked and kept on barking.

From some man on the ground the cry of "Clamart!" rang out. But it made no difference. Jedburgh had done his job thoroughly, and as one who takes no chances he did not stop even with the enemy on the ground at his feet until Shane was within ten paces of him. Then slowly and deliberately he turned, and before Shane could realize his intention Jedburgh's pistol blazed out into his face.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OUR NEW TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 15)

are—but that is not the prevailing opinion among passenger-car owners or railway executives. The truth is, the vital facts at the bottom of this contention are not known—and they must be in order to get a square deal in the adjustment which is bound to come.

"The usefulness of the motor truck as a common carrier hinges largely upon the wisdom with which our cement highways are planned. We already have our trunk-line highways connecting the larger cities and reaching from coast to coast. Future building should be mainly confined to arterial highway systems to facilitate the flow of farm products from the back country to local markets and rail shipping points, making the initial haulage of farm products largely independent of weather conditions, cheaper and quicker—thus tending to stimulate production and stabilize markets."

Another traffic expert, William H. Mauss, who presided at the table where the findings of the Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry were checked, challenged, analyzed and whipped into final shape, says:

"The motor truck, plus the demountable container, appears to offer at least a partial solution for one of the vexing problems of principal railway terminals—the problem of handling less-than-carload freight. On the one hand it would reduce expense, delay and congestion at freight shed, and on the other it would offer marked advantages to shippers, including both consignor and consignee.

"City freight houses were established on a horse basis when team hauling was the only hauling. The situation to be found any day at any city freight house is a sad mess, an archaic muddle. Congestion of near-by streets chocked with teams and motor trucks; long waits by teams, trucks and drivers; double handling of commodities and increased freight-handling expense, are elements in this uneconomic situation.

"There is another element of high importance. In Chicago, for example, it is estimated that from 25 to 30 per cent of the land in the business section is occupied by the railroads for track, road and station purposes, chiefly for the handling of freight. In all large cities freight houses are situated on highly valuable land, much too expensive for this purpose and suitable only for office buildings, hotels and the like. Probably little of this land is worth less than $10 a square foot, while some of it runs as high as $50. The actual space occupied by the average freight car is 400 square feet, with no allowance for loading room alongside. An investment of even $4000 for the terminal space to accommodate a freight car is altogether too much—and in our big cities it would often be two or three times that sum at least.

"I can find freight cars standing for the discharge of l. c. l."—less than carload—"freight on land worth $50 a square foot. And, remember, this terminal space is not earning every hour, but it is spending—in interest, taxes and maintenance—every minute.

"With the motor truck and the demountable container the railroads could,

(Continued on Page 58)

"Merry Christmas! Good Old Motor"

You've pulled me over the toughest hills; you've speeded me cross-country when time was everything; you've slipped me safely through congested traffic.

Always ready, day or night. Ready with that snappy start, that quick pick-up, that wealth of power. Never a falter on the road; never a break-down.

I remember the day I first brought you home—clean, fresh and new. Now you are not so dressy. You may seem a bit old to strangers. But I *know*. You still have all your youthful vigor. You run as sweetly and quietly as ever.

You and I know how it was done. Your fountain of youth, from the beginning, has been good oil—Veedol. That's what keeps you young *inside*.

So here, then, is a present to you from me—"exactly what you wanted"—a fine, new 5 gallon can of Veedol for another snappy New Year to you.

TIDE WATER OIL SALES CORPORATION, 11 Broadway, New York

Veedol oils and greases are sold throughout the world

Resist deadly heat and friction

VEEDOL

Motor Oils and Greases

Watch This Column

The New "Leather Pushers" Series

There is no compliment like an encore. That means *satisfaction*, and a definite desire for *more*. So that the public's and exhibitors' demand for a second series of "The Leather Pushers," with REGINALD DENNY and HAYDEN STEVENSON, is a great compliment to which Universal has responded with six new, breezy rounds.

* * *

These short comedy-dramas, you doubtless remember, originated in Collier's Weekly and were written by H. C. Witwer, the humorist. They were picturized by Universal and went like wild-fire all over the country. We had difficulty filling our orders.

* * *

I feel that the new rounds will double the success of the first, because there is scarcely a theatre in the country that is not asking for them. Theatre managers were so delighted when I announced the new series, that many of them telegraphed their personal thanks.

REGINALD DENNY

Director Harry Pollard, who claims "The Leather Pushers" as his monument, is directing the new series, and has put his whole heart into the work. I have seen the first three rounds and I am simply tickled to death with them, as I know that you will be.

* * *

Thus Universal scores another big hit, and that reminds you once more that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see Universals.

CARL LAEMMLE, *President*.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 56)

by unified action, abandon a large part of downtown freight houses and buy land at, say, $2500 an acre, or less than six cents per square foot, where union substations could be located, chiefly for the handling of l. c. l. freight.

"The demountable container is not a new idea. In Australia it has been successfully operated for all shipments by the suburban railways in connection with the International Harvester Company, and in the United States by the New York Central Railroad. Carried by the railroad on flat cars with suitable mountings and swung bodily from the flat car to the motor truck, or vice versa, the demountable container offers obvious advantages in saving of time, labor and expense and the avoidance of terminal congestion, whether at union substations or at the present out-of-date city terminals.

"Possibly a considerable part of such containers, and certainly all the motor trucks used in this service, would be provided and owned by the shippers, cartage or forwarding companies. This would mean a substantial saving to the railroad in the expense of buying and maintaining box-car equipment. There would be a definite advantage to both railroads and shippers in the interchange of l. c. l. merchandise. Furthermore, the motor-truck-container system would greatly advantage shippers in making possible the loading of goods at factory or warehouse and their delivery direct to the consignee's door. Conceivably goods would thus go securely locked from consignor to consignee, and the containers might be so constructed as to furnish much better protection than freight in transit now enjoys as against the depredations of car thieves.

"One of the prime advantages of the motor-truck-container means of freight transport is in its mobility and flexibility. It picks its own route, while the freight engine travels a fixed way and must often go way around Robin Hood's barn to place cars at a point much nearer as the crow flies. Again, the motor-truck-container system should be found as applicable to electric and water transportation as to the handling of merchandise by rail.

"Here, then, we have the possibility of a long step toward the manifestly necessary correlation to all the agencies of transportation."

Mammoth Traveling Safes

This experienced traffic executive, it should be clearly understood, is not suggesting the possibility of pulling up the entire system of industrial trackage in crowded cities nor the equally absurd possibility of abolishing the urban switch engine by turning its entire task over to the motor truck. Instead, he is offering the skeleton of a constructive plan to hand to the motor truck a mighty big, steady job which it can do at a profit, whereas that work now brings the railroads doing it a direct and outright loss—which inevitably is passed on to the consumer. This plan will, of course, be qualified by many factors, both general and local. But the ablest railroad traffic men of my acquaintance agree that the suggestion is essentially sound and that it is probably the coördination device which will be worked out in general practice in the larger cities to relieve the increasing pressure of the railroad-terminal problem and the acute congestion of city streets clogged with haphazard, piecemeal, unorganized and wasteful private hauling to and from central freight terminals.

Undoubtedly the most definite contribution to the coördination of the railway and the motor truck is the demountable container—conceived under the necessity of beating the mail bandits. This huge traveling steel safe demonstrated its adaptability to solving the l. c. l. freight muddle when it won its spurs in foiling the mail bandits. Today it is carrying package freight of almost every conceivable description as successfully and economically as it is carrying mail—and no bandit has yet had the hardihood to tackle one of these demountables!

These mammoth steel safes hold about 7000 pounds of package freight and have a cubic capacity of 438 feet. The steel flat car on which they are carried has sides two feet high which prevent the doors of the containers—which are also locked and sealed—from being opened. It is impossible to remove one of these containers from the car without the use of a derrick or crane. They are virtually burglar and fire proof. Each top corner is equipped with a heavy hook into which the chains of the derrick can be fastened in an instant. One car carries eight of the containers of the mail type and four to six of those designed for l. c. l. freight. These containers insure freight from car pilferers. Freight shipped in less than carload lots is peculiarly open to the depredations of car thieves. In ten months of last year the railroads of America paid $84,517,477 in loss and damage claims—about $8,603,879 being for goods presumably stolen.

Transportation Economies

The main transportation economies effected by these big steel containers are the saving of time in transferring and the elimination of rehandling in all instances where the entire contents of the container go to one consignee. In the experience of the New York Central the actual time required to shift one of these huge steel safes from its seat on the box car to the motor truck is two minutes. Unloading at the door of the consignee is accomplished with equal speed. And no rehandling at transfer stations at any stage of the journey! Again, it has been found that damage to goods in transit in these compartment safes is almost infinitesimal. With mail cars it has been found that their mileage is doubled. If this ratio of gain in mileage per car were applied to all cars carrying l. c. l. freight between the larger terminals the economy through this quick release of rolling stock would mount into dizzy figures and would greatly relieve the nation-wide pressure for cars now so acute because of the effects of the recent shopmen's strike.

Still another economy demonstrated by these demountable containers is that many kinds of goods shipped in them do not need the expensive packing or crating they would require for shipment in an ordinary box car. Checking is an expensive element in the transportation of l. c. l. freight—for each rehandling or transfer means double checking—and the big steel safe saves at least two handlings of the goods. The demountable is apparently the greatest enemy of checking and accounting costs thus far invented.

In view of these well-established facts is it strange that forward-looking railway executives see in the demountable container the key to the present insupportable terminal situation, the means by which the l. c. l. freight traffic of the larger cities may be turned from a heavy loss to a profit?

A freight-traffic authority often heard before the Interstate Commerce Commission says:

"To see a switch engine shunting a car of l. c. l. stuff from one industrial siding or transfer station to another gives any well-informed railway executive the shivers. He knows that every snort and wheeze of that engine means a loss to the road. The White Hope of the railways is the team of the demountable container and the motor truck. The sooner they take over the whole business of the short-haul l. c. l. traffic, especially that part pertaining to urban and nearby suburban hauling, the better for the roads. And that's a hauling job for thousands of trucks which will pay them profits, allow the railroads to make profits, and save money to the consumers of the country! If this system were in general operation throughout the country the huge motor trucks now trying to compete with the railroads—and generally at a loss to themselves—would be withdrawn from the trunk-line cement highways of the country where they are now economic misfits."

Another feature of this White Hope would be the relief of traffic congestion in the streets of large cities. For example, in New York hundreds of small trucks and horse teams from stores, factories and individuals are now obliged to go to the Jersey terminal for their package freight. The result is a jam which costs heavily in wasted time of drivers and is costly in the stoppage of general traffic. This situation is duplicated at almost every large freight terminal in the country. Traffic men who have studied the container declare that the general and well-organized use of demountables for package freight and express would entirely relieve this congestion; that one large truck loaded with containers would supplant about twenty-five vehicles from individual consignees, most of them carrying only fractional loads.

If I were asked to pin a decoration for distinguished service on the motor truck I should base the citation on the truck's achievement in the field of milk transportation.

The children of America and their parents owe the motor truck a debt which doubtless they will never fully realize for the revolution it has wrought in making the family milk supply of city dwellers safe, dependable and of high quality.

Milk is not only the most important but also the most sensitive of all human foods. Its tendency to deteriorate while in transportation has long been recognized as one of the most acute and difficult problems in the entire field of food transportation. Its sensitiveness to contamination is everywhere regarded by health specialists as a national peril to be withstood only by the utmost alertness and diligence. In the running fight to keep this peril in abeyance the main factors, besides healthy cows and proper sanitary measures at the dairy barn, are speed of delivery from producer to consumer, protection against natural deterioration due to the influence of heat, and protection against contamination from contact with uncleanliness of any kind.

So long as milk transportation meant shipping in the familiar farm milk cans loaded into box cars—even into iced cars—this protection was a precarious quantity. The horse haul to the shipping station was a slow process; in the freight car the milk was subjected, in summer, to the ravages of a rising temperature. Again, these cans often, if not generally, stood on exposed, sun-kissed platforms for a considerable time in the course of their trip from the farm to the city plant of the distributor. Then, too, experience has taught that it is extremely difficult to keep a city-going milk can in sanitary condition.

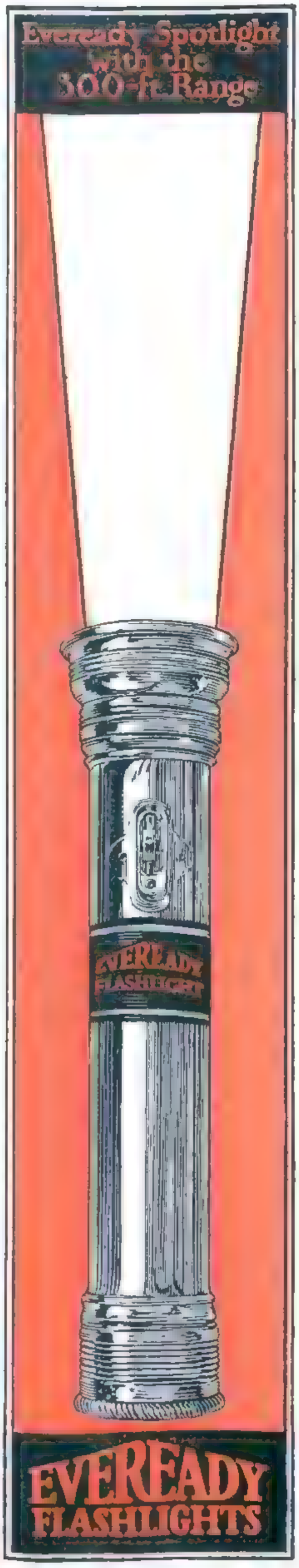
Milk-Tank Motor Trucks

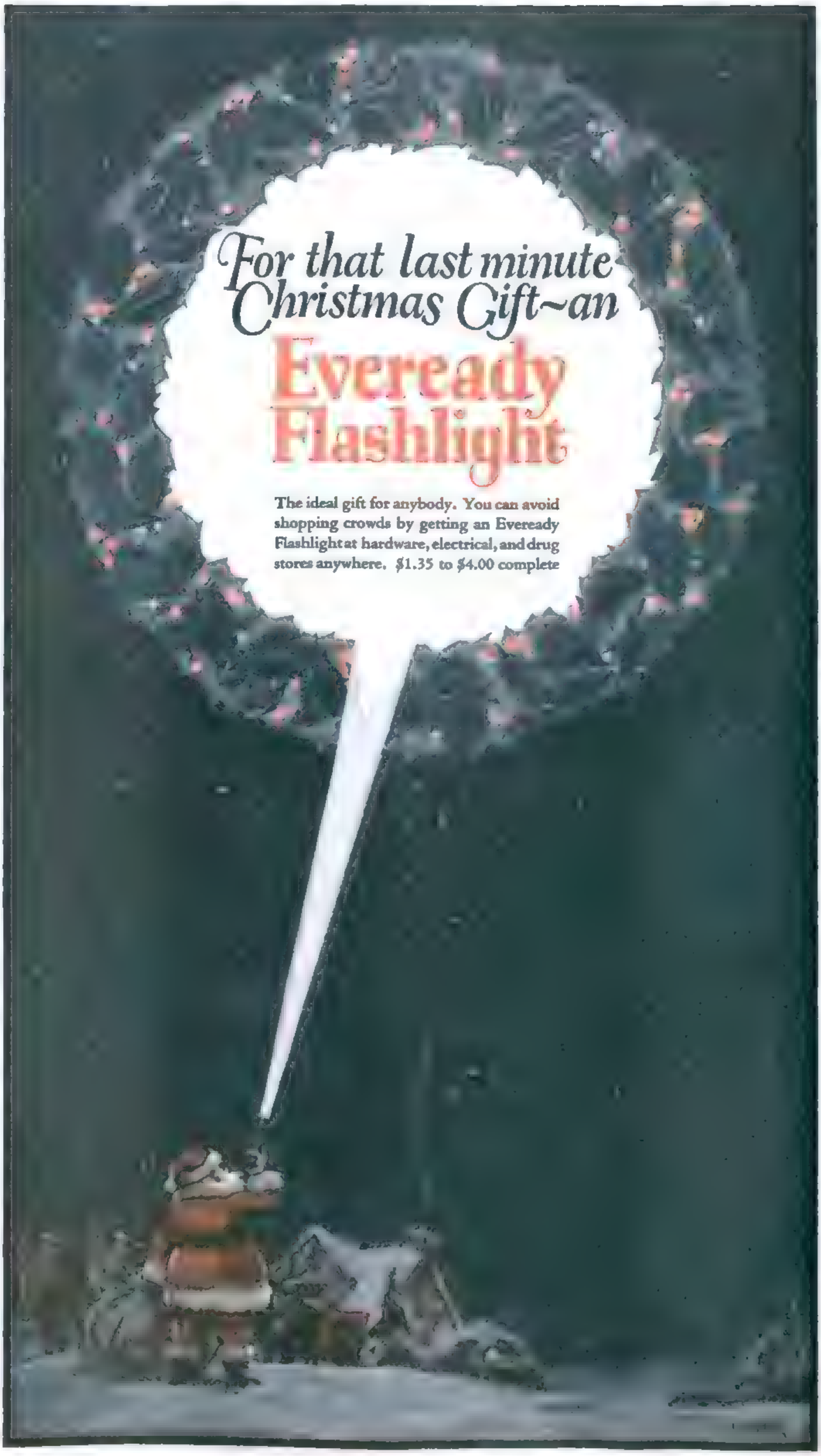
The moment the farmer changed from horse to small motor truck in delivering his milk to the shipping station the element of speed came to the rescue of the city's milk supply. Soon followed the big motor truck gathering the cans of milk left by farmers at convenient roadside platforms, hauling the huge loads of cans to the country plant of the city milk distributor. If that station happens to be within forty miles of the city and handles a large supply of milk it calls into operation the modern milk-tank truck. To all practical purposes this is a huge vacuum bottle, with seamless enameled interior, holding about 1500 gallons of milk. Loaded to capacity this truck weighs a little less than twelve tons. Three of these milk-tank motor trucks, for example, ply between St. Charles, Illinois, and Chicago. The superintendent of the St. Charles plant says:

"All the milk received here is run over refrigerating coils and reduced to a temperature of about thirty-eight degrees. Then it is run into the motor tanks. The haul to our Chicago plant is a trifle less than forty miles. In ordinary summer weather the milk increases its temperature on the trip, which takes three and a half hours, about two degrees. This increase amounts to nothing compared with what it would be if the milk were shipped by rail in cans. Milk hauling in motor-truck enameled tanks is not likely to be extended to collection from the dairy farm or the wayside loading platforms, for the reason that putting batches of milk into these containers at differing temperatures does not seem to work well. The whole load should go in at the same temperature. There are sections of country where use of the motor-truck milk tanks may be extended still another step. This would mean hauling the milk from several groups of small country cooling stations to a big central country plant.

"We use these expensive tank cars because they get the milk into our city distributing plant in better condition and not because of any marked saving in the actual transportation cost. Compared with rail shipment there is a small saving—less than ten dollars on the contents of a tank. Getting the milk into the city plant in perfect condition is the main consideration. Next to that comes immunity from the delays and losses of shipment by rail. Having the transportation in our own hands and running all the way over a cement highway we find that we do not have to figure on delays. Again, if there is a little delay the milk is not suffering from rapidly increasing temperature. These big

(Continued on Page 60)


Eveready Spotlight
with the
300-ft. Range
EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHT
EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS


For that last minute
Christmas Gift~an
Eveready
Flashlight
The ideal gift for anybody. You can avoid shopping crowds by getting an Eveready Flashlight at hardware, electrical, and drug stores anywhere. $1.35 to $4.00 complete

Fry Guarantee

Visible Pump

—*gallons of gas!* Buy from the Fry Guarantee Visible—the big, open faced glass container, which shows you rapidly your exact purchase. Automatically it's mechanically accurate. Thousands in use!! Learn to recognize this pump and patronize the man who owns one.

Guarantee Liquid Measure Company
Rochester, Pennsylvania

Canadian Distributors: V. O. Phillips & Sons, Limited
Kitchener, Ontario

"Always Accurate"

(Continued from Page 58

vacuum tanks are certainly wonders when it comes to protecting the quality of fresh milk. The consumer owes them a lot."

Philadelphia and Pittsburgh are generally considered as model milk-distribution centers. In 1921, according to a responsible authority, "the quantity of milk hauled to Philadelphia on motor trucks increased 400 per cent above that shipped in 1920." The milk supply of Pittsburgh is rather remote, occupying a radius of 150 miles. One milk distributor in the Steel City operates more than fifty modern milk trucks. Seven vacuum motor tanks serve Pittsburgh. Ten of these tanks haul into Philadelphia. It is said that the world's longest milk route is one serving San Francisco—a vacuum motor-tank line which carries its milk 143 miles with a temperature variation of only two degrees in ordinary summer heat.

In every line of perishables the motor truck renders almost equally invaluable transportation service—a service that means an immense and almost universal improvement in the quality of perishable foods as delivered to the consumers of this country, economy of distribution, and the prevention of a vast volume of food waste. Peaches, for example, are highly perishable. Eliminate the motor truck from the harvesting and distribution of this crop and a large proportion of it would unquestionably never reach the market. In one season a Maryland peach grower transported about 150 carloads, 60,000 bushels, by truck. As a food conservationist the motor truck stands shoulder to shoulder with the refrigerator car.

Another big job pressing for the attention of those who are able and willing to do constructive planning for the motor truck is that of organizing the rural motor-express movement. Here is an opportunity for usefulness probably as great as that offered by the short-haul l. c. l. freight problem of the big city terminals. Dr. James E. Boyle, of Cornell University, illustrates this situation and what can be done to remedy it by citing the example of Adrian, Michigan, where a farmers' produce market was organized under the direction of a competent manager. Previously the farmers had either sold their fruits, vegetables, poultry, eggs, veal, hides and other small stuff to local merchants or had peddled them from house to house.

They found that this method was unprofitable because it took too much time. The Adrian merchants declared that there was no money in handling this trade and that they took it merely as an accommodation to their farmer customers. Again, the farmers produced more of many of these incidental farm products than the town could possibly absorb. To dispose of this surplus by rail shipment to some larger city often entailed outright loss and if they refused to buy these offerings their farmer customers were offended.

The Rural Motor Express

Then came the Community Market—incorporated, financed and manned as a going business concern. It bought a two-ton truck to take the daily surplus to Detroit, a distance of seventy miles, and to bring back crates, coops, barrels, boxes and other containers required by the farmers.

This motor truck has paid big dividends to its community owners—first in an average saving of $16.26 the trip over other means of transportation. It has opened up a good, dependable and immediate cash market for the surplus of incidental crops above the requirements of home consumption; it has enabled the farmers to dispose of their produce instantly without a moment's waste of time. Also it has brought them higher prices. For example, before the motor express was running one farm-truck load of pears would sometimes break the local market.

Again, with the Community Market and its motor express to Detroit, the farmers are not only bringing in the odds and ends of incidental farm production, formerly allowed to go to waste, but they are producing more of these food supplies—because they can get them to market at a nominal cost without bother and can get a profitable price for them.

Incidentally, the merchants of Adrian are delighted with the results of this adventure in the motorized distribution of incidental farm products. They prefer the farmer's cash to his odds and ends.

In the opinion of Doctor Boyle, "Probably more than one-half of the people of the United States now dwell under conditions where such transportation connections between farmer and consumer could be made."

That the motor express will be brought a step nearer the farmer by the development of farm-to-farm pick-up routes seems altogether probable.

New York State has a highway transportation committee charged with the duty of actively developing rural motor-express routes where they are needed—an example which all other states might profitably follow. This field of transportation is altogether too important to both producers and consumers to be left to its own haphazard devices. Doctor Boyle hits the nail on the head when he declares: "When a community wants something that is a common good it will take the necessary precautions to insure its existence." And it should also see to it that its own enterprise is not jeopardized by foolish, destructive and uneconomic competition.

Thomas F. Snyder, chairman of Indiana's Highway Transport Committee, says: "Highway transportation as an industry has been more injured by unwise adventures than it has been benefited by successful ones." The motor truck in this field, as in all others, is calling loudly for constructive thinking—for planning that will prevent blunders, for supervision that will utilize its vast transportation powers along wise, permanent and profitable lines. Motor-truck manufacturers and distributors of vision recognize that a motor truck which is economically misplaced is a poor sale and that the systematic development of better agencies for putting them to the right tasks is good business.

Gas Pumps as Taxgatherers

Although there are today 1500 motor-express lines in the United States—according to the estimate of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce—this branch of motor transportation has only begun its growth. It is still in the nursing period. California has 212 lines; Massachusetts, 140; New York, 106; and Rhode Island, 104. Illinois, with Chicago and its great industrial interests, has only nine registered motor-truck express lines.

Passenger hauling by motor trucks or busses is fast moving out of the emergency-service class. There are 20,000 motor busses now regularly operating in the United States. One of the largest truck manufacturers in the country writes: "Do not overlook the fact that the transportation of passengers by motor bus is an important phase of motor transportation and has seen large growth in the last few years. In fact, it is today one of the biggest markets of this country."

As a servant of education the motor bus is doing valiant work by carrying pupils to and from more than 12,000 consolidated schools. But in many instances it reverses the process by carrying the school to the pupil. Colleges of agriculture are quite generally employing specially equipped motor cars as a means of reaching a larger public with their extension courses at the colleges. Many colleges and universities employ the motor school as a means of carrying educational extension messages along technical and academic lines to those who cannot come to their classrooms. Among these are Amherst, Dartmouth, Williams, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Carnegie Institute of Technology, University of Michigan, Cornell, Harvard, Vassar, Wellesley, Columbia and Johns Hopkins.

The attitude of the average passenger-car owner towards the motor truck is not a matter that motor-truck makers or owners can afford to ignore. All signs point to the fact that it will have to be reckoned with—for there are about nine passenger cars to one motor truck in this country, and their owners are organized and alert. They appear to be of one mind in feeling that the motor truck, in most states, is not paying its fair share for the privileges of the highway; that its fees, save in a few states, are merely nominal and not at all in proportion with the space which it occupies or with its roadway consumption in wear-and-tear; that the motor truck is always on the road while the average passenger car is rolling relatively a small part of the time. This feeling has already crystallized in a gasoline-consumption tax of one cent a gallon in Connecticut, Colorado, Arkansas, Arizona, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Kentucky, New Mexico, Montana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Dakota, South Carolina, Pennsylvania and Washington, and a two-cent-a-gallon tax in Maryland and Oregon—in addition to other fees and taxes not much below those required in other states not having a gasoline tax.

The possibilities of the gasoline pump as a taxgatherer for the building and maintenance of good roads are suggested by the fact that for nine months the one-cent-a-gallon tax brought in $1,570,066 to the state of Pennsylvania. Is it any wonder that this means of gathering funds for the highways is becoming popular with state lawmakers who feel the pressure for highway extension into the soft-road farming sections when such results as this can be shown? And remember there are about 10,000,000 passenger-car owners rooting for the gasoline tax—insisting that highway privileges should be dispensed à la carte not on the boarding-house plan; that a tax on each vehicle measured by the amount of its highway consumption is a fair tax.

Of course the truck owners reply that the motor truck is not a highway hog; that a large share of the trucks rolling are lighter than thousands of passenger cars, and that, anyhow, highway wear is more a matter of wheel speed than of weight.

J. Grant Hinkle, secretary of state for Oregon, says of the gasoline tax law there:

"It is one of the most satisfactory laws we have and the amount of money raised under its operation, beginning in June, 1920, and ending December 1, 1922, is estimated at two million dollars. The price of the gasoline at the time of the enactment of the law was 31 cents per gallon and there was much argument on account of the increased cost of gasoline by adding the extra 1 cent per gallon. Since the enactment, however, the prices have dropped until locally we are paying 25½ but the 1 cent per gallon is still in the retail price and no one ever thinks anything of it. The touring public use our roads and to the extent of this gasoline tax help to pay for the roads they use, which is no inconsiderable sum. I wish it were possible to have a system of taxation where the entire revenues could be raised in this painless form, as I am sure it would be satisfactory."

Studying Highway Wear

Chief MacDonald, of the United States Bureau of Public Roads, says that though his organization is making studies in the subject of highway wear it has not yet developed the facts for a fair adjustment of this contention between the passenger-car and the motor-truck owners. The truth is that this matter is still in the realm of speculation and guesswork. But science has solved more difficult problems than this—and rather promptly too. It would look like good business for the motor-truck owners of this country to get at these facts and in an authoritative way that will carry weight with the public and its legislative representatives—just as a protective measure. The motor truck is too important to the consumers of this country to be hampered by unfair handicaps—also it is too big a transportation agent to dodge its rightful share of highway expense by using the classic expedient of the ostrich.

Experience has often proved that an excellent way to avoid unfair legislative regulation is to beat the regulators to it by securing fair regulation, thus preëmpting the ground. Fair regulation for the long future far outweighs the advantage of being temporarily overlooked by the regulators.

While eleven states—Arizona, California, Colorado, Illinois, Maryland, Nevada, North Dakota, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Utah and Washington—have specific powers to regulate the rates charged by motor trucks, only a few of them exercise this right fully or perhaps more than tentatively. Because the average length of motor-truck haul is rapidly expanding and constantly crossing state lines the matter of uniformity in state regulations is becoming increasingly important. The National Association of State Railway and Public Utility Commissioners will please take notice!

In view of all this it would appear that the motor-truck owners would do well to assume that increased fees, taxation and regulation are likely to demand their attention in the near future and that if they are to get a square deal they must know the facts upon which to fight for it.

Anyhow, here's hats off to the motor truck!

A TALE OF TWO CROPS

It happens every year, in every section of the country. . . . Two farmers plant crops on adjoining land. The character of the soil is the same. The farmers plow, harrow and seed with the same care and skill. They cultivate the growing crops with equal devotion and they share alike the fortunes of sun and rain. Yet one farmer harvests a rich crop, the other a poor one. One farmer takes from his corn field eighty bushels to the acre; the other a bare twenty.

And why? Because one farmer realizes that the surest way to grow bigger crops is to increase the fertility of the soil. By bringing to the soil the vital ingredients of growth, and by increasing and maintaining them, he stimulates yield.

The other farmer, through mistaken theory or short-sighted economy, depends upon tillage alone. He has failed to learn that money spent to fertilize his soil multiplies itself at the harvest.

It happens in business, as well as in farming. . . . Two manufacturers with similar products are selling to the same market. Their products are of equal excellence. Both manufacturers are men of ability; both maintain able organizations.

Yet one is a leader; the other trails.

And why? Because one realizes that the surest way to grow bigger sales is to increase the fertility of his market. He has learned that the vital ingredients of growth are public knowledge of his product and public desire for it. By implanting these ingredients, by increasing and maintaining them, he stimulates a growth at which men marvel.

The other manufacturer has failed to learn one lesson: That money spent to fertilize his market multiplies itself in the yield.

N. W. AYER & SON *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*

PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CLEVELAND CHICAGO

Drink it through a STRAW

Christmas At Home

The time and place for wholesome indoor fun, laughter, happiness and good things to eat and drink. Add a touch of novelty this year when you serve refreshments. Put one or two Stone's Straws in each brimming glass. You can get a whole box of Stone's Seamless Straws at your druggist's at very small cost. At the soda fountain, drink your favorite drink through Stone's Straws. They safeguard your health, protect your clothing and cost you nothing.

Many schools use Stone's Seamless Straws when serving milk at recess time. Their use prevents gulping and eliminates the cost of washing and breaking glasses. Use your influence in your community to have milk served this way.

The Stone Straw Co

EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURERS

GENERAL OFFICES—WASHINGTON, D. C.

FACTORIES

WASHINGTON, D. C. BALTIMORE, MD.

THE MAGNETIC WEST

(Continued from Page 21)

of the Oregon, and for the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, a Mr. Allen was comprehensive, conclusive and engagingly frank. If the individuals he represented had been dragged against their best interest from the convenient remoteness of their woods Mr. Allen showed no tendency toward embarrassment. The Conservation Association, he explained, spent yearly from half a million to a million dollars in protecting timber and cut-over land and patrolled twenty-five million acres. Speaking for his employees, in favor of the Snell Bill, he realized that it would—to some extent restrict individual independence for the common good; and all that he asked was that such a consummation should be worked out in a practical way; his industry demanded to be treated as an ally and not an enemy.

Lumbering, it was clear, had no permanent basis except as a sound business; and, unavoidably, to some extent, it was a transitory and migratory industry. Nobody would want it to occupy all the ground it had ever held. On the other hand, it should not be so transitory and migratory as it had been. The base of Mr. Allen's statements, in relation to the effectiveness of public effort—this, the pressure a public might conceivably put upon lumbermen, good, bad or indifferent, was the actual, perhaps the sole, motive force of all their discoursing—lay first in bringing about the maximum of private effort, a maximum of expenditure within a solid profit; and by preventing unnecessary destruction of fallow lands that the public should acquire.

It was admitted that the country had just about reached the stage—but "at last" would have been a better descriptive phrase—when it was shown to be profitable to grow timber; in short, to reforest, where the costs and risks were not excessive through fire hazard and confiscatory taxation. Mr. Allen—and I had no doubt very correctly—was incessant in his efforts to insure a more adequate fire control; he was tireless in his proposals to protect standing timber; and, by implication, seedling and young trees flourishing mostly like the celebrated lilies; but touching replanting he was, I felt, ultraconservative. Again and again he submitted all plans for the future and growth of forests to the test of an attractive immediate, or not too wearily deferred, profit.

Brutal Necessity

But no one could object to that, lumbermen didn't go into the woods to promote the happiness of the Douglas squirrel, or even to cut trails, preserve the wild flowers, for Sunday excursions. Logging and the making of lumber was a very old and accredited, a very essential, industry; and it couldn't, now, be confined by ribbons in the ways of perfect sentimentality. It was saturated with the healthy and brutal necessity to live; and that instinct, from which crime and oppression and injustice rose, was what, at the same time, kept life masculine and healthy. I could not again, who could?—blame the owners of forests for sawing the largest possible number of board feet out of their property; I didn't expect them to be more high-minded than the other industries of the United States; it did not upset me, for instance, when a lumbering company secured the right to great tracts of land by the statement that it was a marsh over which they had gone in a boat—that they had crossed it in a boat was true, but the fact that the boat had been hauled on a wagon somehow missed their report. I had hoped for no special and segregated altruism from lumbermen, and in Mr. Allen's opinion that no hope of private reforestation that promised a loss on investment could be entertained, I recognized the voice of reason; but that, on the other hand, failed wholly to convince me of the hinted magnanimity of lumberers.

It was here, more or less, that the alert Mr. Voight, of the Committee on Agriculture, discovered that the Snell Bill did not compel the timber owner to do anything. Nothing, Mr. Allen admitted, under Federal persuasion! It assumed that with some government subsidy and a great deal of government education the states themselves would exercise all necessary authority. At this, modestly implying that his inference might be incorrect, Mr. Voight still further suggested that the bill did not compel the state to compel the timber owner to do anything. Mr. Allen equally didn't think that it did. Discovering that he was an officer in the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, Mr. Voight wanted to know how much time Mr. Allen spent in the city of Washington.

A Mr. McKinley, scorning indirection, asked if Mr. Allen did not think that, when he had cleared the lumber off a section of land, he should be required by law to replant trees. But the other could not go that far; he didn't know what lands were best kept permanently in forest. That whole subject, he thought, would be largely answered by an adequate fire control. Mr. McKinley then, with solemn emotion, demanded if it were Mr. Allen's feeling that the owner of land should denude it of timber and then trust to the Lord and the Government to get some more trees; was that the idea? But to this Mr. Allen wouldn't say yes; no indeed.

Gifford Pinchot's Opposition

Instead, he identified the honesty of his purpose in Washington, the Washington that was a national capital and the state deep in forests, and delivered himself of a short opinion of the War Industries Board in a connection with spruce. A discussion of the commercial possibility of planting trees followed, in which Mr. Allen exposed the conviction that it could not be made to pay on land worth more than five dollars an acre. A merchantable tree, he thought, speaking, I gathered, for his own Northwest, could be grown in from sixty to seventy years; pulp wood could be produced in twenty-five years, and box lumber in forty.

The morning hearing drew to a close with the revelation that in 1920 the Government wasted a million and five hundred thousand dollars trying to carry the mail in airplanes. Mr. Allen thought they could be better employed in fighting forest fires than wafting a post card to Chicago; and he was advised to get busy around the proper quarters and maybe he could help to keep that item out of the Post Office Bill and get it in a bill where it would do some good. It was the same bunch that didn't want him to go any further in the spruce business who wanted to carry the mail by air. An interview with a party high up admitted they were going to put back that provision, and Mr. Allen was prompted to use any influence he had over in the Senate—without reference to what his salary might be—to kill that rider in the political skies.

Gifford Pinchot, who opened the afternoon session, speaking in opposition to the Snell Bill, to most that had gone before, had the advantage of a position that could be urged with the utmost vigor and appearance of frankness. He had often, he pointed out, been before this committee in the old days, and it was nice, Mr. Pinchot found, to be before it again. The committee, through its chairman, was always pleased to have him with it; and at once it was developed that the citizens of Pennsylvania—formerly the first lumber-producing state of the Union—now spent a hundred million dollars a year to bring timber from the outside that might well be grown within the state.

The forested states, he proceeded, rich in timber, would be the last to suffer from a lumber shortage, the deforested states would be the first, and, therefore, the whole question was more vital to the states which imported timber than to those that had it for export.

The present concentration in ownership, it was indicated, had become, in connection with the proposed bill, of great importance; one-half of the privately owned timber in the United States was in the hands of two hundred and fifty large owners, although the speculative holding of timber beyond operating requirements had been checked, and there was a present tendency to manufacturing in connection with large lumber holdings. Yet, with the decrease of timber, particularly of high-grade wood, the monopoly of a few major interests would necessarily grow.

Sixteen timberland owners, mainly in the West, held enough forest land to give nearly a hundred and sixty acres to every male of voting age in the nine states where the holdings principally occurred. Five and six-tenths owners in Oregon, said Mr. Pinchot, possessed and controlled half of the standing lumber of that state. Mr. Tincher asked how these tracts were procured, and he was answered in a manner that might not be pleasant to go into. There had been gigantic frauds, millions of acres improperly filed on. But the largest holdings, it appeared the result of land grants—were those of the Northern Pacific and the Southern Pacific railroads.

The very great ability of Mr. Allen's statement was recognized, but Mr. Pinchot wanted to call attention to the fact that the gentlemen before the committee were lumbermen who made their money by destroying, reducing to a desert, an area larger than the forests of Europe excluding Russia. There were eighty million acres of those lands now contributing nothing to the people of the United States. And here, dwelling upon the provisions of the Snell Bill, he expressed a wonderment at the spectacle of a great special interest asking to be prevented from doing the very thing from which their money was made. In reality, as Mr. Pinchot knew, they had invited nothing of the kind, but were only proposing an alternate measure for what they felt to be the public menace in Senator Capper's bill.

Mr. McLaughlin understood that the most essential thing in connection with reforesting was to keep fire from the young natural growth; but he was answered that though that was very essential it was not the essential thing; that, it seemed to Mr. Pinchot, was the question of how the hundred and thirty-five million acres of virgin timber still standing, but felled at the rate of five million acres a year, should be cut. Was the land to be devastated and kept from a further supply? Was the young growth—quite aside from the fire risk—to get a chance? Every one agreed that the Federal Government should cooperate with the states in keeping out fires, but here—the devastation of private forest lands—was quite another question. To escape that, forestry would have to be practiced on private tracts as it was in the national forests, keeping large falling trees from smashing the young; working the tops away so that young trees could come up fair and straight; and by leaving seed trees. They should be required to do that by law, a national law; and to renew the productive capacity of their lands.

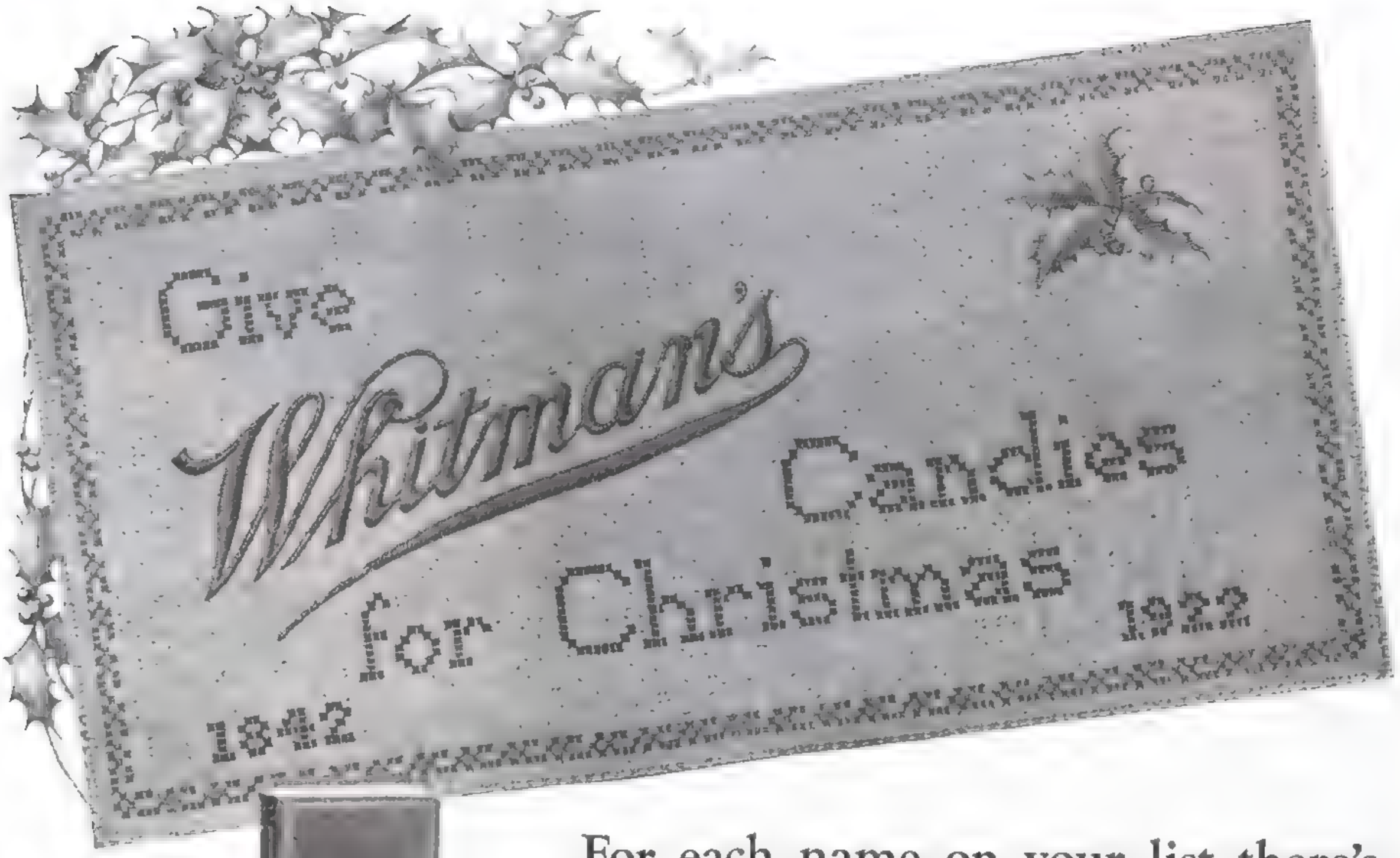
Avoidance of Control

He grew, then, even more vigorous, and recited the political truth, the national truth, that if the Snell Bill were passed a few large Western lumbermen would become the proprietors, to a lesser or greater degree, of the legislatures of their several states. That, as a member of the astute commonwealth that had inherited Mr. Penn's green province, I could not for an instant question. The control of the lumber supply turned over to the states would result in giving California and Washington and Oregon, eventually, a sweeping command over the wood of the Union. It wasn't conceivable that any state legislature should be free, or even desire, to take any action hostile to its overwhelming interest; and, avoiding national control, such lumbermen, such combinations and states, would avoid all control.

What emerged at the next meeting of the committee, the following morning, was, except for its general bearing on men's motives, of minor importance. Mr. Kellogg, identified as chairman of the committee who wrote the Snell Bill from the original draft by the Forest Service, was further revealed to be secretary of the News Print Service Bureau, in New York City; and Colonel Graves formally put on record his resignation after ten years as chief of the United States Forest Service, his further occupation of consulting forester, and the fact that he was interested in the measure under consideration only as a continuation of the action he had proposed while a Federal agent.

The private forests, he found, were not being handled in a way to keep up production; they were being progressively destroyed; and this was due, in part, to the failure of private owners to give any consideration to land after cutting.

(Continued on Page 64)



For each name on your list there's just the right package of *Whitman's*

THE SAMPLER: Judging from its enormous popularity, the Sampler is the most famous as well as the most beautiful gift package of sweets in America. The box has the quaint, unusual appearance so desirable in a gift. The chocolates and confections, culled from ten other leading Whitman's packages, are "candy just as good as it can be made"—candy famous since 1842.

SALMAGUNDI CHOCOLATES: In their art box of exquisitely lacquered metal, these sweets have won a high place among critical candy lovers. The name means—"A medley of good things," and you will agree that it is a happy title.

PLEASURE ISLAND CHOCOLATES: Here is a gaily colored sea-chest with scenes from Stevenson's "Treasure Island" to charm the eye. Inside are precious bags of "bullion" and "pieces" in gold and silver. Whitman's delicious chocolates in a most picturesque and romantic setting.

A FUSSY PACKAGE FOR FASTIDIOUS FOLKS: A luxury in chocolates. The box is in dark rich green, proclaiming the distinction of its contents. Selected chocolates with nut, and nut combination centers.

LIBRARY PACKAGE: Still another striking conception which is "exactly right" to give to your friends who like to enjoy their candy as they read. The Library Package is made to resemble a leather-bound book in hand-buffed green and gold.

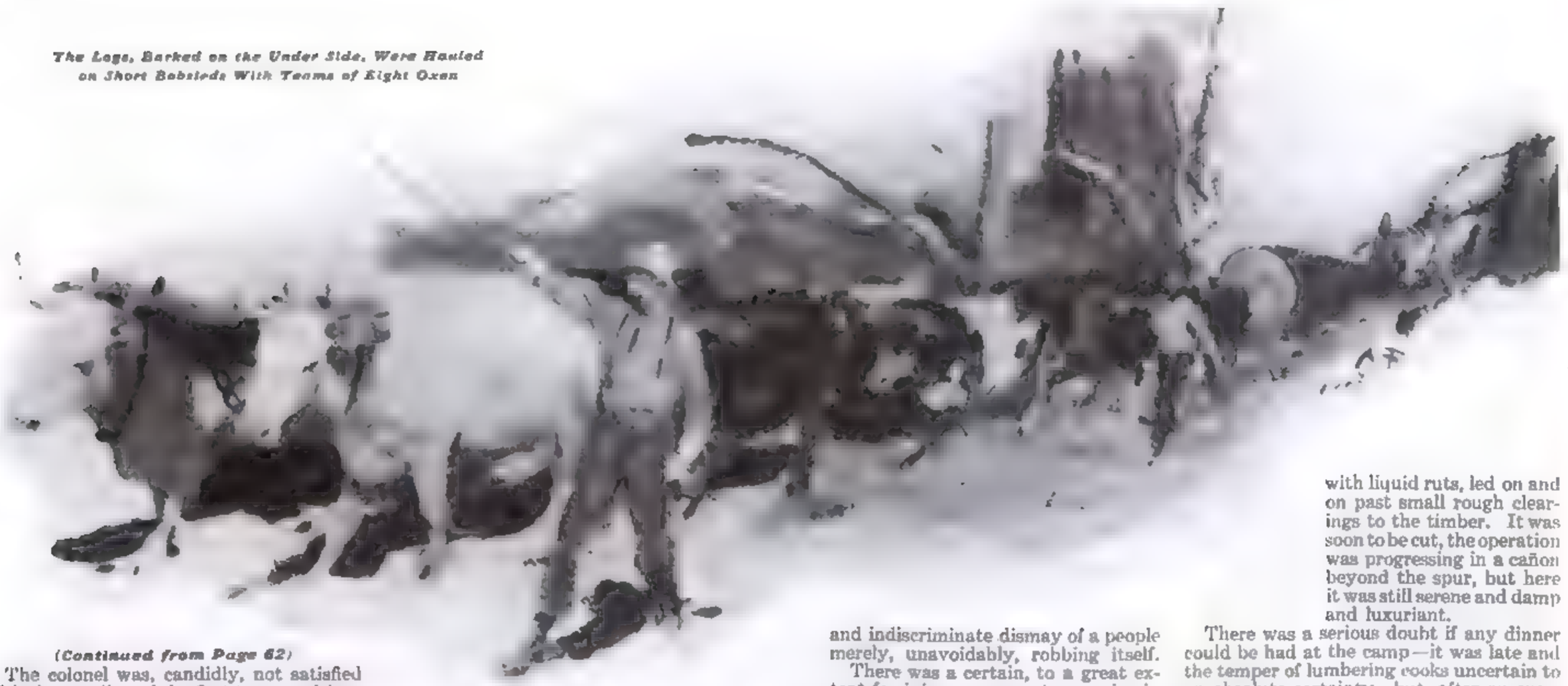
SUPER EXTRA CHOCOLATES (or Confections) as far back as 1842 were the standard of Whitman excellence. You'll want to write "Super Extra" opposite several names on your list.

Hand painted round boxes and fancy bags, boxes and cases in great variety. See them at the Whitman Agency which serves you.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

New York Branch: 215 W. 33rd St. Chicago Branch: 1537 Michigan Ave., South San Francisco Branch: 449 Minna St



The Logs, Barked on the Under Side, Were Hauled on Short Bobsleds With Teams of Eight Oxen

(Continued from Page 62)

The colonel was, candidly, not satisfied with the wording of the first two provisions of the Snell Bill, for the reason that there was an opportunity for misunderstandings in that the public—who was to pay the bills—might fail to see that it was going to be properly protected.

That assurance of protection, certainly, was not lacking in the phrasing of the Capper resolution, including all private land within the United States which is now or hereafter in forest. Devastation was defined as the harvesting of a forest crop otherwise than in compliance with standards established by regional and local regulations; it required every operator to classify as standard or below standard his yearly products and to make return on them; it imposed an excise tax on the privilege of harvesting forest crops, with an additional charge against products under standard; and it gave the Secretary of Agriculture and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue power to examine records, accounts, books, papers or memoranda that had upon them any trace of the fragrance of pine or fir or of incense cedar.

Beside the parental severity of the Capper Bill, Mr. Snell's resolution was, of course, a whole holiday for every one concerned; and, in a favorable interpretation of it, twelve national requirements were indicated in return for four commitments by the lumbermen: The responsibilities of the latter were to reside in an organized protection over all land with a shared charge; regulations for the prevention and control of forest fires; the disposal of lumbering débris, when necessary and practicable; and occasional reasonable requirements for restocking, especially with reciprocal public concessions. This, certainly, put no harsh restrictions upon lumbering. The first two conditions proposed for private owners were, practically, but one; the phrase "when necessary and practicable" no more than recognized the difference of opinion existing in regard to the treatment of the slash left after lumbering—the attitude of conservation was that slash should be removed, piled and burned at an appropriate season, since it signally invited forest fires, but the lumbermen, the practical owners, insisted that the handling of slash too much reduced their profits; and the wording of the fourth section—the occasional reasonable requirements and public concessions—meant simply nothing, nothing in the world.

Operating Costs

It wasn't, however, any part of my intention to add to the loud and indiscriminate cries then being raised against privilege in the woods, I hadn't Mr. Pinchot's just alarm at the possibilities of a Northwestern monopoly in the near future; it would probably occur, exactly as he predicted, since already one company owned nearly ninety-six billion feet of timber standing on perhaps two million acres of land. I wasn't alarmed for the unelaborate reason that I had no business to be; I belonged to that sort of country, that kind of age, I was precisely that variety of public character. The times and the problems of transportation, of disposition, were greatly responsible for the concentration and magnitude of the lumber industry. A small stand and a portable mill could profitably operate within a neighborhood, up and down a coast; but it needed the economy of a single large organization to compete in Eastern and foreign markets. The fraud in the acquisition of forest land still left me unmoved; it was possible that the restrictions on filing upon a tract suitable for extended lumbering were ill-considered; if they were opposed to the economic flow of the day they must break under a government hiding its weakness beneath a show of officious and uninformed paternalism.

As to Men and Methods

But all the incidental waste and injustice, the evil inherent in a plan of public impotence and private strength, I regarded with that peculiar sharp discomfort reserved for personal delinquencies. The land company that, in 1913, bought a cut-over tract from a logging concern for seven dollars and a half an acre and sold it for forty dollars an acre to a little colony of foreigners, in a region where they could but starve, was an operation successful only through my own inattention. The Capper Bill, it might be, was a belated recognition, an adjustment, of that; if this were true I must support it; but what was ferociously necessary was a Capper Bill for all the people of the country; for the area of non-productive individuals, the scrub and waste and empty acres, was a million times larger than the devastated forest land.

There was still another phase of the suggested resolutions, more particularly of Senator Capper's proposals, and that was a reasonable doubt of the men, the methods, that would wield it; and, in this connection, I recalled a shipment of brooms once officially sent West for the purpose of clearing the forest floor. I remembered the fate of the airplanes, balanced precariously between a post-office bill and some other more favorable but not designated department. The Federal Government had not always been innocent of that practical supervision which Mr. Snell would, inadvertently, extend to state legislatures.

There was, too, the question of selective cuttings, of logging only above approved diameters and leaving the younger trees for a further growth and decade; and, though this was desirable in some regions, the Douglas fir, which was decidedly tolerant of shade, grew, it was now believed, in straight flights upon burned-over ground. The smaller trees, merely losers in the race for sunlight, then should be disregarded and the stand cut clean. It was problems like this, the fact that American forestry was a beginning science, which suggested a certain deliberation before joining in the vindictive and indiscriminate dismay of a people merely, unavoidably, robbing itself.

There was a certain, to a great extent feminine, movement—copying in the immensity of America the miniature public restraint of Japan—to force the planting of a tree for every tree cut down, a process, I reflected, that would cost a farmer something in time and silver. A plot newly broken to the plough, with an awkward clump of five poplars, would carry a burden of several dollars before a furrow was drawn. Somehow that, I felt, would defy the highest motives and management.

The difficulties, however, inherent in a sound operation of privately owned forest lands were not, like many of the lumbermen, shyly hidden in the leafy woods; the difficulties were more easily perceived than any plan of correction. I hadn't much faith in an easy perfection of means, in the safety of the end—the Douglas fir, even the redwoods, were far removed from the vision of the country at large; my own consciousness of them was too new to permit the familiarity of prediction or assertions.

Lumbering was an industry, not a public utility; individuals and companies, communities and states, made their several livings from it; and if, in the process, a region was ruined by those who had known it in its magnificence, its flowering forests and clear streams—why, they were mostly dead and the newcomers both ignorant and indifferent. So much had gone already.

The early years of Maine logging, when the cutting began after the first snow, had grown almost too dim and far to be even traditional. The cut was over—it was not yarded but hauled directly to the landings—and the choppers were out of the forest by the middle of February. The logs, barked on the under side, were hauled on short bobsleds with teams of eight oxen; where they were level the forest roads were kept glittering with ice, but the slopes were packed with brush. Later, when horses took the place of oxen, and six or eight great logs were chained together, a snub line, turned about a tree, held back the load on sharp pitches; it broke, occasionally, and then men and horses were crushed together.

Among the Douglas Firs

It wasn't, eventually, in Washington that I came in direct contact with the virgin forest, but in Oregon, outside Portland. The distance from the city was comparatively short, but, at least for me, its small physical difficulties made it appear endless; when, at last, sitting on a windfall, I had reached a stand of original Douglas fir, I felt that I had struggled back through an æon of time. It was a representative stand, I was assured, and would cut perhaps sixty thousand feet an acre; there were better—acres of eighty thousand board feet—but they were farther off; and I was satisfied with the trees around me. I had come over an old steep corduroy logging way, the logs were broken, widely separated, and deep mud holes, watery mud, was everywhere; a hill was crossed, woven with Scotch heather, and a soft red-clay road, with liquid ruts, led on and on past small rough clearings to the timber. It was soon to be cut, the operation was progressing in a cañon beyond the spur, but here it was still serene and damp and luxuriant.

There was a serious doubt if any dinner could be had at the camp—it was late and the temper of lumbering cooks uncertain to an absolute certainty but, after an exasperated reception, very adequately filled plates were laid at an end of the inevitable long table with benches, pitchers of coffee and of tea heated. The cook was a very ample and blond woman, her vigor still safe from the assaults of middle age, who descended to some revelation of the difficulties of her position. Not that, in any way, she felt inadequate to meet them! Once, when the lumbering crews, mistaking the hour, had massed demanding immediate service, she stood with an ax, prepared to cut down any man who put a foot on the steps of her department. The cook before her, I further learned, a man, had burned a pan of biscuits, and, flinging the rest of his baking through a window, he secured his coat and was last seen tramping infuriated into the woods.

A Spectacular Operation

It wasn't easy, informally in the field, to grasp the processes, distinguish the men, of the actual logging. There were, first to be comprehended, two donkey engines, one for yarding—hauling the logs to the center of operations—and the other to load them on cars. There was a hook tender, in immediate charge, swampers and snipers, choker men, rigging slingers and chaser, buck sawyers, engineers, firemen and loaders, together with a signal boy. A head faller had under him two men at the long falling saw; and when the tree had been laid on the ground the buck sawyers cut the trunk into logs, the swampers and snipers cleared off the limbs and débris, the choker men put the wire chokers around the logs' ends, they were connected with the butt chain, and the yarding engine started.

I watched, specifically, the working of a high lead: A fine tree had been selected and stripped standing—topping a spar tree was a spectacular operation—and a block was fastened near the top, carrying the cable that dragged in the logs for loading. They came in a sudden immensity, dipping and sliding half upright out of the narrow depth of the cañon, and then passed me in a logging train steaming over a high trestle curved across the rocky bed of a stream. I went with them, later, standing on the narrow ledge at the back of the locomotive; I left that for an automobile; the stately Douglas fir, the high virgins, for a paved boulevard and the city of Portland.

In Portland I played dominoes at the Transportation Club with men who had been, for the most part, Federal foresters. That, for them, was a service of the past, for the reason that outside compensation was greater by 60 per cent than the government allowance. In 1920, of three hundred and thirty rangers a third, fully, had resigned; the forest service schools were places of training for private enterprise. They had, mostly, left the Government for positions with commercial timber owners, but in every one of them, it seemed to me, there was a trace of regret, a brief

(Continued on Page 69)

Get Home Early After the Show!

You've been in the theatre—warm.

Your car was outside—in the cold.

What has happened to it?

Nothing much if you are using

TEXACO Motor Oil

the clear, clean, golden colored lubricant, and TEXACO Gasoline, the *Volatile Gas*.

TEXACO Motor Oil is noted for its low cold test, which is another way of saying that it flows freely even at zero.

This clear, clean oil goes to work lubricating, easing, protecting bearings and cylinder walls with the first few strokes of the pistons—without waiting for the usual irksome warming up.

Fill your crank case with TEXACO Motor Oil and get new enjoyment and new efficiency out of winter driving.

TEXACO Motor Oil saves bearings at all times—and batteries in winter.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.

Texaco Petroleum Products

RUN IT WITH TEXACO GASOLINE

SAVE IT WITH TEXACO MOTOR OIL

TEXACO

TEXACO

MOTOR OILS

FLOREN

Better kitchens

If you have a gas stove you will still be gla use the Florence for many purposes, not only convenience but real money-saving. For exam you would use the Florence Oil Cook Stov

Wash days	Baking days
Ironing days	Preserving days

You would also use the Florence for ma soups, baking beans, roasting meats, or any job of boiling. The saving in actual dollars surprise you.

If you do not have a gas stove, the wick

CENTRAL OIL & GAS ST
Makers of Florence Ranges, Florence Ove
Made and Sold in

More Heat

CE Oil Stoves & Ranges Water Heaters-Ovens

Better homes

ence will give you all its convenience at a ion of the expense. It burns kerosene, the pest fuel.

burns with a blue, clean flame just like gas. ne burners are large and powerful, bringing eat close to the cooking. Equipped with lorence Oven, it bakes and roasts perfectly. appearance it is in harmony with the mod- itchen—beautifully finished with porcelain eled back, and easy to keep clean.

the Florence in actual use at the nearest ware or furniture store.

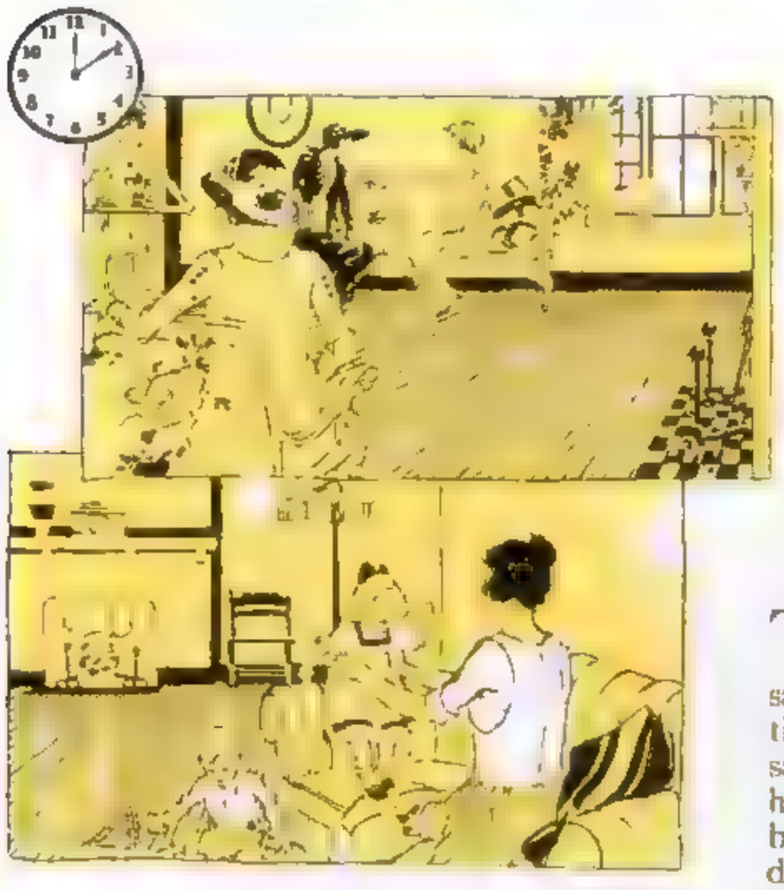
ite for free illustrated booklet.

School St., Gardner, Mass.
Water Heaters and Florence Room Heaters
London, Canada

Less Care

Save Time ~ Work ~ Money

THE first object of the O-Cedar Polish Mop is to save. To save for you. To save your time, to save work and to save your money. In addition to this it insures you brighter, cleaner and prettier floors and standing woodwork than you ever had before. More pleasing, more sanitary and more beautiful surroundings.



WITH the O-Cedar Polish Mop you do three things at one time. A saving of two-thirds of time ordinarily required for the daily task in making the floors clean, bright and pretty.

With the O-Cedar Polish Mop you clean, dust and polish at the same time. As you do these you beautify at the same time.

This saving of time gives you more time to do the many things you want to do. More time to entertain your friends, more time to devote to your children.

And as every woman knows, as she saves time she also saves work and money.

THE same as the O-Cedar Polish Mop saves time it saves work. It saves two operations. But more important it saves the getting down on the hands and knees and back-breaking bending to clean, dust, polish, or to beautify the floors. The illustrations show the old way and the O-Cedar way.

AS you save time and work with the O-Cedar Polish Mop you save money. Floors and woodwork cleaned, dusted and polished with O-Cedar last much longer and look much better.

Frequent varnishing and refinishing are avoided. A big saving. The cost of varnishing and refinishing one floor will keep you supplied with O-Cedar Mops and O-Cedar Polish for many years.

The O-Cedar Polish Mop has recently been improved. It has been made bigger, stronger and better. It requires no care other than an occasional washing and re-treating with O-Cedar Polish.

$1 and $1.50 Sizes

($1.25 and $2 in Canada)

Sold by all dealers under this positive guarantee: if you are not delighted with the time, work and money the O-Cedar Mop saves you, and the results it gives, your money will be refunded without a question.

Channell Chemical Co., Chicago

Toronto - London - Paris - Cape Town

O-Cedar Polish Mop

(Continued from Page 64)

explanation in a tone almost of apology. I was even assured that in their present situation they could better serve the nation than when they were directly working for it.

This it wasn't necessary to linger over; I was sorry—they were lean instead of fat, tanned and not bleached, and their eyes were clear and farsighted. The arduous, and underpaid, service they had left—their average personal responsibility was for fifty-two thousand acres of difficult land—had hardened them in an age of softness, it had simplified them in a time of complicating impotence. When the forest, the virgin woods, went, they would go, too—that much more—and I could not escape the conviction that in private hands, with what was described as interests, they had made the first move toward the end. Their individual integrity hadn't perceptibly suffered; but they were supporting, supported by, measures such as the Snell Bill; and foresters, I strongly felt, should in their hearts be blind partisans to the last of their trees.

I thought of them repeatedly in the train, the Shasta express, driving south to California, California and the redwoods; but of what was in my mind I said nothing to a companion for whom, in the shortest of periods, I had grown to have an instinctive liking; for he, too, I felt, had been qualified by the notable success of great lumbering operations. Seated in the extreme comfort of a drawing-room, the windows exactly screened and shaded, the couch cool with a sheet and soft with pillows, we watched the landscape, as it were, stream back into the past. We were going south, to luxurious hotels, the green turf of golf courses, to delicate dinners and formal charm, fashioned, at least where he was concerned, from the heroic boles of Douglas fir; and I wondered, now for both of us, if that transformation were justified in us and for us.

Yet it wasn't an individual problem, there was nothing actually personal in it. I was addressed to a doubt concerning the entire country. What, in general, were the trees and the land, the mountains and water, being converted to? Into what was the spirit once informing at least a part of the United States, turning? Was it, forgetting the waste and lies and destruction, worth the most legitimate exhaustion of what, nationally, we once were? What good were we to ourselves?

Absentee Control

None of these speculations or doubts were in my mind throughout lunch with a lumberman of California. He had taken me to Tait's on the Beach, outside San Francisco, a restaurant carved in Chinese symbols, with gilt and Chinese vermilion and embroidered hangings; an orchestra was playing in another room, and the small tables were filled by expensive women, the air was possessed by seductive perfumes and the strains of discreet music. Where the man facing me was concerned there was no need for either the Capper or the Snell Bill; he was better than legislative measures; the fact that independently he had begun reproduction on his redwood holdings was not more reassuring than any of his simple declarations. He had grown up with the forests of his eternal trees, and their calmness, the play of light in their high foliage, like a play of thought, had entered into his being.

He was not young—older men, now, were the fortunate ones, those who had made a country and not merely fed on its cleared pastures—but he was not inflexible to change; and his humor, hesitating but fatal to pretensions, was drawn from the store of an immense comprehension. Yes, where he was concerned, there was no lumbering controversy; but, unhappily, he didn't belong to a species of life for which the term "*semper virens*" had been coined; he was superior to any regulating, but there was no security for what would follow. Who, in the not improbable distribution of his estate, of any estate, would acquire his acres?

It was one thing to control a region after a long experience tempered in a spirit of fairness, but quite another, from Detroit or New York or Paris, to force the greatest possible immediate return from a woods somewhere in California. That same disability was attached to corporations, to a group of stockholders with their individual tyrannical necessities or ambitions. This engaged me in the directors' cottage of the company that owned, perhaps, the finest of all existing stands of coast redwood, the tracts on the Eel River. The cottage was in the company's town, a place of comfortable dwellings, a bank and a theater, a long office building, ponds and gigantic sawmills and incredible piled stores of boards.

I had never met a more adequate hospitality. The Magyar servants were models of smiling skill, dinner a variety of delights, the veranda, hung with Chinese mattings, set with wicker and bright chintz and the inescapable dominoes in morocco boxes; the cool rooms and hot baths, were faultless. The directors, visitors, were there occasionally, I was told; usually the cottage was empty. Outside, by the houses of the workmen, were the incredible stumps of the redwood trees that had been cut; they were not actually bigger than the dwellings, but the impression they gave was that of the biggest, the most venerable, things on earth. Even in ruin, often softened by vines, their dignity was, well—appalling.

The Redwood Loggers

They were not, it was true, the big trees of the Sierras, the special celebrated groves of the mountains; the latter showed signs of weariness, they had a disposition to quit the earth. They, more and more, were being saved, preserved in state and national and private parks; yet they were not safe—safe, that was, from temporary purposes—there was, generally, fifty-seven thousand and forty acres of the gigantic sequoia in private, commercial, timberland; one organization, the Tulare Company, owned practically forty thousand acres. The big trees were limited in extent, and—as time was counted—tired; but the coast redwood, not so gigantic in girth but taller, handsomer, on their Pleistocene strand, were in the flower of their ancient youth and strength.

They were cut by the Spaniards, around San Francisco Bay, but the first actual logging operation in them was at Mendocino City, in 1852; and only a little later the saws were working in Humboldt County. The total virginal stand was on one million, four hundred and six thousand, three hundred and ninety-three acres; before 1920 four hundred and forty-two thousand, two hundred and sixty-nine acres had been logged; and what remained, over nine hundred thousand acres, would be cut in a period of not more than sixty years. In about a half century the redwood forests would be gone.

What, at once, I discovered, in connection with the cultivation by the Union Lumber Company, was that the forests could never be replaced, the trees would never again be grown. An acre of virgin redwood held less than twenty redwoods, and perhaps two thousand years had gone into their growth; but the only plan of reforesting entertained, the only one humanly possible, and profitable, was to replace the score of trees with three times their number, and cut them after sixty or seventy years. The return in lumber, in board feet, and in coffins and porch railing and cigar boxes, would be about the same. The amount would be equal, but the quality would be forever lost—clear wood, old wood, fine wood, become a memory.

The forests would go, but, in a way, the lumber remain. It made no difference, except in the inferiority of his boards, to a carpenter, a contractor, in Vermont, from where the material of his building came. Probably they would never see Humboldt County; they were practical and not sentimental men, and all that interested them were tables of cost and supply and utility. They would be anæsthetic to the fact that the redwoods were the only existing trace of the Cretaceous period of a hundred million years ago, that, in their region, they represented ten thousand years without change. It might engage them, the builders, to learn that a third of every redwood tree was lost in the felling alone; it would become a legend among the more intelligent that over a million feet of lumber had been cut from one acre; and, since it was to their own interest, they might some day force the operators in redwood to burn the slash within a week or so of cutting—a thing the operators now declared themselves unable to do—and so further the growth of the sprouts thrown out by the stumps.

However, their future problems were not mine; and that, equally, was not conveniently founded on an exact economic reckoning. Before I entered the redwood forest I had a premonition that I should be troubled by the necessity to cut it at all, but that any reason would be difficult to establish. I had a distinct prejudice against the cry, "Save the redwoods!" raised by individuals against whom that saving, however imperative, might not be charged.

But my developed reluctance, I soon discovered, was not limited to a sentiment within myself—everyone, not absolutely bare of sensibilities, who had to do with the falling of redwood trees regretted what he accepted as necessary. The fireman on the logging train, the choker-hole diggers, the woods foreman, the superintendent, the treasurer of the corporation, were, more or less, under the melancholy of their industrious destruction.

I left the company's town on a gas rail car, faced from the length of track, and sped past great stumps, miniature cañons, small incidental farm holdings, and copses of pepperwood and laurel; there were flowers and hurrying streams with birds under the shadow of the banks, rich black ancient loam and patterns of ferns. It had been raining—the snow on the mountainsides was blue with mist—but the rain had stopped, apparently suspended in the dampness of the air, and there were momentary traces of pale sunlight; there would be a shifting gleam on the wet trunk of a sugar pine, needles in drooping green tassels, gilded, gold in the running water. The peace was more than quietude, even the throbbing of the gas engine was absorbed, nullified, lost in a profundity of slow growth and associations perceptible only to old instinctive recognitions. The rail car crossed a bridge guarded with barrels of water, it circled a steep wooded slope, and I was flung, almost, into the area of logging.

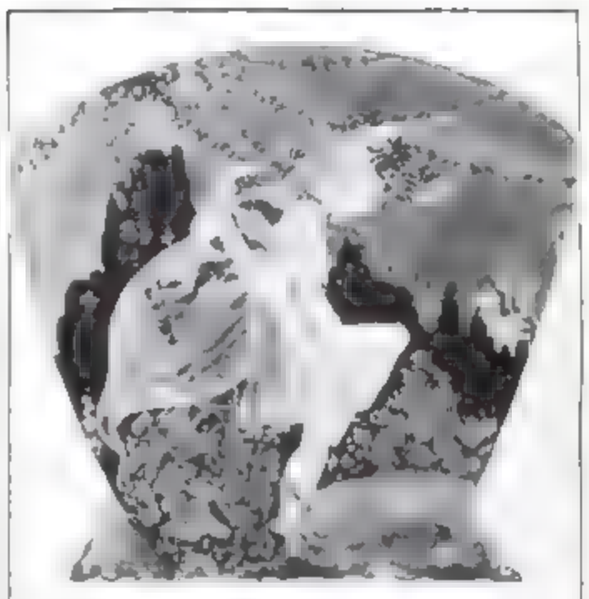
Luxury in the Wilderness

At first I was conscious of an utter shocked surprise, which grew into an acute dread; I wanted to get back into the forest, anywhere, away from the hideous carnage, the naked shameless ruin, reaching away from me up to the crown of the spur. The ground was plowed and riven and torn, there was a tormented underbrush, refuse and débris, blackened and smoking from fire, and the files of stumps like the aftermath of unspeakable indignities. Stripped enormous logs were chained to flat cars, the donkey engines, on their wooden sleds, were sputtering, and the crew were dodging the vicious shearing menace of a logging chain and hook broken out of its hold and sweeping in unpredictable arcs about its spar tree.

A sensation of fear, like a small thorn that would not be dislodged, persisted in me, and, mechanically, I listened to the explanations of the operation gone over, with a good-humored patience, for my benefit. I saw, primarily, only the wreckage, the obscene litter, the splintered trunks, that had been left, the smashed limbs and torn heaped bark; and then, higher up, against the aqueous sky, I was aware of the redwoods standing, in calm rank on rank, before the progress of destruction. They made, in their depths, a darkness against which the lifted trunks, bare almost to their crown of limbs, were like columns of amber. They were like shafts of amber and of rose agate, with an unbroken canopy of jade; and, across the outraged clearing, I could feel the coolness, the immemorial calm, the silence, that had grown in their underwood through century on century on century.

I lost, for the moment, my interest in economic lumbering, in utilization and variety of manufacture; I forgot who legally, rightfully, owned that stand, any stand, of coast redwood trees. The directors' cottage with its urban hospitality, the Magyar servants and ivory dominoes and books and matting hung up against the sun, took on the aspect of the small detracting, drugging, incidents of a blind and irreparable error. This was, obviously, illogical; it was hardly more than the bigotry of ignorance; and the shock of my experience—diminished. I began to be persuaded that it was not necessary—in order to keep a living record of what the virgin redwoods had been—to preserve as long as possible every standing tree.

It was pointed out to me that the Klamath River district, farther north, contained matchless forests and belonged, in part, only to the Indians. There were



The Dance of the Perfumes

LIKE an emerald fastened on the robe of Asia, green Bokhara glows with an inextinguishable fervor of romance. Where flowers bloom most bounteously the Albesti, spirit maidens,—so they say—flit softly in their endless quest of love.

From these same gardens, from Bokhara where red lilies grow, Vantine draws forth an added novelty breath of Oriental fragrance to pervade the satiny fluffed softness of

Jafleur POWDER

$1.50

In Ornamental Crystal Jar with genuine Lamb's Wool Puff Enclosed

At Drug Stores, Gift Shops and Departments that feature the newest in Oriental Scents, or if not obtainable at your favorite, send us his name and the price

Vantine's
The Buddha of Perfumes

64 Hunters Point Avenue, L. I. City
New York

about thirty-five thousand acres of redwoods in it; and the Federal Government, the public, would not improve upon it for a perpetual reserve. It held thirty-five thousand acres, and there were nine hundred thousand, and more, acres of redwoods in the state of California. The state, it was explained, couldn't take a great deal out of production, its wealth, the county taxes, the incidental citizens—and the remote corporations—would suffer disproportionately.

It was then that I remembered how rich, as a nation, we were, how rich and great, the only rich country left after the late disasters of modern civilization. Yet we hadn't enough gold, with all our gold—we hadn't the integrity, with all our show of public faith—to keep three or four or five hundred thousand acres of a natural magnificence needed more for the integrity of our fibre, the sheer future survival of spirit, than for surpluses of employment, of temporary gangs, crews, of labor, and invested securities. They were given being, certainly, and the rooms of Tait's on the Beach were thronged with a loveliness in silk; but what, I wondered, would happen in fifty years, when the nine hundred thousand acres of virgin redwood had been logged, before the belated second, the inferior, growth had reached its commercial maturity?

Second growth everywhere would, eventually, replace the first; but nothing could bring back the serenity the forest had accumulated after a hundred million years. Standing in a grove of redwoods I thought of the bitter and vain resentment that the future—when it had learned that a commerce was not enough to keep the heart alive—would hold against the past, our present. The grace of the towering trees masked their gigantic span; the ground, in perpetual shadow, held only flowering oxalis and emerald ferns. It was raining again, very softly; and from the foliage in the sky came the whisper, the stir, of an errant wind

The fallen trunks of an utter remoteness, too great to see over, too great to climb, were green with moss. The whisper of the wind was barely audible, far off, reflective; the gloom in the trees was clear, wet and mild. It was the past. And this was the redwoods' secret, their special magic, that they absolved, blotted out, the fever of time, the wasted years, the sickness of mind, in which men spent the loneliness of their lives.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

SHYLOCK

(Continued from Page 11)

was good and his word was good. He would listen stolidly, ask some questions in his grating bass voice, say yes or no. If he said yes you could bank on it. They gave him credit for that, and for his good judgment, and—more or less secretly—for his wealth. But he was not a popular person; apparently he didn't care for popularity.

To Julius Weil, then, Bilsborrow had resorted—lying, saying that Arthur Lutterel owed him quite a sum on the barn and he didn't feel like dunning a millionaire; saying he would rather pay Weil 12 per cent than strain his credit at the bank. In his hallucination he told the lies glibly—perhaps with an indefinite feeling that, after all, it wasn't very necessary to tell Shylock the truth. As security for the $15,000 he offered a chattel mortgage on his entire stock, leasehold and goodwill, provided Weil would agree to withhold the mortgage from record and keep the transaction secret; for if it were known that he had given a chattel mortgage on his business his credit would be ruined; the bank and the wholesalers would then be down on him in a minute. Weil listened, the dullish eyes unwinkingly on Bilsborrow's sanguine face, and fingered his stubby mustache a moment and said yes. The loan was for thirty days.

That also was an appalling thing, at which Bilsborrow now had to gape. When the loan fell due Weil would clap the mortgage on record and foreclose it; trust Shylock for that. And that would be the end of Bilsborrow. The money loss ruined him; but here was a greater loss. Banks and wholesale houses had severe sentiments for debtors who secretly gave chattel mortgages which cut them out. The chattel mortgage was practically a fraud upon his business creditors. And all the lies would come out.

The business which he had worked so diligently for—more than thirty-five years now, boy and man—and which was so precious to him would be gone. Bilsborrow, the honest man who could ask for credit, would be gone too. What remained would be only a disgraced mechanic who might get a job shoving a jack plane. Sitting in the shut little office—in which he had felt the dignity of a successful and respected man—Bilsborrow was pitilessly compelled to think of the First National Bank, where he had long held up his head and been cordially welcome. He could see the president's look of contempt.

He was driven on to think of his wife and children. No silly talk now of a new house on Pound Street and an expensive car, but talking of packing up to leave the old house and seek quarters suitable to a penniless mechanic. Wife and children would know that he had been a liar and cheat. He put a hand to his brow and felt cold sweat. For Bilsborrow no satanic ingenuity could construct a hell that exceeded this. He felt old and physically weak when he finally got himself out of the swivel chair and started home.

"Kind of a headache," he said at home, a hand to his brow. "Dunno but I caught cold. Guess I'll turn in."

He wanted to get out of sight. It hurt when his wife came upstairs a little later to inquire again about his symptoms, feel of his forehead and offer a cold compress.

In the dark something came to him and stayed, refusing to be driven away: There was a piece of paper which had power to ruin him utterly. That piece of paper was in the possession of Julius Weil, and all Weil's paper possessions were in a transitory state. The circumstances in that connection arose in the dark, presenting themselves to Bilsborrow's laboring mind.

For many years Weil had occupied the half story over the barber shop as an office; but lately he had moved to more pretentious quarters in the second story of the new brick building across the street, with handsomer furniture—thriftily closing with an opportunity to dispose of his old furniture and safe. Such little affairs were matters of current news in Upway. Everybody knew that the young insurance agent who now occupied the half story over the barber shop had bought Weil's furniture and safe. But the upper story of the new brick building was not finished. No door had been set in the vault which opened from Weil's new office, nor was there any safe in the vault.

Bilsborrow remembered perfectly how it had looked as he sat by Weil's desk negotiating the chattel-mortgage loan. The desk stood in the middle of the room on some building paper, for the floor had not been waxed. There was a smell of new paint and fresh plaster. The steel frame of the vault door was in place, but the doorless opening gaped and one could see the whole interior of the small vault, with some painters' cans on the floor. It contained nothing else. And Weil had mentioned, with as much annoyance as he seemed ever to show, that the vault door and safe wouldn't arrive for three weeks; meanwhile he was carrying his office in a suitcase. The suitcase, full of papers, lay on the desk. Bilsborrow's note and mortgage must now be in it, and Weil did not leave his office until long after the bank closed, at three o'clock. So much came to Bilsborrow's laboring mind in the dark.

The lumberman then developed a strange sense of Weil—perhaps the primitive, wary, apelike sense of a mortal enemy. He who had been genial toward his fellow men found himself hating Shylock; a heartless, bloodsucking usurer! It was Shylock who was going to turn his wife and children into the street. He watched the man, so to speak, out of a corner of his eye; and it seemed to him that Weil also was watching him, spiderlike; he saw something in the usurer's air and in his eyes with the glint of gray. Weil gravely nodded a greeting on the village street, and Bilsborrow thought: "He knows I was caught by Starkey & Co.; he's waiting to clap the mortgage on record!"

All the while Bilsborrow was going about his business, striving to keep his mind upon it. At home they noticed he was not himself, indisposed, distrait—probably a cold or a passing touch of indigestion.

The heavens fell on Wednesday. Bilsborrow was downtown the following Saturday evening—which would not have been strange under other circumstances; but the circumstances of this Saturday evening were extraordinary. He was watching, confirming a supposition. Saturday was market day at Upway. Dairymen, fruit growers, truck gardeners, came to town. This was in July, when farming operations were at full tilt; so country people were apt to come late in the day. Federal Street was a bustling spot on Saturday evenings in summer. Weil always came back to his office after supper on Saturdays in summer. This Saturday evening it was after nine o'clock by daylight-saving time and getting quite dark when he left the office. He came downstairs carrying the suitcase, which he put beside him on the one seat of his small car, driving away homeward. This Bilsborrow saw.

The lumberman had felt in his bones that this was what became of the suitcase; Weil took it home with him, and home was two miles from the office. The dominant element in Upway was conservative; there were no social amenities for Shylock and family, so it made little difference whether they lived in the village or outside. That painful period of postwar deflation, the year before, had nipped a good many buds among the city folk who had country places on the hills. Weil had purchased the Morrow place, two miles out, for $18,000 spot cash, which was about a third of what Morrow had put into it in flush wartimes. He said he would sell it for $30,000; meanwhile he and his family occupied it.

Two miles back and forth over a very good gravel road meant little. But the gravel road was torn up now, to be replaced by cement. In order to get home in a car Weil must follow the Highbury road out of Upway for near a mile, turn left on gravel for half a mile, then left again into a rutty wagon track which twisted through the woods for three-quarters of a mile. By that route the suitcase went, the circuit measuring three miles. But from Bilsborrow's house to Weil's something like a bee line on foot through the woods measured hardly a mile and a half.

Bilsborrow felt himself to be a man lost and damned. The affection and respect of his wife and children, the good little business by the railroad track, the good will of his fellow men—all that had been his life. That had been taken away; he was a man dead on his feet—bankrupt, cheat, liar. There was even something large and impersonal in his hatred of Shylock. The usurer was hateful because he was insensible to what men suffered—to such suffering as Bilsborrow now endured. He dealt with men as with sticks and stones. A man was justified in dealing with him as with a stick or a stone; there need be no compunction about it.

And it was really not for himself. His wife and children must suffer through his downfall or Weil must be made to disgorge some usurious gains.

To hesitate between such alternatives would be pusillanimous.

Metta, John, Mark—and Martha, their mother. In view of what he was going to do his heart enfolded them with a peculiar tenderness; but first of all, no doubt, stood Metta, the youngest, the girl. He had loved her in a special way from the hour of her birth. Over against her stood the cold-blooded money lender. His mind was made up. He went about it sacrificially.

But he calculated it all with care, taking time to work out the plan and make due preparation. Fortunately Weil's small car had been in a collision; the left headlight was bent out of proper line, so one could distinguish it at night some distance away. But it was most unlikely that anybody except Weil would be using that miserable woods road at night.

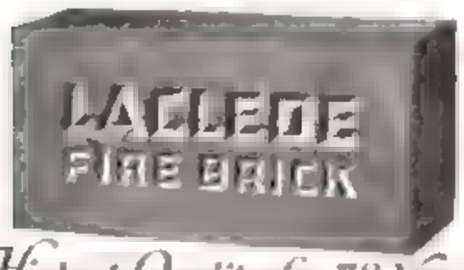
The woods had been familiar to Bilsborrow from boyhood. The chestnut trees which he had bombarded with clubs and stones for the nuts had all yielded to a blight, and the squirrels were gone; one would not expect to see a deer there now. But he could shut his eyes and recall the

(Continued on Page 72)

Ever Been Inside a Locomotive?

By crawling through a small oval door you can get right into the fire box—if there's no fire there! But in operation—that's another story. To run one of these great big, superheated monsters a terrific temperature must be worked up under its boiler.

Such temperatures necessitate the highest quality of Fire Clay Tile for the ignition arch. Because of their *established dependability*, Locomotive Arch Tile as made by LACLEDE-CHRISTY are a favorite with many of the big railroads. Highly refractory, durable and uniformly well-made, they stand the gaff exceptionally well.



Highest Quality for 78 Years

Railroads all have numerous forging and heat-treating furnaces, too. For lining these furnaces economically, you can't beat good old LACLEDE Fire Brick.

No matter what the conditions are—high heats, abrasion or clinker action, sudden changes of temperature, or any combination of these agents of destruction—LACLEDE Brick resists them all.

Railroads also use large quantities of L-C Vitrified Sewer Pipe and Double-Strength Culvert Pipe.

Railroad Storekeepers, Master Mechanics, Supts. of Motive Power, and Purchasing Agents—it will pay you to investigate LACLEDE-CHRISTY clay products. We can save your road money!

Executives in *all* industries: In buying LACLEDE Fire Brick you get *everything* that any other make of brick affords, plus the scientific, economical *application* of LACLEDE Brick to *your specific problem*.

Dealer-Distributors put at your disposal a service not to be duplicated.

Branch Offices: New York, Room 309, 280 Madison Ave.—Chicago 1366 Peoples Gas Bldg.—Pittsburgh, 701 Oliver Bldg.—Detroit, 815 Book Bldg.

F 174

LACLEDE-CHRISTY
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Happy Husbands

Fathers, Brothers and Others

—*A Razor Ad to Women*

CHRISTMAS PRESENT! "The World's Fastest Shave" in Superlative Finish to Make Men Folks Happy

Men are talking about a new era in shaving. A way that gives the world's fastest shave. And the smoothest.

Millions of men already employ it. For it offers joys undiscovered before.

Now we suggest it as a Christmas delight for women to give. And men folks to each other.

Superlative finish

Go today to any dealer's. Ask to see the Valet AutoStrop Christmas set.

You will have before you the world's finest pieces of shaving mechanism. And the most distinguished

Richly finished, it speaks the language of luxury. Men are proud to own one. A gift supreme, even to the man with a dozen razors

"Strops its own blades"—Shaves, cleans strops without removing the blade

Included are a supply of barber's edged blades—the keenest cutting edge known. Blades kept so keen that once over the face gives a velvet shave. No pulling, no scraping, as in old-time ways.

Strops itself

Another delight is the patented AutoStrop feature—the only razor that strops its own blades. Thus a keen, fresh edge—a barber's edge—is assured for every shave

$5.00

Strop and 12 blades in a case that fits the beauty of the razor—everything complete—for five dollars. 365 days of joy, year after year

If your dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon. We will mail you one. Other superlative sets up to $25.

Model C Sets, $1.00 and $1.50

3 things

in a shave men never had before

First—a super-velvet shave, going over the face *one time*. No scraping.

Second—a quick shave. 78 seconds from lather to towel. Only a super-keen blade can do it.

Third—a 78-second super-velvet shave *every day*. The strop given with the razor keeps up the edge of the blade.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Sharpens Its Own Blades

Mail This *If your dealer cannot supply you*

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.
662 First Avenue, New York City

Enclosed is five dollars ($5.00), for which send me one silver plated Christmas Valet AutoStrop Razor set, complete with strop, blades and leather case, velvet lined. Black—, Blue—, Maroon—, Green—, Red—. (Check color case preferred

*Name*_____

*Street Address*_____

*City and State*_____

(Continued from Page 70)

topography of the densely timbered tract with its damp ravines and brambly slopes.

Only one detail really troubled him. The hillside back of his house had been cleared and converted into stony pasture. There was no way of getting from his garage to the cover of timber except by walking two hundred yards in the open, and on that bare hillside a man was a conspicuous figure. Well, a man must take that risk. He debated how large the risk would be. Somebody might say, "Why, I saw Bilsborrow going into the woods about eight o'clock last evening." But who would think of any connection between Bilsborrow and what was to happen in the woods? Worrying about that seemed far-fetched.

And he felt that he would be quite secure once he had got into the woods. The thick cover of timber and underbrush, the darkness and the silence—save for little secret chitterings and scurryings of small creatures—seemed to create a perfect security. The steep damp ravines, with a smell of mold in them—dim even in broadest daylight—appeared to afford a safety like possessing the magic power of invisibility. His intellect took cognizance of a problem much more profound than that involved in getting from his garage to cover—to wit: Suppose Weil resisted, even drawing a weapon? What should be done then? But his abnormal mental state waved that aside. In a way he was unable to think about it, as though the reins of his will had passed out of his own hands.

The preparations were carefully made. He knew where there was a piece of black cloth—part of an overcoat lining which his wife, with her squirrel-like thrift, had saved. From it he secretly fashioned his mask, a rude sack completely covering his head down to the shoulders, with two holes for his eyes. His big-boned, workingman's hands with red hair on the backs might be recognized, so he got out an old pair of cotton gloves. There was a discarded raincoat in the attic, occasionally used on fishing expeditions, and a battered old hat. The revolver in a drawer of his desk at the office had not been discharged in years. He oiled it and saw that the mechanism was in order.

After dark on Friday he slipped out of his garage with the old raincoat rolled in a bundle under his arm. Without a light, and without missing his way more than a dozen feet, he found the bowlder he had selected and put his bundle in a cache of brush and loose stones which he had prepared. He could find it again in pitch dark. He was ready.

It began to rain about five o'clock Saturday afternoon—one of those dogged, drizzling rains that may last many hours. Bilsborrow had been watching the weather with rising agitation. The rain disconcerted him. It might be so wet that farmers wouldn't come to town that evening and Weil would go home early. It was sure to be so dark that he would have to go into the woods early, for though he could find his cache near the edge of the timber without a light, no man could thread the heart of the thicket without some glimmers to guide him; and carrying a lantern or flash light was too risky. Should he put it off? That question threw him into a deep agitation. It might be best to put it off, only that would leave but one more Saturday evening before the maturity of the note, and that last Saturday evening might be still less favorable. Besides, Julius' vault door and safe might arrive any day.

He did not answer the question whether or not it should be put off, but at supper he mentioned that he was going back to the office that evening—on foot, as he preferred walking the three-quarters of a mile to driving in such weather. Fortunately the wet and gloom kept people indoors; yet the few rods in the open between his garage and the woods harrowed him. He covered them hurriedly, gained the edge of the timber and looked back over his shoulder. Hadn't someone in his house seen him and wondered why he was going to the woods instead of toward town? Hadn't a curious neighbor noted him and wondered? Somehow he had always hated that little dash in the open.

Already the woods were veiled in a premature twilight. He went on to the bowlder and stood there some time watching and listening. Then he took off the hat and raincoat in which he had left the house, cached them and put on the cast-off garments which he had hidden. Mask, gloves and revolver were in the coat pockets. He went on into the woods, tramping across them in just sufficient light. The rutty and tortuous wagon track, never meant for a car, wound down diagonally to the bottom of a ravine and wriggled up the opposite bank. Trees, brush and rock fringed the rude road. No car could make the ascent with its constant twists except in low gear. The twist at the beginning of the ascent was the spot Bilsborrow had selected.

The driver would be sitting on the left-hand side of the car, the suitcase beside him, at the right-hand side. By approaching the car at the right, therefore, one could simply reach in and take the suitcase with the free hand, the other hand holding a gun in the driver's face. At the shock of the highwayman's command and the sight of his gun, the driver would sit paralyzed for an instant. In that instant the assailant could seize the suitcase, vanishing into the dark.

There was a bit of open ground, favorable for vanishing, but lower than the road. Just beyond it lay a heap of dead brush, and beyond that the face of a big rock, level as a table but set at an angle, rose above ground. That rock gave firm footing and the brush heap made an excellent screen. The rock, however, was too high, while the bit of open ground on the other side of the brush heap was too low. Bilsborrow had hesitated between them, finally choosing the rock.

He made his way to the spot and sat down on the rock to wait, for it was only eight o'clock and Weil could not be expected before nine. He had passed through the woods with small difficulty—his senses perhaps sharpened by excitement—but directly after he sat down on the rock to wait, dark seemed to descend rapidly. If he looked upward vague hints of leafy shapes appeared, but if he lowered his eyes all form was blotted out and there was nothing but black void. He could touch the brush heap, but not see it. The dark held tiny murmurous sounds of dripping water—unreal, like remembered echoes rather than the fall of actual water drops. There was an unreality in the void dark.

The excitement ebbed away, as though he were recovering from a drug or a debauch. "I am a fool to do this," he said to himself, seeing that with perfect clarity. He felt a great sadness at his folly, yet sat still on the wet rock with no attempt at motion.

He would not strike a light and had no means of telling time; but the minutes were passing. He put on his sacklike black mask, feeling with his fingers to get the holes over his eyes, and the gray cotton gloves. His right hand, in the pocket of the raincoat, was on the butt of the revolver; a startling figure if anyone could have seen it in the dark; but he was not thinking of that. There was only a drifting in his mind—sad because of his folly, with sudden stabs of poignant regret now and then as he remembered how happy he had been and how fair his prospects seemed before Starkey & Co. came along. But although his heart was leaden he made no attempt at motion. Somehow the die had been cast; and he said to himself, like one who mechanically repeats by rote words whose meaning has departed from them: "It's for my wife and children. It's better for Shylock to lose $15,000 than for them to suffer. He's only a 12 per cent loan shark anyway."

His face was turned in the direction of the road and he began to get impatient. Surely it must be after nine o'clock. With the impatience his excitement began to return, fever rising again. Then he heard a sound and perceived a faint illumination far in the woods; his heart began beating faster. The sound increased, and he saw a strong glow of light, bringing out the shapes of trees and even the color of foliage. His heart bounded. That was a car coming up the other side of the ridge beyond the ravine. He took his nether lip between his teeth, watching with all his eyes, his pulses racing. The car was climbing. Not only could he hear the engine plainly but the noise was now so great that the woods rang with it, and it seemed to Bilsborrow that this shattering of the silence must be summoning witnesses and help from all directions. A soberer sense said that this was mere hallucination, and that Julius was driving slow, picking his way on the wet, steep, bad road.

Two great eyes appeared on the ridge above, throwing shafts of light, and Bilsborrow crouched behind the brush heap. Soon he could plainly see the tips of the mudguards, but behind the headlights all was even blacker than elsewhere. The glare and the roar appeared to announce a multitude, overthrowing that sense of security which Bilsborrow had heretofore felt in the woods. But still the thread of soberer sense told him this was false and the woods held only two men—himself and Shylock.

The car was coming down, slowly, behind its screen of blinding light—coming down. Bilsborrow knelt behind the brush, clutching the butt of his revolver.

Coming down. . . . Almost at the bottom. . . . Three rods would bring it to the rock. Bilsborrow drew the revolver, his lips apart. . . . At the bottom, headed for the twist. Suddenly it seemed to Bilsborrow that this rock was a mistake; it raised him too high above the road; the bit of open ground just beyond the brush heap would be better. He had time to change his position if he moved quickly before the car turned again. He sprang up. His feet slipped on the wet sloping rock; he fell into the brush heap with a crash.

Somebody shouted a nervous challenge: "Halloo, there!"

Somebody, lying dazed in the brush heap, shouted back, "Halloo! Guess I fell."

Two men were helping him to his feet. It had not been a hard fall, but he was dazed and mumbling: "Fell on that rock. Guess I lost my hat but it don't matter—old one, anyhow. I was coming up to see you. Thought I'd rather hoof it through the woods than drive, night like this. I got this far and saw a car coming. I thought maybe it was you; fell on that rock. No damage done but a few scratches." The jumbled words came of themselves. Lying in the brush heap he had snatched off his mask and gloves and stuffed them in a raincoat pocket.

"Climb in," Shylock was saying. "I take you up to the house. You must have eyes like a lynx to find your way through the woods night like this!" Yet he appeared to have no suspicion.

"Oh, I know these woods like a book," Bilsborrow was answering; "used to play here when I was a kid. Knew I would strike this road about here and I could follow it." He was climbing into the little car, hatless, the black mask and gloves and revolver in his pockets. And in order to sit down it was necessary to take the suitcase on his lap.

He kept on talking about the woods—of a deer he shot there long ago, of the nuts he used to gather, and the squirrel hunting—babbling on foolishly, aware of the mask and revolver in his pockets, of Julius beside him, of the suitcase on his knees. His mind held a formless impression of taking part in some fantastic show. The enterprise upon which he had set out appeared to have evaporated in that fall into the brush. Thoughts of it flitted back to him as he held the suitcase; but, of course, he was unmasked and recognized now; he could not rob Weil without also murdering him in cold blood. And there had been another man—or was that a hallucination?

The car drew up to the handsome residence which Julius had acquired at a bargain. The gangling lumberman was entering the house, loquaciously addressing himself to Mrs. Weil and a girl of twelve or so while Julius put up the car—excusing himself from taking off the raincoat with a heavy revolver in its pocket, saying, "It's no matter. I'm only going to stay a few minutes. I won't bother to take it off. Nice house you've got here, Mrs. Weil. I always said this was one of the prettiest houses in Upway—prettier'n any of the big places."

He babbled on until Weil came into the house. Then he was seated with Julius in the room that was meant for a library. Bilsborrow drew a big hand down a red-bearded cheek, his brown eyes shining from the stir in his nerves, his mind still in a turmoil.

"I wanted to talk to you about that loan," he began, it being necessary to state some reason for his nocturnal journey. "Looks like I'd be wanting to renew it for another thirty days."

There was no sign of assent or dissent on the listener's face. His high forehead, prolonged in the strip of shiny baldness, his dull and heavy-lidded eyes, long and fleshy nose, full lips and short chin, made a fateful mask—all the more fateful because somewhat grotesque.

"I don't care so much about renewing that loan, Mr. Bilsborrow," he replied in the bass voice that grated rustily. "I been thinking about it myself. For some time, Mr. Bilsborrow, I been having an eye on you." He stated it impersonally. "You got a big asset, but you don't use it right. The other day in the bank Arthur Lutterel was saying what a fine job you're doing on his barn. Such recommendation from a man like Arthur Lutterel travels around among other men with plenty money to spend. You got a fine reputation, Mr. Bilsborrow—goodwill. That's 40 per cent the game. You know your business; you know how to build, how to manage workmen. That's another 40 per cent the game. You got a big asset."

Bilsborrow was listening in astonishment as the metallic words—somewhat rusty—dropped from the full lips like disks from an automaton.

"You ain't got much capital," Weil grated on in his singularly unemotional manner. "But that's no matter; capital is easy. The worst is, you ain't got good judgment." The usurer smiled—not a pleasant smile, but with something fat about it. "You're too red-headed, Mr. Bilsborrow. You jump in without waiting to see where you're going to land. I expect you got stung pretty good lately." He smiled again. "Otherwise you wouldn't be coming to me. Men don't come to me when they can borrow at the bank. You got the big asset—your goodwill and ability. It ain't used right. That's my business, Mr. Bilsborrow. Plenty men paid me 12 per cent and took my advice and made money by it. You got your lumberyard here. Wilson's got a lumberyard at Hanfield. He's about ready to quit too. Four miles apart; one man can easy manage both. We form a company. We buy out Wilson. We keep your name for the goodwill. You manage the business. I supply the capital. All I ask is you don't take any important decisions without coming to me. I got good judgment, Mr. Bilsborrow. Especially I got good judgment about men. Such a business as I am doing will lose any man his shirt unless he got good judgment about men. We use your goodwill and ability, my capital and judgment. I think we make good success of it. I give you 49 per cent of the company. I keep 51 per cent—to have the last vote. Forty-nine per cent will be better than 100 per cent of what you got now."

Bilsborrow was staring as he strove to adjust himself to this new outlook.

"I believe—you have got good judgment," he stammered. "Yes, sir—good judgment. Guess that's what I lack. Sometimes I don't seem ——" He was looking very earnestly at the immobile usurer as he stammered; and there was a swift, strong dawning of respect. This man didn't wreck himself and his family like a drunken sailor; he didn't lie to his creditors; he didn't issue swindling paper; he went straight and sure. With a contrite heart Bilsborrow blurted, in utter candor, "Sometimes I'm a terrible fool."

Julius nodded soberly, as though his good judgment had told him that all along.

"All the same," he said stolidly, "you got a big asset. We use it right."

But something stuck in Bilsborrow's mind; and on Monday, after a talk over details, he brought it up with a carefully casual air: "By the way, Mr. Weil, there was something kind of odd about that—when I run onto you in the woods, you know. I was kind of shook up by the fall and sort of forgot it at the time; but this morning I got to thinking about it again. There was another man. You and another man come up to that brush heap. He seemed to sort of pop up out of the dark, and then pop out again."

He was smiling as though it amused him.

"Kind of odd—him popping up and then popping out again."

Weil answered in his usual direct and unemotional manner: "State policeman. Plenty holdups and roughnecks around. Mebbe plenty people know I'm carrying that suitcase home after dark. It's foolish to take chances when for three dollars this man follows my car through the woods." As an expression of his sound judgment of humanity he added, "He's a good man. He comes behind my car with a sawed-off shotgun. Anybody stops me, he lets go both barrels."

Bilsborrow pondered a moment, and gave a little sigh, and remarked—with humility for himself and respect for the usurer: "You have got good judgment, Mr. Weil. I'll be guided by it. Sometimes I'm a terrible fool."

"We make a good success," said Shylock.

Tonight—
See which assortment she prefers
Then surprise her Christmas Day

HERE is a new idea in candy. A novel and unusual box which solves the problem of what to give the girl for Christmas.

It is called Johnston's Choice Box. And contains 22 selected kinds of our most delicious chocolates and other confections. The name of each piece is plainly printed on a card exactly underneath it, as you see above. When a piece is lifted out you read the name.

Give her one of these boxes tonight. Note the kind she seems to prefer. Then look at the card underneath the candy and fix the name in your mind. Thus you will learn her favorite without asking her directly.

Then look in the Johnston Choice Book, which comes in the Choice Box. Suppose, for example, her preference is for bitter sweet chocolates, or plain chocolate creams, or chocolate dipped cherries. The Choice Book tells you that Johnston's T-R-I-A-D box contains the kind she likes best. So with other flavors in other boxes. It is a new way to buy candy. You can ask for exactly what you want, instead of just "a box of candy."

Take her Johnston's Choice Box tonight. Then surprise her Christmas Day with the candy she would have chosen herself. Thus you pay her a supreme compliment. You show her the little extra amount of attention that girls so appreciate.

You will find the Choice Box in most good stores, in one, two, three and five pound sizes. But if any dealer cannot supply you, use this coupon, filling in the dealer's name.

Johnston's
THE APPRECIATED CHOCOLATES

JOHNSTON'S, Milwaukee

Send me a one-pound Johnston Choice Box. I enclose no money, but will pay the postman $1.25 on delivery.

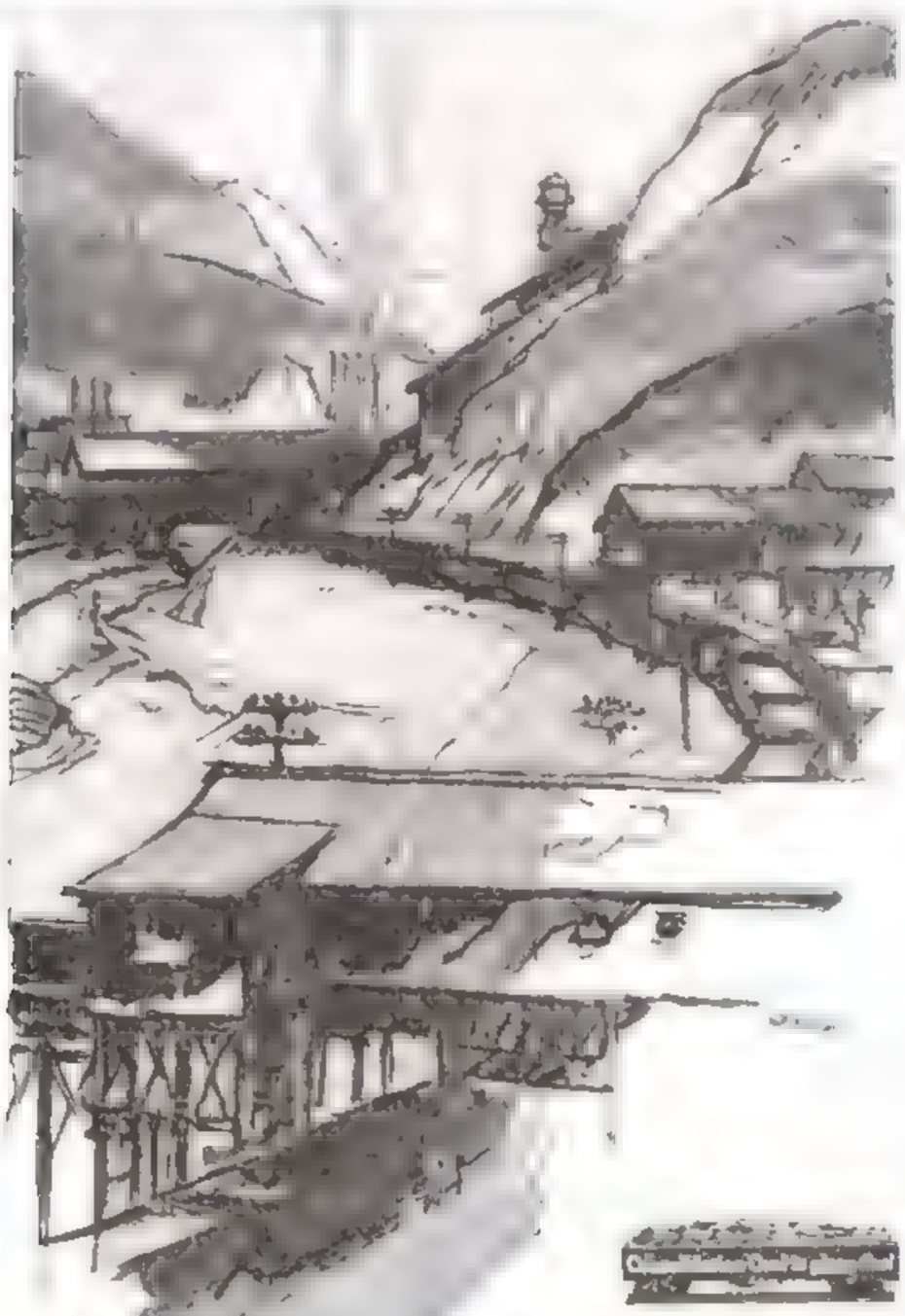
Name_____

Street No. _____

City_____ State _____

Dealer's Name _____

Street No._____



Co-operation

The coal-carrying capacity of the Railroads depends not only on car supply, but efficient use of available rolling stock. Elimination of one idle hour each day in the use of freight cars would increase the carrying capacity of the Roads by the equivalent of more than 100,000 cars. By special arrangements for prompt loadings, The Consolidation Coal Company is making utmost use of the cars available at its mines.

Even more important is the fact that the Consolidation standard of shipping only clean bituminous coal of highest power content is being constantly maintained.

With the Railroads striving courageously to rise to the needs of a difficult situation, supported by efficient co-operation on the part of mine operators and consumers, public interests will be served to the fullest measure possible.

THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Munson Building - New York City

FIRST NAT'L BANK BLDG.,	*Detroit, Mich.*	UNION TRUST BLDG.,	*Washington, D. C.*
137 MARKET STREET,	*Portsmouth, N. H.*	FISHER BLDG.,	*Chicago, Illinois*
CONTINENTAL BLDG.,	*Baltimore, Md.*	UNION CENTRAL BLDG.,	*Cincinnati, Ohio*
STATE MUTUAL BLDG.,	*Boston, Mass.*	FIRST NAT'L BANK BLDG.,	*Roanoke, Va*
LAND TITLE BLDG.,	*Philadelphia, Pa.*	KIRBY BLDG.,	*Cleveland, Ohio*
Sales Agents	NORTH WESTERN FUEL CO	MERCHANTS NAT'L BANK BLDG	*St Paul Minn*
	EMPIRE COAL COMPANY LTD	SHAUGHNESSY BLDG.,	*Montreal Quebec*
	MILWAUKEE WESTERN FUEL COMPANY,		*Milwaukee, Wis*

Sense and Nonsense

The Mystery

I CAN understand politics, civics and law,
Of national issues I have no great awe;
The theories of Einstein are simple to me,
And psychoanalysis mere A B C
But there is one thing I can't get in my head
Why do people marry the people they wed?

I can do mathematics, no matter how high;
And to me fourth dimension is easy as pie;
Most intricate problems I readily solve,
And I know why the nebular spirals revolve.
But on this baffling question no light has been shed—
Why do people marry the people they wed?

Long hours over Nietzsche I frequently spend,
I've all his philosophy at my tongue's end.
Of Freudian conclusions I haven't a doubt.
I've got human complexes all straightened out.
But on this deep problem I muse in my bed
Why do people marry the people they wed?

I've studied up ancient religions and cults,
I've tried spiritism with curious results;
I know the Piltdown and Neanderthal man,
How big is Betelgeuze and how old is Ann;
But this I shall wonder about till I'm dead
Why do people marry the people they wed?

—*Carolyn Wells.*

If Everybody Did Things as Congress Does

AN OLD woman has just been knocked senseless by a speeding automobile. A POLICEMAN *leans over her. A crowd has gathered around them.*

FIRST BYSTANDER: Mister Policeman, I offer a resolution summoning a doctor for this poor woman.

SECOND BYSTANDER: Will the gentleman yield?

FIRST BYSTANDER: I yield.

SECOND BYSTANDER: I suggest there may be a doctor in the crowd.

FIRST BYSTANDER: I accept the gentleman's suggestion. Mister Policeman, I will amend the pending resolution to ask if there is a doctor in the crowd.

POLICEMAN: Is there objection?

THIRD BYSTANDER: I object. It would be impossible to find a competent doctor in a street crowd. I suggest the gentleman withdraw his amendment.

FIRST BYSTANDER: I withdraw my amendment, Mister Policeman.

POLICEMAN: The question is on the resolution. The clerk will call the roll.

FOURTH BYSTANDER: Mister Policeman, I object. I am a doctor, and I suggest that this woman is in need of immediate medical aid, which I shall be glad to furnish.

THIRD BYSTANDER: I should like to ask the gentleman how much compensation he expects for rendering the medical aid of which he speaks in such a carefree manner. The gentleman looks like one who seldom does anything for nothing.

FOURTH BYSTANDER: That is where the gentleman and I are different. The gentleman is obviously one who seldom does anything even for something.

THIRD BYSTANDER: I would like to ask what the gentleman means.

FOURTH BYSTANDER: The gentleman may draw his own conclusions.

FIFTH BYSTANDER: Mister Policeman, I make the point of order.

POLICEMAN: The Chair sustains the point of order. The question is on the resolution.

A VOICE: The old woman's dyin' while you boobs is talkin'.

POLICEMAN: The Chair will have the street cleared if the spectators do not observe silence. The Chair cannot tolerate these interruptions from the gallery. The question is on the resolution.

SIXTH BYSTANDER: Mister Chairman, I move to strike out the last word. When in the course of human events it becomes necessary to invoke medical aid for an old woman who has been struck by an automobile, what will the press and public say if we are unfaithful to our trust? I hold here in my hand a letter from Amos Q. Gilkeyson, which I ask permission to read.

SEVENTH BYSTANDER: Will the gentleman yield?

SIXTH BYSTANDER: I yield.

SEVENTH BYSTANDER: I would like to ask the gentleman if Mr. Gilkeyson is a qualified medical practitioner?

SIXTH BYSTANDER: I am glad to ease the gentleman's mind. Mr. Gilkeyson is a graduate of the American Masseurs' University, and ——

EIGHTH BYSTANDER: I object.

POLICEMAN: Objection is heard.

A VOICE: The old woman's dead.

NINTH BYSTANDER: I am just informed, Mister Chairman, upon authority too reliable to controvert, that the old lady no longer needs medical attention. I suggest that the gentleman withdraw his resolution.

FOURTH BYSTANDER: Will the gentleman give the name of his authority?

NINTH BYSTANDER: I am sorry I cannot oblige the gentleman, as my authority wishes his name to be kept private, but I can assure the gentleman that he is the very highest authority.

FIRST BYSTANDER: In that case I shall be glad to accept the gentleman's suggestion in part, and move to amend my resolution by substituting the word "coroner" for the word "doctor" in my original resolution.

POLICEMAN: Is there objection? *(There is no objection, so the amendment is agreed to.)* The question is on the resolution. *(There being no objection, the resolution is carried.)*

—*Baron Ireland.*

The Megrew Girls

LITTLE Matilda Megrew
Was a radiant creature to view.
She'd the poise of a queen, and such infinite grace,
And her tresses of gold framed her beautiful face.
Her complexion was peaches and cream,
And her eyes a cerulean blue,
And the neighbors declared, as they turned round and stared,
"She's a beauty, is Tillie Megrew."

Her sister, poor Sophie Megrew,
Had eyes that were rather askew,
And she walked with the lumbering grace of a dray,
And her buck teeth stood out in a comical way.
She was gawky and clumsy, to boot.
She was freckled and pigeon-toed, too.
When they saw her appear all the neighbors said, "Dear,
There's that hideous Sophie Megrew."

Matilda now acts for the screen,
And she rides in her own limousine.
And she lives in a wonderful palace, I hear,
For she makes nearly five hundred thousand a year.
The theaters are crowded each night
Wherever her pictures are seen,
And the audience cheers every time she appears,
"There's Matilda the Cinema Queen."

But Sophie—it's strange, but it's true—
Now acts for the cinema too.
She has jewels and servants and autos galore.
For she earns just as much as Matilda, or more.
The police have to keep back the crowds
When a picture of Sophie is due.
Young and old shriek with glee when her picture they see,
"Oh, that comical Sophie Megrew!"

—*Newman Levy.*

Passing the Censor

Pompeian Massage Cream leaves a wonderful sense of rest and refreshment after you use it. It massages away all trace of the wear and tear of the day's work. A tub and a scrub and a face massage will make you ready for the evening's fun after the hardest day's work.

Clears the Skin: Pompeian Massage Cream thoroughly cleanses all dust and dirt from the pores. It helps clear up blackheads and pimples in the natural, sensible way—by keeping the skin clean and the pores open.

Easy to Use: Rub it in; rub it out. After shaving or washing, apply the Massage Cream to your face. Rub it in gently. Continue rubbing and immediately it rolls out, bringing with it all the dirt and skin impurities. Result—a clean, healthy skin and clear, glowing color. For a smooth finishing touch, use Pompeian Fragrance—a delightful new talc.

Pompeian Massage Cream . .	60c
Pompeian Fragrance, a talc . .	30c

At all druggists'

New Jar—Note these Improvements

1. Unbreakable metal cap. An easy turn to left opens jar. Turning cap to right tightly seals the jar and keeps the cream in perfect condition.
2. Wider opening makes it easy to get your fingers in and the cream out.
3. This new jar gives you 40% more cream with no increase in price.

Make this Test:

Wash your hands thoroughly. Apply Pompeian Massage Cream on the back of the hand as in the above illustration. Rub gently, but firmly. The darkened, dirt-laden cream that comes from the pores will astonish you.

Special Trial Offer

Jar of Massage Cream; Can of Talcum Powder

For 10c we will send you a Special Trial Jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and a miniature can of Pompeian Fragrance a delightful new talcum powder. These trial packages contain sufficient Massage Cream for several invigorating massages and Talc enough for a smooth finishing touch to several weeks' shaves. Send for your trial packages now. Please use coupon

Pompeian
Massage Cream

GUARANTEE

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by the Pompeian Laboratories, Cleveland, Ohio.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2049 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

© 1922, The Pompeian Co. Also Made in Canada

TEAR OFF NOW

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2049 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime (10c) for the Special Trial Jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and the miniature can of Pompeian Fragrance, the delightful new talcum powder

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Give Ingersolls for Christmas

THERE'S no gift like a watch, nothing used so much, consulted so often, carried so long. The Ingersoll you give now will be ticking Christmas Greetings next July—next September, and so on through the years to come.

Your dealer can show you Ingersolls to fit every purse and purpose. Sizes for men, women, boys, and girls. Radiolite dials that tell time in the dark. Jeweled models in nickel and gold-filled cases. Prices from $1.50 to $9.00.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco Montreal

The Great American Watch

More men use the Ingersoll Yankee than any other watch. Sturdy, reliable, good looking, it carries a sound guarantee.

$1.50

(Canadian Maple Leaf, $2)

The Best Watch $5 Can Buy

The jeweled, 12-size Waterbury with a Radiolite dial. In a gold-filled case, $8.

$5.00

(In Canada, $6; Gold-filled, $10)

Gold-filled Reliance

7 Jewels. Thin, bridge model Choice of design.

$9.00

(In Canada, $12)

A Fine 7-Jewel Watch

The Reliance, a real 7-jeweled watch. Same solid bridge-construction as used in expensive watches. Price only $6.00. In gold-filled case, $9.00.

$6.00

(In Canada, $7.50; Gold-filled, $12)

This Yankee Tells Time in the Dark

The famous Ingersoll Yankee equipped for telling time in the dark. Radium does it. Convenient under the pillow at night

$2.50

(Maple Leaf Radiolite, $3)

Ingersoll Midget

The smallest Ingersoll For women, girls, and small boys. Strong and good looking

$3.00

(In Canada, $4)

Midget Radiolite

The Midget with a luminous dial Tells time in the dark. A good watch for travelers

$3.75

(In Canada $5

Ingersoll

Ingersoll

THE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

(Continued from Page 9

between human beings. They are merely tests of business vision. I try to stick to facts and facts only, and govern my actions accordingly. That is Bernard M. Baruch's recipe for success in wealth winning. Sometimes I do not see the facts—all the facts—clearly enough or early enough; or else I do not reason logically. Whenever any of these things happen I lose. I am wrong. And it always costs me money to be wrong.

"No reasonable man objects to paying for his mistakes. There are no preferred creditors in mistake making and no exceptions or exemptions. But I object to losing money when I am right. I do not mean, either, those deals that have cost me money because of sudden changes in the rules of some particular exchange. I have in mind certain hazards of speculation that from time to time remind a man that no profit should be counted safe until it is deposited in your bank to your credit.

"After the Great War broke out in Europe there began the rise in the prices of commodities that was to be expected. It was as easy to foresee that as to foresee war inflation. Of course the general advance continued as the war prolonged itself. As you may remember, I was busy coming back in 1915. The boom in stocks was there and it was my duty to utilize it. My safest, easiest and quickest big play was in the stock market, and I was lucky, as you know.

"By July, 1917, I not only had been able to pay off all my debts but was quite a little to the good besides. This meant that I now had the time, the money and the inclination to consider trading in commodities as well as in stocks. For many years I have made it my practice to study all the markets. The advance in commodity prices over the prewar level ranged from 100 to 400 per cent. There was only one exception, and that was coffee. Of course there was a reason for this. The breaking out of the war meant the closing up of European markets and huge cargoes were sent to this country, which was the one big market. That led in time to an enormous surplus of raw coffee here, and that, in turn, kept the price low. Why, when I first began to consider its speculative possibilities coffee was actually selling below prewar prices. If the reasons for this anomaly were plain, no less plain was it that the active and increasingly efficient operation by the German and Austrian submarines must mean an appalling reduction in the number of ships available for commercial purposes. This eventually in turn must lead to dwindling imports of coffee. With reduced receipts and an unchanged consumption the surplus stocks must be absorbed, and when that happened the price of coffee must do what the prices of all other commodities had done, which was, go way up."

Livingston's Coffee Trade

"It didn't require a Sherlock Holmes to size up the situation. Why everybody did not buy coffee I cannot tell you. When I decided to buy it I did not consider it a speculation. It was much more of an investment. I knew it would take time to cash in, but I knew also that it was bound to yield a good profit. That made it a conservative investment operation—a banker's act rather than a gambler's play.

"I started my buying operations in the winter of 1917. I took quite a lot of coffee. The market, however, did nothing to speak of. It continued inactive and as for the price, it did not go up as I had expected. The outcome of it all was that I simply carried my line to no purpose for nine long months. My contracts expired then and I sold out all my options. I took a whopping big loss on that deal and yet I was sure my views were sound. I had been clearly wrong in the matter of time, but I was confident that coffee must advance as all commodities had done, so that no sooner had I sold out my line than I started in to buy again. I bought three times as much coffee as I had so unprofitably carried during those nine disappointing months. Of course I bought deferred options—for as long a time as I could get.

"I was not so wrong now. As soon as I had taken on my trebled line the market began to go up. People everywhere seemed to realize all of a sudden what was bound to happen in the coffee market. It began to look as if my investment was going to return me a mighty good rate of interest.

"The sellers of the contracts I held were roasters, many of German names and affiliations, who had bought the coffee in Brazil confidently expecting to bring it to this country. But there were no ships to bring it, and presently they found themselves in the uncomfortable position of having no end of coffee down there and being heavily short of it to me up here.

"Please bear in mind that I first became bullish on coffee while the price was practically at a prewar level, and don't forget that after I bought it I carried it the greater part of a year and then took a big loss on it. The punishment for being wrong is to lose money. The reward for being right is to make money. Being clearly right and carrying a big line, I was justified in expecting to make a killing. It would not take much of an advance to make my profit satisfactory to me, for I was carrying several hundred thousand bags. I don't like to talk about my operations in figures because sometimes they sound rather formidable and people might think I was boasting. As a matter of fact I trade in accordance to my means and always leave myself an ample margin of safety. In this instance I was conservative enough. The reason I bought options so freely was because I couldn't see how I could lose. Conditions were in my favor. I had been made to wait a year, but now I was going to be paid both for my waiting and for being right. I could see the profit coming—fast. There wasn't any cleverness about it. It was simply that I wasn't blind."

The Unexpectable

"Coming sure and fast, that profit of millions. But it never reached me. No; it wasn't side-tracked by a sudden change in conditions. The market did not experience an abrupt reversal of form. Coffee did not pour into the country. What happened? The unexpectable! What had never happened in anybody's experience; what I therefore had no reason to guard against. I added a new one to the long list of hazards of speculation that I must always keep before me. It was simply that the fellows who had sold me the coffee knew what was in store for them, and rushed to Washington for help, and got it.

"Perhaps you remember that the Government had evolved various plans for preventing further profiteering in necessities. You know how most of them worked. Well, the coffee men appeared before the Price Fixing Committee of the War Industries Board—I think that was the official designation—and made a patriotic appeal to that body to protect the American breakfaster. They asserted that a professional speculator, one Lawrence Livingston, had cornered, or was about to corner, coffee. If his speculative plans were not brought to naught he would take advantage of the conditions created by the war and the American people would be forced to pay exorbitant prices for their daily coffee. They represented the coffee trade, not the coffee gamblers, and they were willing to help the Government curb profiteering actual or prospective.

"Now I have a horror of whiners and I do not mean to intimate that the Price Fixing Committee was not doing its honest best to curb profiteering and wastefulness. But that need not stop me from expressing the opinion that the committee could not have gone very deeply into the particular problem of the coffee market. They fixed on a maximum price for raw coffee and also fixed a time limit for closing out all existing contracts. This decision meant, of course, that the Coffee Exchange would have to go out of business. There was only one thing for me to do and I did it, and that was to sell out all my contracts. Those profits of millions that I had deemed as certain to come my way as any I ever made failed completely to materialize. I was and am as keen as anybody against the profiteer in the necessaries of life, but at the time the Price Fixing Committee made their ruling on coffee all other commodities were selling at from 250 to 400 per cent above prewar prices, while raw coffee was actually below the average prevailing for some years before the war. I can't see that it made any real difference who held the coffee. The price was bound to advance; and the reason for that was not the operations of conscienceless speculators, but the dwindling surplus for which the diminishing importations were responsible, and they in turn were affected exclusively by the appalling destruction of the world's ships by the German submarines. The committee did not wait for coffee to start; they clamped on the brakes.

"As a matter of policy and of expediency it was a mistake to force the Coffee Exchange to close just then. If the committee had let coffee alone the price undoubtedly would have risen for the reasons I have already stated, which had nothing to do with any alleged corner. But the high price—which need not have been exorbitant—would have been an incentive to attract supplies to this market. I have heard Mr. Bernard M. Baruch say that the War Industries Board took into consideration this factor—the insuring of a supply—in fixing prices, and for that reason some of the complaints about the high limit on certain commodities were unjust. When the Coffee Exchange resumed business, later on, coffee sold at twenty-three cents. The American people paid that price because of the small supply, and the supply was small because the price had been fixed too low.

"I have always thought that my coffee deal was the most legitimate of all my trades in commodities. I considered it more of an investment than a speculation. I was in it over a year. If there was any gambling it was done by the patriotic roasters. They had coffee in Brazil and they sold it to me in New York. The Price Fixing Committee fixed the price of the only commodity that had not advanced. They protected the public against profiteering before it started, but not against the inevitable higher prices that followed. Not only that, but even when green coffee hung around nine cents a pound, roasted coffee went up with everything else. It was only the roasters who benefited. If the price of green coffee had gone up two or three cents a pound it would have meant several millions for me. And it wouldn't have cost the public as much as the later advance did."

Blamed for Bear Raids

"Post-mortems in speculation are a waste of time. They get you nowhere. But this particular deal has a certain educational value. It was as pretty as any I ever went into. The rise was so sure, so logical, that I figured that I simply couldn't help making several millions of dollars. But I didn't.

"On two other occasions I have suffered from the action of exchange committees making rulings that changed trading rules without warning. But in that case my own position, while technically right, was not quite so commercially sound as in my coffee trade. You cannot be dead sure of anything in a speculative operation. It was the experience I have just told you that made me add the unexpectable to the unexpected in my list of hazards.

"After the coffee episode I was so successful in other commodities and on the short side of the stock market that I began to suffer from silly gossip. The professionals in Wall Street and the newspaper writers got the habit of blaming me and my alleged raids for the inevitable breaks in prices. At times my selling was called unpatriotic whether I was really selling or not. The reason for exaggerating the magnitude and the effect of my operations, I suppose, was the need to satisfy the public's insatiable demand for reasons for each and every price movement.

"As I have said a thousand times, no manipulation can put stocks down and keep them down. There is nothing mysterious about this. The reason is plain to everybody who will take the trouble to think about it half a minute. Suppose an

A thought on Yuletide giving

And a few hints on how to fill Father's stocking

Another Christmas is rapidly rolling around

Another year when you have to sit down and think—and think hard—what to give Uncle Arthur, Father, Cousin Edward, Grandfather and the rest.

Every man—well, nearly every man—likes nothing better than a good pipe. And the chances are that he will find at least one hanging on the Christmas tree and be tremendously pleased.

Right there is your opportunity to step in and give him something to go with the pipe.

Not an ash tray. (He probably has dozens of them.) Not a metal container for safety matches. (He'll never carry the darn thing.) Send him some tobacco. (That's what men usually smoke in pipes.) So to Edgeworth smokers, to the friends of Edgeworth smokers, and to all others who may be interested, we respectfully offer this Christmas suggestion: a 16-ounce glass jar of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

You'll have to hunt far and wide to find the smoker who won't be tickled to pieces to find a glass jar of Edgeworth beside his Christmas pipe. If he doesn't get a Christmas pipe, he'll enjoy the tobacco just as much in his old pipe.

The 16-ounce jar sells for $1.65 at any tobacco store.

If your regular dealer hasn't enough glass jars to supply the Christmas trade, let us play Santa Claus for you.

Send us $1.65 for each jar, a list of the friends you want to remember, and your personal greetings cards. We'll do the rest.

We'll pack the glass jars in appropriate Christmas boxes, enclose your cards and send them off in plenty of time to reach your friends before Christmas. Meanwhile, if you are not personally acquainted with Edgeworth, we will be glad to send you free samples—generous helpings both of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice.

Just send us your name and address on a postal and we will forward the samples promptly. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, we will appreciate your courtesy.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are packed in small pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors and in various handy in-between sizes.

For the Christmas packages or the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Whether it is Chopin's "Fantasie," a beautiful Beethoven sonata, a Grieg Norwegian dance, or immortal "Home, Sweet Home", it can easily be played on the

STORY & CLARK PLAYER PIANO

with exquisite expression because of this fine instrument's exclusive features of construction

Give Your Children the "Miniature" for Christmas

and they will become endeared to the best in music which they will play for themselves—and you, playing the music of olden days, will find your *Story & Clark* a treasure with which you would never part.

The Miniature

Only four feet two inches high, full 88-note keyboard, and of finest quality, is the ideal instrument for the small room.

Every *Story & Clark* player piano contains the *Story & Clark Imperial Player Action* (with its Automatic Tracking and Transposing Device) so simple to learn to operate and so easy to play that it makes the *Story & Clark* the instrument of unquestioned superiority.

You can secure the ideal Christmas gift for your home—priced within your means and sold on easy terms—from your Story & Clark dealer

Instruments of finest quality since 1857

The Story & Clark Piano Company

Chicago New York Brooklyn Philadelphia Pittsburgh Detroit

FREE! You should read this beautiful book, *How You Can Tell the Difference in Pianos*, before purchasing. Just mail the coupon if you are a prospective purchaser.

STORY & CLARK PIANO COMPANY
Dept. S-P, 315-317 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me FREE your Book, *"How You Can Tell the Difference in Pianos."*

Name _____

City _____ State _____

operator raided a stock—that is, put the price down to a level below its real value—what would inevitably happen? Why, the raider would at once be up against the best kind of inside buying. The people who know what a stock is worth will always buy it when it is selling at bargain prices. If the insiders are not able to buy, it will be because general conditions are against their free command of their own resources, and such conditions are not bull conditions. When people speak about raids the inference is that the raids are unjustified; almost criminal. But selling a stock down to a price much below what it is worth is mighty dangerous business. It is well to bear in mind that a raided stock that fails to rally is not getting much inside buying and where there is a raid—that is, unjustified short selling—there is usually apt to be inside buying; and when there is that, the price does not stay down. I should say that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, so-called raids are really legitimate declines, accelerated perhaps but not primarily caused by the operations of a trader, however big a line he may be able to swing."

The Story of Borneo Tin

"The theory that most of the sudden declines or particularly sharp breaks are the results of some plunger's operations probably was invented as an easy way of supplying reasons to those speculators who being nothing but blind gamblers will believe anything that is told them rather than do a little thinking. The raid excuse for losses that unfortunate speculators so often receive from brokers and financial gossipers is really an inverted tip. The difference lies in this: A bear tip is distinct, positive advice to sell short. But the inverted tip—that is, the explanation that does not explain—serves merely to keep you from wisely selling short. The natural tendency when a stock breaks badly is to sell it. There is a reason—an unknown reason but a good reason; therefore get out. But it is not wise to get out when the break is the result of a raid by an operator, because the moment he stops the price must rebound. Inverted tips!

"Tips! How people want tips! They crave not only to get them but to give them. There is greed involved, and vanity. It is very amusing, at times, to watch really intelligent people fish for them. And the tip giver need not hesitate about the quality, for the tip seeker is not really after good tips, but after any tip. If it makes good, fine! If it doesn't, better luck with the next. I am thinking of the average customer of the average commission house. There is a type of promoter or manipulator that believes in tips first, last and all the time. A good flow of tips is considered by him as a sort of sublimated publicity work, the best merchandising dope in the world, for, since tip seekers and tip takers are invariably tip passers, tip broadcasting becomes a sort of endless-chain advertising. The tipster promoter labors under the delusion that no human being breathes who can resist a tip if properly delivered. He studies the art of handing them out artistically. Why, I have had ——"

Livingston paused and suddenly began to laugh. I naturally asked him, "Who was it that gave you that tip?"

"I get them by the hundreds every day from all sorts of people," he answered.

"But the one that made you laugh when you remembered it?" I persisted.

"They didn't give it to me. It is one Mrs. Livingston got."

"Does she speculate?" I asked.

"I'll tell you the story," said Livingston. "The stock was Borneo Tin. You remember when it was brought out? It was at the height of the boom. The promoter's pool had taken the advice of a very clever banker and decided to float the new company in the open market at once instead of letting an underwriting syndicate take its time about it. It was good advice. The only mistake the members of the pool made came from inexperience. They did not know what the stock market was capable of doing during a crazy boom and at the same time they were not intelligently liberal. They were agreed on the need of marking up the price in order to market the stock, but they started the trading at a figure at which the traders and the speculative pioneers could not buy it without misgivings.

"By rights the promoters ought to have got stuck with it, but in the wild bull market their hoggishness turned out to be rank conservatism. The public was buying anything that was adequately tipped. Investments were not wanted. The demand was for easy money; for the sure gambling profit. Gold was pouring into this country through the huge purchases of war material. They tell me that the promoters, while making their plans for bringing out Borneo stock, marked up the opening price three different times before their first transaction was officially recorded for the benefit of the public.

"I had been approached to join the pool and I had looked into it but I didn't accept the offer because if there is any market maneuvering to do, I like to do it myself I trade on my own dope and follow my own methods. When Borneo Tin was brought out, knowing what the pool's resources were and what they had planned to do, and also knowing what the public was capable of, I bought ten thousand shares during the first hour of the first day. Its market début was successful at least to that extent. As a matter of fact the promoters found the demand so active that they decided it would be a mistake to lose so much stock so soon. They found out that I had acquired my ten thousand shares about at the same time that they found out that they would probably be able to sell every share they owned if they merely marked up the price twenty-five or thirty points. They therefore concluded that the profit on my ten thousand shares would take too big a chunk out of the millions they felt were already as good as banked. So they actually ceased their bull operations and tried to shake me out. But I simply sat tight. They gave me up as a bad job because they didn't want the market to get away from them, and then they began to put up the price, without losing any more stock than they could help.

"They saw the crazy height that other stocks rose to and they began to think in billions. Well, when Borneo Tin got up to 120 I let them have my ten thousand shares. It checked the rise and the pool managers let up on their jacking-up process. On the next general rally they again tried to make an active market for it and disposed of quite a little, but the merchandising proved to be rather expensive. Finally they marked it up to 150. But the bloom was off the bull market for keeps so the pool was compelled to market what stock it could on the way down to those people who love to buy after a good reaction, on the fallacy that a stock that has once sold at 150 must be cheap at 130 and a great bargain at 120. Also, they passed the tip first to the floor traders, who often are able to make a temporary market, and later to the commission houses. Every little helped and the pool was using every device known. The trouble was that the time for bulling stocks had passed. The suckers had swallowed other hooks. The Borneo bunch didn't or wouldn't see it."

The Dinner-Table Tip

"I was down in Palm Beach with my wife. One day I made a little money at Gridley's and when I got home I gave Mrs. Livingston a five-hundred-dollar bill out of it. It was a curious coincidence, but that same night she met at a dinner the president of the Borneo Tin Company, a Mr. Wisenstein, who had become the manager of the stock pool. We didn't learn until some time afterward that this Wisenstein deliberately maneuvered so that he sat next to Mrs. Livingston at dinner.

"He laid himself out to be particularly nice to her and talked most entertainingly. In the end he told her, very confidentially, 'Mrs. Livingston, I'm going to do something I've never done before. I am very glad to do it because you know exactly what it means.' He stopped and looked at Mrs. Livingston anxiously, to make sure she was not only wise but discreet. She could read it on his face, plain as print. But all she said was 'Yes.'

"'Yes, Mrs. Livingston. It has been a very great pleasure to meet you and your husband, and I want to prove that I am sincere in saying this because I hope to see a great deal of both of you. I am sure I don't have to tell you that what I am going to say is strictly confidential!' Then he whispered, 'If you will buy some Borneo Tin you will make a great deal of money.'

"'Do you think so?' she asked.

"'Just before I left the hotel,' he said, 'I received some cables with news that won't be known to the public for several

(Continued on Page 80)

Exchange your War Savings Stamps for Treasury Savings Certificates

Save your money and let it grow

On January 1st your 1918 War Savings Stamps will become due.

The United States Treasury offers you an opportunity to renew your investment with both profit and safety.

Take your War Savings Stamps to your postoffice or bank today. Exchange them for Treasury Savings Certificates.

If you have $25 in War Savings Stamps you can now obtain a $25 Treasury Savings Certificate and $4.50 in cash.

If you have $100 in War Savings Stamps you can now obtain a $100 Treasury Savings Certificate and $18 in cash.

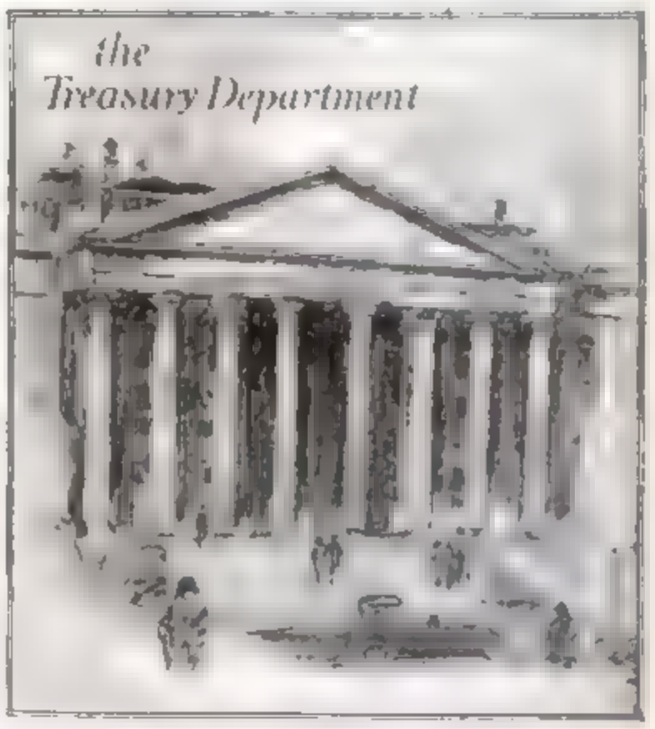
If you have $1000 in War Savings Stamps you can now obtain a $1000 Treasury Savings Certificate and two $100 Treasury Savings Certificates and $16 in cash.

These examples show what you can get with your War Savings Stamps. You can make similar exchanges in other amounts.

Consult your Postmaster

— or your Banker

— or write to



Some advantages in owning Treasury Savings Certificates

1 Backed by the credit of the United States Government, Treasury Savings Certificates are one of the soundest investments in the world today.

2 Issued in denominations within the reach of all. A $25 Certificate costs you only $20.50, a $100 Certificate $82, a $1000 Certificate $820.

3 Each member of the family may buy up to $5000 maturity value of any one series.

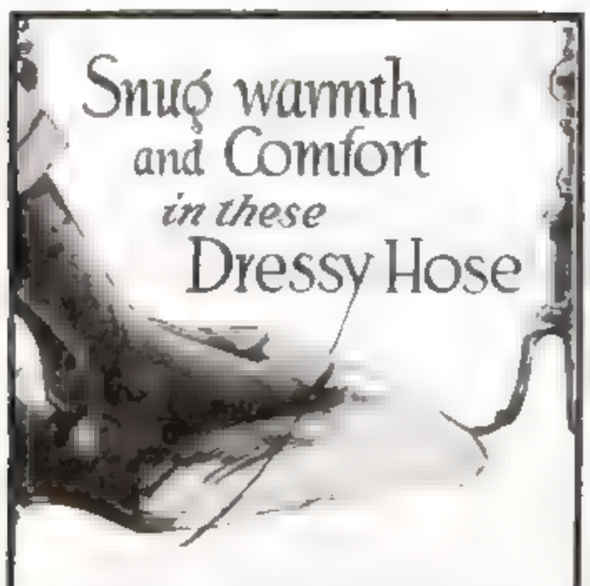
4 At present prices Treasury Savings Certificates earn 4 per cent per year, compounded semi-annually, if held to maturity. Each certificate matures five years from date of issue.

5 If cashed before maturity you receive 3 per cent simple interest

6 The certificates are exempt from normal Federal Income Tax, and from all State and local taxation (except estate and inheritance taxes).

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT SAVINGS SYSTEM

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.



Snug warmth and Comfort *in these* Dressy Hose

IRON CLAD No. 212 are an ideal sock for men's fall and winter wear. Made of fine, soft, pure worsted and mercerized yarns, these popular hose combine the warmth of wool with the thinness and light weight of lisle. Good-looking, too, in their attractive 2 tone color combinations: Olive and Brown, Blue and Grey, and two shades of Grey. Very durable, as are all hose having the Iron Clad mark. And the price—60c a pair (East of the Rockies)—will make the purchase of several pairs a real economy.

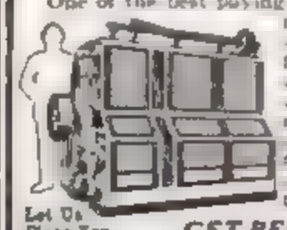
212 *Olive and Brown*
212 B *Blue and Grey*
212 G *Two shades of Grey*

Ask your dealer for No. 212. If you do not find them, write direct, stating size (9½ to 12), quantity (6 pair to a box) and colors desired. Your order will be promptly filled—postpaid.

Cooper, Wells & Co.
212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.

"Iron Clad"

You Can Make Money Milling Flour



GET BEHIND A
"Midget" Marvel
One Man
Self-Contained Roller Flour Mill

Anglo-American Mill Company, Inc.
2301-2307 Trust Building Owensboro, Ky

Jenkins Vernier Rheostat

$1.75 *Hear a set that uses one*

UNITY MFG. CO., 226 N. Halsted St., Chicago
Mfrs of Special Devices and Parts

(Continued from Page 78)

days at least. I am going to gather in as much of the stock as I can. If you get some at the opening tomorrow you will be buying it at the same time and at the same price as I. I give you my word that Borneo Tin will surely advance. You are the only person that I have told this to. Absolutely the only one!'

"She thanked him and then she told him that she didn't know anything about speculating in stocks. But he assured her it wasn't necessary for her to know any more than he had told her. To make sure she heard it correctly he repeated his advice to her:

"'All you have to do is to buy as much Borneo Tin as you wish. I can give you my word that if you do you will not lose a cent. I've never before told a woman—or a man, for that matter—to buy anything in my life. But I am so sure the stock won't stop this side of 200 that I'd like you to make some money. I can't buy all the stock myself, you know, and if somebody besides myself is going to benefit by the rise I'd rather it was you than some stranger. Much rather! I've told you in confidence because I know you won't talk about it. Take my word for it, Mrs. Livingston, and buy Borneo Tin!'

"He was very earnest about it and succeeded in so impressing her that she began to think she had found an excellent use for the five hundred dollars I had given her that afternoon. That money hadn't cost me anything and was outside of her allowance. In other words, it was easy money to lose if the luck went against her. But he had said she would surely win. It would be nice to make money on her own hook - and tell me all about it afterwards."

Wisenstein's Slip

"Well, sir, the very next morning before the market opened she went into Hardings' office and said to the manager:

"'Mr. Haley, I want to buy some stock, but I don't want it to go in my regular account because I don't wish my husband to know anything about it until I've made some money. Can you fix it for me?'

"Haley, the manager, said, 'Oh, yes. We can make it a special account. What's the stock and how much of it do you want to buy?'

"She gave him the five hundred dollars and told him, 'Listen, please. I do not wish to lose more than this money. If that goes I don't want to owe you anything; and remember, I don't want Mr. Livingston to know anything about this. Buy me as much Borneo Tin as you can for the money, at the opening.'

"Haley took the money and told her he'd never say a word to a soul, and bought her a hundred shares at the opening. I think she got it at 108. The stock was very active that day and closed at an advance of three points. Mrs. Livingston was so delighted with her exploit that it was all she could do to keep from telling me all about it.

"It so happened that I had been getting more and more bearish on the general market. The unusual activity in Borneo Tin drew my attention to it. I didn't think the time was right for any stock to advance, much less one like that. I had decided to begin my bear operations that very day, and I started by selling about ten thousand shares of Borneo. If I had not I rather think the stock would have gone up five or six points instead of three.

"On the very next day I sold two thousand shares at the opening and two thousand shares just before the close, and the stock broke to 102.

"Haley, the manager of Harding Brothers' Palm Beach Branch, was waiting for Mrs. Livingston to call there on the third morning. She usually strolled in about eleven to see how things were, if I was doing anything.

"Haley took her aside and said, 'Mrs. Livingston, if you want me to carry that hundred shares of Borneo Tin for you you will have to give me more margin.'

"'But I haven't any more,' she told him.

"'I can transfer it to your regular account,' he said.

"'No,' she objected, 'because that way L. L. would learn about it.'

"'But the account already shows a loss of ——' he began.

"'But I told you distinctly I didn't want to lose more than the five hundred dollars. I didn't even want to lose that,' she said.

"'I know, Mrs Livingston, but I didn't want to sell it without consulting you, and now unless you authorize me to hold it I'll have to let it go.'

"'But it did so nicely the day I bought it,' she said, 'that I didn't believe it would act this way so soon. Did you?'

"'No,' answered Haley, 'I didn't.' They have to be diplomatic in brokers' offices.

"'What's gone wrong with it, Mr. Haley?'

"Haley knew, but he could not tell her without giving me away, and a customer's business is sacred. So he said, 'I don't hear anything special about it, one way or another. There she goes! That's low for the move!' and he pointed to the quotation board.

"Mrs. Livingston gazed at the sinking stock and cried: 'Oh, Mr. Haley! I didn't want to lose my five hundred dollars! What shall I do?'

"'I don't know, Mrs. Livingston, but if I were you I'd ask Mr. Livingston.'

"'Oh, no! He doesn't want me to speculate on my own hook. He's told me so. He'll buy or sell stock for me, if I ask him, but I've never before done trading that he did not know all about. I wouldn't dare tell him.'

"'That's all right,' said Haley soothingly. 'He is a wonderful trader and he'll know just what to do.' Seeing her shake her head violently he added devilishly: 'Or else you put up a thousand or two to take care of your Borneo.'

"The alternative decided her then and there. She hung about the office, but as the market got weaker and weaker she came over to where I sat by the ticker and told me she wanted to speak to me. We went into the private office and she told me the whole story. So I just said to her: 'You foolish little girl, you keep your hands off this deal.'

"She promised that she would, and so I gave her back her five hundred dollars and she went away happy. The stock was par by that time.

"I saw what had happened. Wisenstein was an astute person. He figured that Mrs. Livingston would tell me what he had told her and I'd study the stock. He knew that activity always attracted me and I was known to swing a pretty fair line. I suppose he thought I'd buy ten or twenty thousand shares.

"It was one of the most cleverly planned and artistically propelled tips I've ever heard of. But it went wrong. It had to. In the first place, the lady had that very day received an unearned five hundred dollars and was therefore in a much more venturesome mood than usual. She wished to make some money all by herself, and womanlike dramatized the temptation so attractively that it was irresistible. She knew how I felt about stock speculation as practiced by outsiders, and she didn't dare mention the matter to me. Wisenstein didn't size up her psychology right."

Periodical Hope Sprees

"He also was utterly wrong in his guess about the kind of trader I was. I never take tips and I was bearish on the entire market. The tactics that he thought would prove effective in inducing me to buy Borneo—that is, the activity and the three-point rise—were precisely what made me pick Borneo as a starter when I decided to sell the entire market.

"After I heard Mrs. Livingston's story I was keener than ever to sell Borneo. Every morning at the opening and every afternoon just before closing I let him have some stock regularly, until I saw a chance to take in my shorts at a handsome profit.

"It has always seemed to me the height of damfoolishness to trade on tips. I suppose I am not built the way a tip taker is. I sometimes think that tip takers are like drunkards. There are some who can't resist the craving and always look forward to those jags which they consider indispensable to their happiness. It is so easy to open your ears and let the tip in. To be told precisely what to do to be happy in such a manner that you can easily obey is the next nicest thing to being happy—which is a mighty long first step toward the fulfillment of your heart's desire. It is not so much greed made blind by eagerness as it is hope bandaged by the unwillingness to do any thinking.

"And it is not only among the sucker public that you find inveterate tip takers. The professional trader on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange is quite as bad. I am definitely aware that no end of them cherish mistaken notions of me because I never give anybody tips. If I told the average man 'Sell yourself five thousand Steel!' he would do it on the spot. But if I tell him I am quite bearish on the entire market and give him my reasons in detail, he finds trouble in listening and after I'm done talking he will glare at me for wasting his time expressing my views on general conditions instead of giving him a direct and specific tip, like a real philanthropist of the type that is so abundant in Wall Street—the sort who loves to put millions into the pockets of friends, acquaintances and utter strangers alike.

"The belief in miracles that all men cherish is born of immoderate indulgence in hope. There are people who go on hope sprees periodically and we all know the chronic hope drunkard that is held up before us as an exemplary optimist. Tip takers are all they really are.

"I have an acquaintance, a member of the New York Stock Exchange, who was one of those who thought I was a selfish, cold-blooded pig because I never gave tips or put friends into things. One day—this was some years ago—he was talking to a newspaper man who casually mentioned that he had had it from a good source that G. O. H. was going up. My broker friend promptly bought a thousand shares and saw the price decline so quickly that he was out thirty-five hundred dollars before he could stop his loss. He met the newspaper man a day or two later, while he still was sore.

"'That was a hell of a tip you gave me,' he complained.

"'What tip was that?' asked the reporter, who did not remember.

"'About G. O. H. You said you had it from a good source.'

"'So I did. A director of the company who is a member of the finance committee told me.'

"'Which of them was it?' asked the broker vindictively.

"'If you must know,' answered the newspaper man, 'it was your own father-in-law, Mr. Westlake.'"

Grateful John Gates

"'Why in Hades didn't you tell me you meant him!' yelled the broker. 'You cost me thirty-five hundred dollars!' He didn't believe in family tips. The farther away the source the purer the tip.

"Old Westlake was a rich and successful banker and promoter. He ran across John W. Gates one day. Gates asked him what he knew. 'If you will act on it I'll give you a tip. If you won't I'll save my breath,' answered old Westlake grumpily.

"'Of course I'll act on it,' promised Gates cheerfully.

"'Sell Reading! There is a sure twenty-five points in it, and possibly more. But twenty-five absolutely certain,' said Westlake impressively.

"'I'm much obliged to you,' and Bet-you-a-million Gates shook hands warmly and went away in the direction of his broker's office.

"Westlake had specialized on Reading. He knew all about the company and stood in with the insiders so that the market for the stock was an open book to him and everybody knew it. Now he was advising the Western plunger to go short of it.

"Well, Reading never stopped going up. It rose something like one hundred points in a few weeks. One day old Westlake ran smack up against John W. in the Street but he made out he hadn't seen him and was walking on. John W. Gates, caught up with him, his face all smiles and held out his hand. Old Westlake shook it dazedly.

"'I want to thank you for that tip you gave me on Reading,' said Gates.

"'I didn't give you any tip,' said Westlake, frowning.

"'Sure you did. And it was a Jim Hickey of a tip too. I made sixty thousand dollars.'

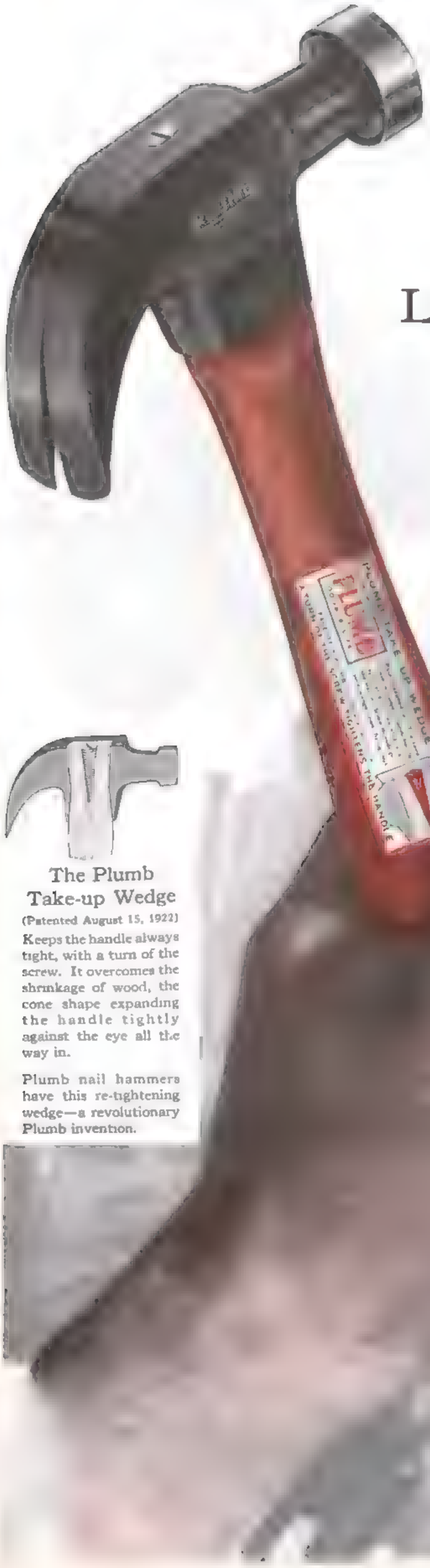
"'Made sixty thousand dollars?'

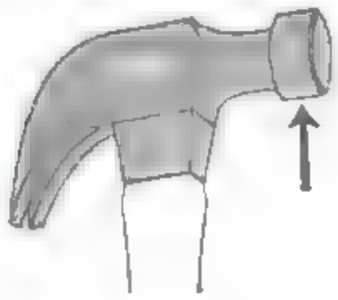
"'Sure! Don't you remember? You told me to sell Reading; so I bought it! I've always made money coppering your tips, Westlake,' said John W. Gates pleasantly. 'Always!'

"Old Westlake looked at the bluff Westerner and presently remarked admiringly, 'Gates, what a rich man I'd be if I had your brains!'

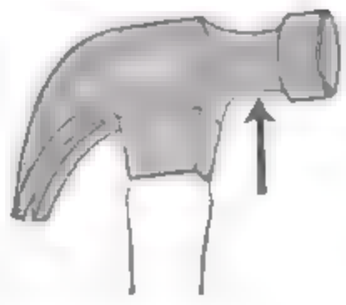
"The other day I met Mr. W. A. Rogers, the famous cartoonist, whose Wall Street drawings brokers so greatly admire. His daily cartoons in the New York Herald for years gave pleasure to thousands. Well, he

(Continued on Page 83)

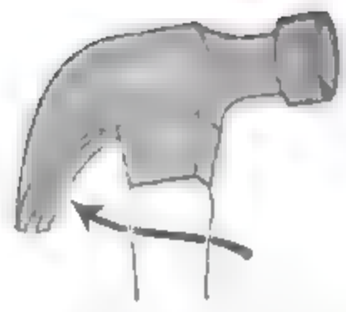




Larger face makes it easier to strike the nail.



Shorter neck gives better balance. Weight in a chunk right back of face gives driving force.



Sharp bend of claws gives greater leverage. Short split of claws pulls nail easier.

Let these fifteen carpenters tell you what hammer to buy

Carpenters wrote this advertisement. Each man's statement is identified by number.

1—George S. Phinney, Bangor, Me
2—George Shelton, Caney, Kansas
3—J. F Partlow, Louisville, Ky
4—A H LeFaivere, Arkansas City
5—F W Jones, Concord, N H.
6—G. M Hightower, Hannibal, Mo.
7—Louis Atwater, Bridgeport, Conn
8—O F Paine, Cedar Falls, Iowa
9—Daniel B Parish, Cumberland, Md.
10—M. C. Thomas, Birmingham, Ala
11—H. W. Sanborn, Augusta, Me.
12—O R Todd, Ashtabula, Ohio
13—Phil F Henkel, Washington, D C
14—Wiley H. Sims, Anniston, Ala.
15—Norman O Damren, Augusta, Me

"I HAVE used a hammer forty years and the Plumb suits me the best of any.[1] It has the right weight, heft, swing and feel.[2] The larger face puts the weight where it is needed—a real improvement.[3] The shorter neck gives better control of the face and makes a better balanced tool.[4]

"The sharp bend of the claws gives greater leverage and pulls the nails out easy.[5] The shortness of the claws prevents the tips from breaking off; it adds strength to the hammer.[6] The short split of the claws pulls a light nail out further before the face hits the wood.[7] The short claws let me get into close places and pull any nail—head or no head.[8]

"The handle is shaped so it rests easily in the hand and balances better.[9] As an all-around tool I have never seen it excelled.[10] It is the best feeling hammer I ever had in my hand[11] —an A-No. 1 hammer all the way through.[12] I have shown my Plumb to more than fifty other carpenters and can't find one who doesn't like it.[13] It is the easiest-working hammer I ever used.[14] The Plumb hammer is designed to give the finest possible service. The Plumb Take-up Wedge saves me the trouble of rewedging the handle."[15]

The Plumb Take-up Wedge

(Patented August 15, 1922)

Keeps the handle always tight, with a turn of the screw. It overcomes the shrinkage of wood, the cone shape expanding the handle tightly against the eye all the way in.

Plumb nail hammers have this re-tightening wedge—a revolutionary Plumb invention.

Your hardware dealer will give you the same advice as the carpenter: Let your next hammer be a PLUMB. Look for the red handle, the black head and the name Plumb. The color combination that distinguishes Plumb tools is protected against imitation by registration as a trade mark in the United States.

Plumb hammers, hatchets, axes, files and sledges last longer and do better work. "They're worth more," of course!

Plumb hammer $1.50 (except in Far West and in Canada).

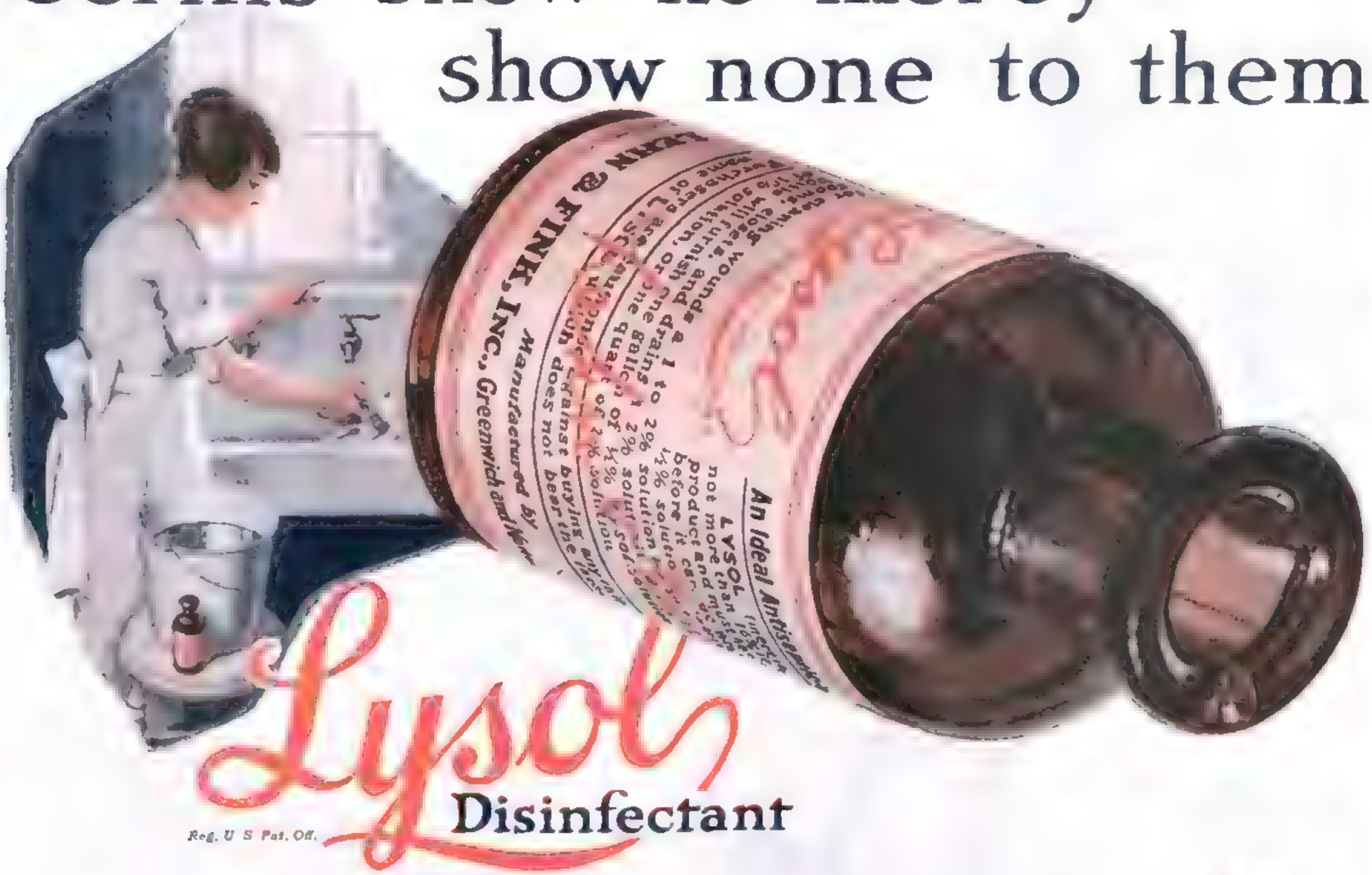
FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Factories, Philadelphia and St. Louis — Established 1856

Foreign Branches and Representatives

Sydney Wellington Melbourne Brisbane Manila Johannesburg
Sao Paulo Montevideo Santiago Buenos Aires

Germs show no mercy— show none to them



Kills Germs

DISEASE germs are dangerous enemies. They attack unseen, unfelt, without warning. The first notice of their presence comes when someone in the family falls sick.

Can you afford to show mercy to an enemy that fights in such a deadly way? Start at once to guard against this real menace. Proper disinfection is the weapon to use.

Sprinkle a few drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant, mixed with water, into sinks, drains, toilet bowls, garbage cans, dark, out-of-the-way corners, dust-covered surfaces, and all such spots where germ life breeds. Do this at least twice a week. "Lysol" Disinfectant kills germs.

When cleaning, pour a little "Lysol" Disinfectant into your scrubbing water. Being a soapy substance, "Lysol" Disinfectant helps to clean as it disinfects.

Use it in solution according to directions on the package. A 50c bottle makes 5 gallons of germ-killing solution. A 25c bottle makes 2 gallons.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is also invaluable for personal hygiene.

Send for free samples of other Lysol products

You can purchase a 25c bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant for trial purposes at any drug store. We shall be glad to mail you free samples of the other Lysol products.

Shall we send a sample of "Lysol" Shaving Cream for the men folks? Protects the health of the skin. Renders small cuts aseptically clean. We will also include a sample of "Lysol" Toilet Soap. Refreshingly soothing, healing, and helpful for improving the skin.

Send name and address on a postcard.

Manufactured only by LYSOL, Inc.

LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors

635 Greenwich Street, New York

Makers of Pebeco Tooth Paste

Canadian Agents Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, 10 McCaul St., Toronto

(Continued from Page 80)

told me a story. It was just before we went to war with Spain. He was spending an evening with a broker friend. When he left he picked up his derby hat from the rack, at least he thought it was his hat, for it was the same shape and fitted him perfectly.

"The Street at that time was thinking and talking of nothing but war with Spain. Was there to be one or not? If it was to be war, the market would go down; not so much on our own selling as on pressure from European holders of our securities. If peace, it would be a cinch to buy stocks, as there had been considerable declines prompted by the sensational clamorings of the yellow papers. Mr. Rogers told me the rest of the story as follows:

"'My friend, the broker, at whose house I had been the night before, stood in the Exchange the next day anxiously debating in his mind which side of the market to play. He went over the pros and cons, but it was impossible to distinguish which were rumors and which were facts. There was no authentic news to guide him. At one moment he thought war was inevitable, and on the next he almost convinced himself that it was utterly unlikely. His perplexity must have caused a rise in his temperature, for he took off his derby to wipe his fevered brow. He couldn't tell whether he should buy or sell.

"'He happened to look inside of his hat. There in gold letters was the word WAR. That was all the hunch he needed. Was it not a tip from Providence via my hat? So he sold a raft of stock, war was duly declared, he covered on the break and made a killing.' And then W. A. Rogers finished, 'I never got back that hat!'

"But the prize tip story of my collection concerns one of the most popular members of the New York Stock Exchange. You know him—J. T. Hood. One day another floor trader, Bert Walker, told him that he had done a good turn to a prominent director of the Atlantic and Southern. In return the grateful insider told him to buy all the A. & S. he could carry. The directors were going to do something that would put the stock up at least twenty-five points. All the directors were not in the deal, but the majority would be sure to vote as wanted.

"Bert Walker concluded that the dividend rate was going to be raised. He told his friend, Hood, and they each bought a couple of thousand shares of A. & S. The stock was very weak, before and after they bought, but Hood said that was obviously intended to facilitate accumulation by the inside clique, headed by Bert's grateful friend.

"On the following Thursday, after the market closed, the directors of the Atlantic and Southern met and passed the dividend. The stock broke six points in the first six minutes of trading on the next day."

Whipsawed Again

"Bert Walker was sore as a pup. He called on the grateful director, who was broken-hearted about it and very penitent. He said that he had forgotten that he had told Walker to buy. That was the reason he had neglected to call him up to tell him of a change in the plans of the dominant faction in the board. The remorseful director was so anxious to make up that he gave Bert another tip. He kindly explained that a couple of his colleagues wanted to get cheap stock and against his judgment resorted to coarse work. He had to yield to win their votes. But now that they all had accumulated their full lines there was nothing to stop the advance. It was a double-riveted, lead-pipe cinch to buy A. & S. now.

"Bert not only forgave him but shook hands warmly with the high financier. Naturally he hastened to find his friend and fellow victim, Hood, to impart the glad tidings to him. They were going to make a killing.

"The stock had been tipped for a rise before and they bought. But now it was fifteen points lower. That made it a cinch. So they bought five thousand shares joint account.

"As if they had rung a bell to start it, the stock broke badly on what quite obviously was inside selling. Two specialists cheerfully confirmed the suspicion. Hood sold out their five thousand shares. When he got through Bert Walker said to him, 'If that blankety-blank blanker hadn't gone to Florida day before yesterday I'd lick the stuffing out of him. Yes, I would. But you come with me.'

"'Where to?' asked Hood.

"'To the telegraph office. I want to send that skunk a telegram that he'll never forget. Come on.'

"Hood went on. Bert led the way to the telegraph office. There, carried away by his feelings—they had taken quite a loss on the five thousand shares—he composed a masterpiece of vituperation. He read it to Hood and finished, 'That will come pretty near to showing him what I think of him.'

"He was about to slide it toward the waiting clerk when Hood said, 'Hold on, Bert!'

"'What's the matter?'

"'I wouldn't send it,' advised Hood.

"'Why not?' snapped Bert.

"'It will make him sore as the dickens.'

"'That's what we want, isn't it?' said Bert, looking at Hood in surprise.

"But Hood shook his head disapprovingly and said in all seriousness, 'We'll never get another tip from him if you send that telegram!'

"A professional trader actually said that. Now what's the use of talking about sucker tip takers? Men do not take tips because they are bally asses but because they like those hope cocktails I spoke of. Old Baron Rothschild's recipe for wealth winning applies with greater force than ever to speculation. Somebody asked him if making money in the Bourse was not a very difficult matter, and he replied that on the contrary he thought it was very easy."

Sizing Up Atchison

"'That is because you are so rich,' objected the interviewer.

"'Not at all. I have found an easy way and I stick to it. I simply cannot help making money. I will tell you my secret if you wish. It is this: I never buy at the bottom and I always sell too soon.'

"Investors are a different breed of cats. Most of them go in strong for inventories and statistics of earnings and all sorts of mathematical data, as though that meant facts and certainties. The human factor is minimized as a rule. Very few people like to buy into a one-man business. But the wisest investor I ever knew was a man who began by being a Pennsylvania Dutchman and followed it up by coming to Wall Street and seeing a great deal of Russell Sage.

"He was a great investigator, an indefatigable Missourian. He believed in asking his own questions and in doing his seeing with his own eyes. He had no use for another man's spectacles. This was years ago. It seems he held quite a little Atchison. Presently he began to hear disquieting reports about the company and its management. He was told that Mr. Reinhart, the president, instead of being the marvel he was credited with being, in reality was a most extravagant manager whose recklessness was fast pushing the company into a mess. There would be the deuce to pay on the inevitable day of reckoning.

"This was precisely the kind of news that was as the breath of life to the Pennsylvania Dutchman. He hurried over to Boston to interview Mr. Reinhart and ask him a few questions. The questions consisted of repeating the accusations he had heard and then asking the president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad if they were true.

"Mr. Reinhart not only denied the allegations emphatically but said even more: He proceeded to prove by figures that the allegators were malicious liars. The Pennsylvania Dutchman had asked for exact information and the president gave it to him, showing him what the company was doing and how it stood financially, to a cent.

"The Pennsylvania Dutchman thanked President Reinhart, returned to New York and promptly sold all his Atchison holdings. A week or so later he used his idle funds to buy a big lot of Delaware, Lackawanna and Western.

"Years afterward we were talking of lucky swaps and he cited his own case. He explained what prompted him to make it.

"'You see,' he said, 'I noticed that President Reinhart, when he wrote down figures, took sheets of letter paper from a pigeonhole in his mahogany roll-top desk. It was fine heavy linen paper with beautifully engraved letterheads in two colors. It was not only very expensive but worse—it was unnecessarily expensive. He would write a few figures on a sheet to show me exactly what the company was earning on certain divisions or to prove how they were cutting down expenses or reducing operating costs, and then he would crumple up the sheet of the expensive paper and throw it into the wastebasket. Pretty soon he would want to impress me with the economies they were introducing and he would reach for a fresh sheet of the beautiful notepaper with the engraved letterheads in two colors. A few figures—and bingo, into the wastebasket! More money wasted without a thought. It struck me that if the president was that kind of a man he would scarcely be likely to insist upon having or rewarding economical assistants. I therefore decided to believe the people who had told me the management was extravagant instead of accepting the president's version and I sold what Atchison stock I held.

"'It so happened that I had occasion to go to the offices of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western a few days later. Old Sam Sloan was the president. His office was the nearest to the entrance and his door was wide open. It was always open. Nobody could walk into the general offices of the D. L. & W. in those days and not see the president of the company seated at his desk. Any man could walk in and do business with him right off, if he had any business to do. The financial reporters used to tell me that they never had to beat about the bush with old Sam Sloan, but would ask their questions and get a straight yes or no from him, no matter what the stock-market exigencies of the other directors might be.'"

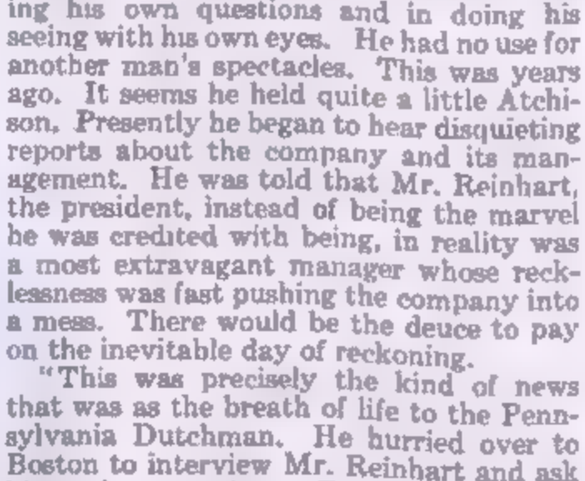
Sam Sloan's Thrift

"'When I walked in I saw the old man was busy. I thought at first that he was opening his mail, but after I got inside close to the desk I saw what he was doing. I learned afterwards that it was his daily custom to do it. After the mail was sorted and opened instead of throwing away the empty envelopes he had them gathered up and taken to his office. In his leisure moments he would rip the envelope all around. That gave him two bits of paper, each with one clean blank side. He would pile these up and then he would have them distributed about, to be used in lieu of scratch pads for such figuring as Reinhart had done for me on engraved notepaper. No waste of empty envelopes and no waste of the president's idle moments. Everything utilized.

"'It struck me that if that was the kind of man the D. L. & W. had for president, the company was managed economically in all departments. The president would see to that! Of course I knew the company was paying regular dividends and had a good property. I bought all the D. L. & W. stock I could. Since that time the capital stock has been doubled and quadrupled. My annual dividends amount to as much as my original investment. I still have my D. L. & W. And Atchison went into the hands of a receiver a few months after I saw the president throwing sheet after sheet of linen paper with engraved letterheads in two colors into the wastebasket to prove to me with figures that he was not extravagant.'

"And the beauty of that story," finished Larry Livingston, "is that it is true and that no stock that the Pennsylvania Dutchman could have bought would have proved to be so good an investment as D. L. & W."

Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue

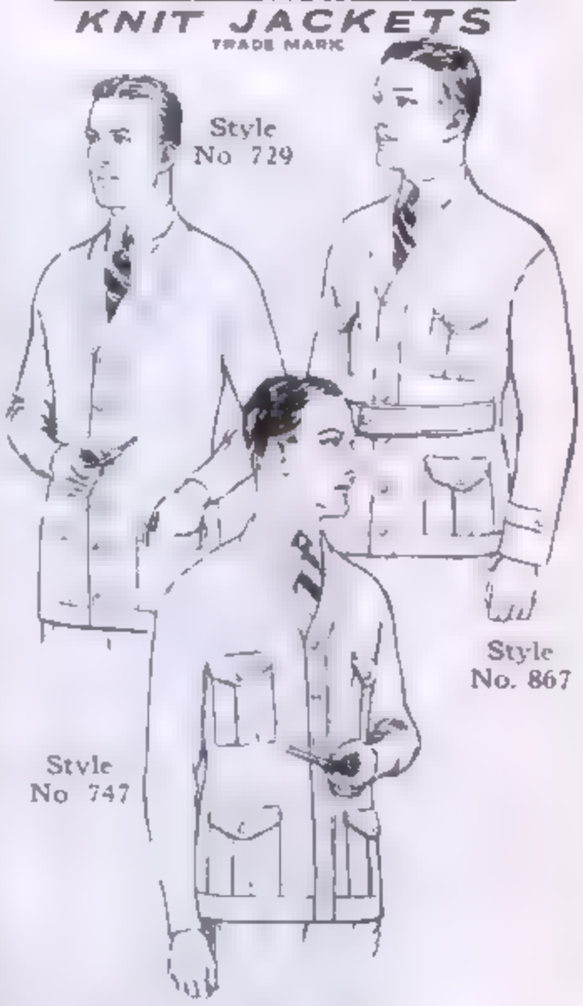


Bash-Bish Falls, Taconic Range, New York

"travelo"

KNIT JACKETS

TRADE MARK



He Wants One! Give Him What He Wants!

A timely hint to conscientious Santa Clauses: Every man wants a "travelo" elastic-knit jacket. It is the handy, all-year, all-wear garment every man needs. For all seasons, climates, vocations and sports. Warm without being bulky; fits comfortably even under a coat. Ideal for the outdoor man at work or play; a wonderful house coat. Great for motoring and traveling. Over 6000 dealers feature "travelo" in a variety of beautiful Scotch Heathers and solid colors.

Look for the "travelo" label: it is in every genuine "travelo" knit jacket: it is your warranty of the fit, finish, lasting shape and wear which only our exclusive "travelo" elastic-knit process insures. Write mentioning color preference, style and size if you don't find "travelo."

PECKHAM-FOREMAN, Inc.
1909-1915 Park Avenue New York

FREE Booklet!

Tells How to Have Abundant HOT WATER at BIG SAVING in Fuel Bills During the Heating Season

EXCELSO SPECIALTY WORKS
224 Excelso Bldg Buffalo, N. Y.

EXCELSO WATER HEATERS
Sold by All Plumbers and Steamfitters

A new model Kodak—and just in time for Christmas

No. 1 Pocket Kodak Series II

with Kodak Anastigmat lens *f.7.7*

[Focusing Model]

Price $20

Pictures 2¼ x 3¼

WHILE the famous, sharp-cutting Kodak Anastigmat lens *f.7.7*, with shutter speed controls of 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second as well as time and bulb action, immediately gives this camera photographic prestige, the No. 1 Pocket Kodak, Series II, has other distinctive features.

The self-erecting front makes it a quick-action Kodak—the lens automatically snaps in position as the bed is dropped.

Made with No. 1 Pocket Kodak, Series II
Actual Size

The focusing device puts the correct focus at your finger tips. Instead of the familiar scale on the camera bed, the focus is secured by a slight turn of the lens flange and exact focus is thus established from 5 feet to 100.

Autographic, of course, with the new design, counter-sunk slot; well made and handsomely finished.

Everybody likes pictures—and here's an ideal camera

AT YOUR DEALER'S

To focus merely turn the lens flange

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

FROM McKINLEY TO HARDING

(Continued from Page 23)

A Hilltop on the Marne, to me the most human and interesting story of the war. Miss Aldrich lived on a crest near Meaux. It gave her a view of fifteen miles of battle front, September 7, 8 and 9, 1914. In the bright light of a full harvest moon from her front door she described the battle scenes. In turn she fed German, French and English troops as they passed her home, formerly a peasant's cottage.

A few days later I returned to London. My friend John Lane, the publisher, arranged to have me lunch with Premier and Mrs. Asquith at 10 Downing Street. There were fourteen guests at the table. I sat next to Mrs. Asquith and greatly enjoyed her bright remarks. Some people criticize her frankness, but no one can deny her brilliancy. She told me of sitting next to Colonel House at dinner and asking him if he held any official position in America, and his answer was, "Some call me the eyes and ears of the President."

Mrs. Asquith severely criticized President Wilson for not getting into the war when Germany invaded Belgium. I tried to explain that Congress was the only body that could declare war; that the President could propose, but Congress did the disposing, and that this country was taken unawares by Germany's declaration of war.

H. H. Asquith, in 1915, 65 Years Old, Then Prime Minister

It was rather difficult for me to talk, as the bird on my plate had been dead a long time and my Illinois birth did not train me to the English standard of a "high" bird. It was hard to control my mind and stomach at the same time.

As the guests were leaving, Mr. Asquith and I took a window seat and discussed the war, and the possible participation of America. I asked him how long the war would last.

He said, pointing to a boy in the street, "Do you see that boy down there? He knows as much about it as I do." He then predicted the war would go on until Europe was exhausted—a prophecy that has come true.

I was asked if I would like to meet King George, and replied "I would rather meet the other George," so my friend Sydney Brooks arranged to have me lunch with Mr. Lloyd George, then Minister of Munitions, 11 Downing Street. The lunch hour was set for one o'clock. We were delayed downstairs for a few minutes. When we reached the dining room Mr. Lloyd George had finished his lunch and was lighting a big fat cigar. He apologized and said he had an appointment with Mr. Thomas, French Minister of Munitions, in half an hour, so he started his meal a quarter of an hour before we arrived. He told the waitress she need not remain, and closing the door he passed the food from the sideboard to Mr. Brooks and me through two or three courses. He asked many questions about American politics and politicians; the characteristics of the latter interested him greatly. I told him some of the anecdotes related in these recollections. He looked at his watch and said, "Good Lord, I am an hour late in my appointment with Thomas!" After asking me to send him all the books and anecdotes I could find of Lincoln, he left us to go to his meeting.

I returned to the United States in November, and went again to France January 4, 1916, sailing on the Rochambeau, bound for Bordeaux. As we neared the mouth of the Rhone a bulletin was posted at noon forbidding the showing of any lights. Portholes were ordered covered; no cigars or cigarettes must be lighted on deck. Many passengers stayed up all night; the smoking room was anti-Volstead. For two or three days we had been having boat drills, each passenger assigned to his or her particular seat in the lifeboat. At night our life preservers were spread out ready to be put on if attacked by a sub. All these preparations accentuated the danger while passing through the sub zone.

One passenger went to his stateroom about two in the morning and found his wife fully dressed sitting on a camp stool. He said "Why aren't you in your berth?"

She replied: "I took a bath, put on the finest lingerie I possess and my very best dress. If this ship goes down I don't propose to be picked up on the shores of France in an old nightgown." The eternal feminine running true to form!

Along about midnight I was leaning on the rail talking to a New York dealer in essential oils, on his way to Spain. He told me he was in Berlin at the Hotel Adlon in April, 1915; said he met a gentleman connected with a firm of American cotton brokers. The United States had put an embargo on cotton to Germany and the cotton man was returning to New York. Some friends in Bremen gave him a farewell dinner and asked if a submarine captain could be invited. He consented. Next morning he arrived in Berlin and told the oil dealer the following story: "During the dinner I asked the captain to tell of the life of a submarine. He described how she submerged and lay on the bottom of the English Channel during the night and came up in the early morning to look for her prey. I asked him if they came up some morning and only had one shell left, and saw three ships—an English war vessel, a merchantman laden with ammunition, and a passenger ship carrying women and children—remembering they had only one shell, which ship they would take; to which he replied that they would strike the passenger ship, as that was the only way to strike terror to the English. I then asked him to go a step further and assume that the passenger ship should be the Lusitania, which was known to carry a large number of men, women and children from neutral countries. He replied, 'We have orders for the last six weeks to get the Lusitania.'"

The Lusitania was sunk on May 7, 1915, two or three weeks after this dinner. I venture the assertion if the people of the United States had known of the German Government's order to get the Lusitania we would have entered the war in May, 1915, instead of April, 1917. The fiendish crime was thought to be the work of an irresponsible sub captain, a belief fostered by the German officials themselves.

From an entirely responsible source I received the following information of how the decision was reached to sink the Lusitania:

In February or March, 1915, four men met in Dressler's Restaurant in Unter den Linden, Berlin. They were Admiral von Tirpitz, Von Bethmann-Hollweg, Ballin of the Hamburg-American Line, and Von Riedemann, the Standard Oil of Germany.

PARIS
Season's Greetings
ARM PARIS BANDS
PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you
PARIS GARTERS
and
ARM BANDS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU
Men appreciate the utility of this attractive combination set. It consists of one pair each of PARIS Garters and PARIS Arm Bands and makes a most acceptable gift.
The Yuletide box is very beautiful and artistic.
You can also secure PARIS Garters or Arm Bands, separately—similarly boxed in ideal Christmas fashion.
Combination Sets—PARIS Garters and Arm Bands 50¢ and up
Single Grip Garters 35¢ and up
Double Grip Garters 35¢ and up
A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO
NEW YORK

To Men who are Gift Perplexed

—we suggest a *Whiting & Davis Mesh Bag*

THE real spirit of Christmas is caught in its fine spun gold or shimmering silver. And whether handmade, or one of the less costly styles, this gift is so thoroughly fitting, so entirely captivating to feminine fancy, that it contrasts boldly against drab, commonplace remembrances.

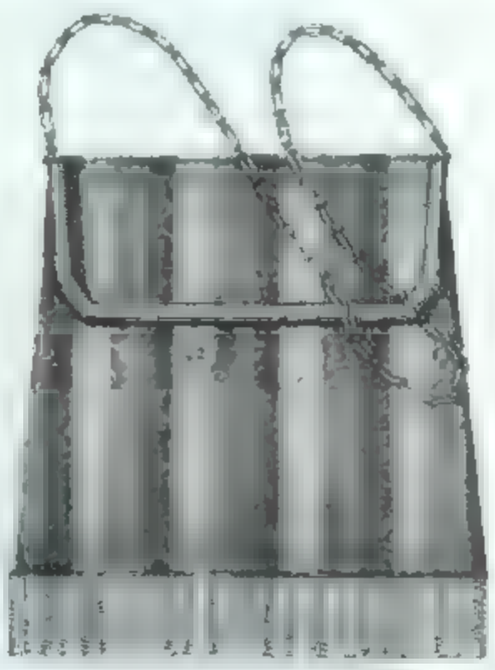
And there is keen delight for the wee girl in a miniature Whiting & Davis Mesh Bag, just like Mother's, which adds the final pleasure to playing grown-up Cunningly made in gold, silver and less precious metals. Priced to match the tiny wearer.

Whiting & Davis Mesh Bags are made in many styles, at many prices. Your jeweler will advise you.

The Whiting & Davis trade-mark and tag guarantee quality.
Look for them on every mesh bag.

WHITING & DAVIS COMPANY
PLAINVILLE, NORFOLK COUNTY, MASS.

The Princess Mary



In Sunset Mesh

"Gifts that Last"

MESH WHITING & DAVIS CO BAGS

Whiting & Davis MESH BAGS

In the Better Grades, Made of the Famous Whiting Soldered Mesh

Von Tirpitz insisted the only way to end the war was to sink not only the Lusitania but all ships, neutral as well as enemy; that America did not want to go to war and would insist on peace if American ships were attacked. Von Bethmann-Hollweg shrugged his shoulders and assumed a neutral attitude. Ballin and Riedemann bitterly opposed the suggestion. Finally it was decided to put it up to two high personages. Von Tirpitz saw them, and later showed the three others the signatures of these personages, approving the plan. Not long afterward Von Riedemann disappeared from Germany. I am not sure if he is dead or alive. Herr Ballin is supposed to have committed suicide. He once said to Herbert Hoover, "Germany has lost her soul." Mr. Hoover says he dined with Ballin and found him greatly depressed.

The Kaiser abdicated at Spa when General Gröner, Ludendorff's successor, backed by Hindenburg, told him the troops would no longer follow him. His flight with the Crown Prince into neutral Holland was done absolutely on his own accord, without the knowledge of his General Staff or any of his officers. His former officers detest him and charge him with cowardice in running away. The chance of his ever coming back into power is beyond any reasonable conception.

I decided when we reached Bordeaux to cable the Lusitania story to President Wilson, but feared the French officials would hold me to inquire how I got the information, so left for Paris and saw Ambassador Sharp, and on his advice I waited until reaching London before sending it, January 26, 1916.

The day I sent it, Lady Cunard, in the home of the Honorable Mrs. Lionel Guest, daughter of our former Minister to France, John Bigelow, asked me to bring the cable to a dinner she was giving to the Premier and Mrs. Asquith that night. I did so. Mr. Balfour, and, I think, Lord Desborough, and several other gentlemen and their wives were present. After the ladies had left the table Mr. Asquith said Lady Cunard had told him I had sent an important cable to President Wilson and asked if he could see it. As he read it Mr. Balfour looked over his shoulder and read it. The two men went into a corner of the room and conversed in low tones for a few minutes.

Finally Mr. Asquith said:

"That is a very important piece of information. What effect will it have on your Government?"

I replied, "If we had known it ten months earlier we would probably have declared war when the Lusitania was torpedoed."

On the night of January 27, 1916, President Wilson delivered a ringing preparedness speech before the Railway Business Association at the Waldorf Hotel, New York. Mr. Tumulty told me the President received my cable before leaving Washington that morning.

In the course of his speech, which he had given to the Associated Press early in the day, he said: "I cannot tell you what the international situation will be tomorrow, and I use the words literally, and I would not dare keep silent and let the country suppose that tomorrow was certain to be as bright as today."

According to the London evening papers of the twenty-eighth, he departed from his manuscript, looked up and said in effect, "Gentlemen, if you could see the cables I am receiving you would realize we were on the brink of war every day." The London papers printed Mr. Wilson's interpolation under two-column heads. It created a great sensation and was widely commented on. England and France were very anxious to see us get into the war at once, but I believe Mr. Wilson acted wisely in waiting for the sentiment of the country to back him up before going to Congress with a declaration of war.

XXXIX

ALL correspondence between Colonel Roosevelt and myself had ceased since an attack on me from an automobile in front of the Congress Hotel in June, 1912. Mr. Munsey, George W. Perkins and other mutual friends had tried to patch up our differences, but I insisted the colonel apologize publicly for his unjust attack, but nothing came of it.

June, 1917, the colonel came to Chicago. As I was leaving the Chicago Club after lunch I met my friend John T. McCutcheon and his wife on their way to the Congress Hotel to call on Roosevelt.

McCutcheon said, "Come with us. I am sure the colonel will be glad to see you."

I hesitated a moment and said: "All right; I will. The country is at war. No one knows what will happen. I am willing to meet the colonel halfway and forgive and forget the past."

As we entered the large parlor we saw Roosevelt in his bedroom with his back to the door talking to Seth Bullock, of South Dakota, and James R. Garfield. When he entered the room to shake hands with some forty people waiting to see him, he caught sight of Mr. and Mrs. McCutcheon and me. He rushed to us and, after shaking hands with Mrs. McCutcheon, he grabbed me by both hands and exclaimed, "By George, my wife and children will be glad I saw you!"

Still holding my hand with his left, he passed around the room shaking hands with his callers. Again he expressed his pleasure over our meeting. No reference was made to the five years of silence.

July second he wrote me the following letter:

OYSTER BAY
LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

July 2nd, 1917.

My dear Mr. Kohlsaat: Those are very interesting letters. I return them and I thank you for having let me see them. It was a great pleasure to have caught a glimpse of you the other day. Let me see you whenever you come to New York, and if possible come out to Oyster Bay for lunch or dinner.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

MR. H. H. KOHLSAAT,
1440 First Natl. Bank Building,
Chicago, Ills.

We met several times during the following year, and on March twelfth I received the following letter from him:

OYSTER BAY
LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

March 12, 1918.

Dear H. H.: Three cheers for you! Now, when you next come to New York you must let me know and come out here to lunch or dinner. You can bet I am going to act just along the lines you advise in your letter!

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

MR. H. H. KOHLSAAT,
1440 First National Bank Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

The last letter I received from the colonel was written October 17, 1918. The lines he wrote in with a pen show he was a very ill man, even at that time. He died January 6, 1919:

THE KANSAS CITY STAR

OFFICE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT — NEW YORK OFFICE 347 MADISON AVENUE

October 17, 1918.

Dear H. H.: I do wish good folks like Victor Lawson would take the trouble to read what I have said. I have expressly stated again and again that I was, and should be glad to see an international league, but it must be as an addition to and not as a substitute for our own prepared strength.

As a matter of mere truthfulness Lawson ought to use his great ability in pointing out that at this moment we have a league in connection with the allies and that when we have failed to back up our allies by going to war with Turkey, we are doing everything we can to establish a precedent which would render any league of the kind utterly worthless for the future. President Wilson has done the very things Lawson in this editorial says that he condemns. I have not done them; why does he *not* energetically attack Wilson?

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Editor's Note—This is the tenth of a series of articles by Mr. Kohlsaat. The next will appear in an early issue.

YOU CAN PUT RADIO INTO YOUR HOME *for Christmas* $65

Price $65
Includes Telephone Headset and one Radiotron W.D.-11

The AERIOLA SENIOR

Throughout the year the *Aeriola Senior* will bring to you by radio—

Instantaneous reports of baseball and football games, play by play boxing bouts, blow by blow—weather reports, crop information, time signals, fashion hints—bedtime stories for the children—music by famous orchestras—songs by famous artists, singing to you in person—health suggestions by medical experts—statesmen explaining national problems—election returns—front seats in the new theatre where life's great drama is played out, day by day, night by night

If you want to make a gift that puts the richest entertainment into your home throughout the year—tying the whole family together with mutual interest—place your order immediately with the nearest RCA dealer for

The AERIOLA SENIOR

The *Aeriola Senior* is one of the RCA line of *Radiolas*.

The quality and the price make it an ideal Christmas present for any home.

Radiolas are produced by the leader in broadcasting and in international radio communication—the Radio Corporation of America.

Don't accept a substitute. Insist upon an RCA Aeriola Senior, one of the outstanding successes of the Radiola line. It is operated by dry batteries and is easy and simple to manipulate—normal range 75 to 100 miles—under ideal conditions will receive broadcasting up to 1000 miles distant.

Don't delay another day. Shipping conditions are not normal. The rush demand of Christmas will result in a shortage. Any RCA dealer will furnish you the *Aeriola Senior* as a surprise Christmas package for the family.

"There's a **Radiola** *for every purse"*

$25 to $350 according to type, range and purpose for which the receiving set is intended.

RCA

This symbol of quality is your protection

Radio Corporation of America
WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

233 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Here's the Christmas Gift –in keeping with modern times

Just the kind of gift you want to give! Something that brings an "Oh!" of surprise and gladness from the girl or woman! Something that is modern enough to thrill a boy and make a man's eyes twinkle with keen appreciation!

No question about it: the modern Dunn-Pen is a most appropriate gift. It's the latest and biggest improvement in fountain pens since the invention of the self-filler. No more like the ordinary fountain pen than modern mail delivery is like the old-time mounted postman.

The Dunn-Pen holds nearly *three times more ink* than any rubber-sac pen of the same size. That's because it has no rubber-sac, valves or springs to take up ink-space. Its scientific construction replaces them with a simple, positive pump-action that cleans as it fills.

Make the modern Dunn-Pen your Christmas gift to friends you value. Next to a watch, there's nothing so personal, so constant in use. It will prove a daily reminder of you for a lifetime. Even if your friends do carry pens, they'll be eager to replace them with this really modern fountain pen.

Get a Dunn-Pen for yourself, too. There's a big, friendly "feel" about it—and it will give real service day in and day out for years as a trusted pocket companion.

DUNN-PEN COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

You can write over 80,000 words on one filling of the modern Dunn-Pen. Models with transparent barrel show the ink-supply at a glance. Only four major parts and every part covered by an Unlimited Guarantee.

UNLIMITED GUARANTEE
The marvelous
DUNN-PEN
The Fountain Pen with the Real Pump Handle
is hereby guaranteed to give permanent satisfaction.
The Dunn-Pen Company, Inc., agrees to replace, without charge, any part of the Dunn-Pen that shows defect of any kind, at any time.
DUNN-PEN COMPANY, INC
NEW YORK
A Regular Camel for Ink
Goes a month without a drink

"CAMEL TATLER"
life-size, with strong, sturdy transparent barrel. 27 styles. Black hard rubber barrels from $2.75 up. Transparent barrels from $5.00 up.

THE PRINCESS OF PARADISE ISLAND

Continued from Page 7.

He had every encouragement to romance under the extraordinary conditions, and he hoped that her name was Jeanne and that she lived on the island.

In the dining car on the way to Jacksonville he sat at dinner across the car from a beautiful lady whom he would have no more than admired and forgotten, had not her handkerchief fluttered to the floor. He restored it to her, inhaling deeply; he saw Miss Peters' alert eyes and Bert Phillips' scowling face and the long rows of bottles in the drug store, and he lived again that moment of exhilaration in which solid proof had come to him that his heritage was real.

He was at once deeply interested in the lady who used the perfume which he was almost sure came from his island, and he watched her with the detached pleasure of one whose product was a detail in the consummate artistry that results in supreme elegance. Paris had taught him secrets, and he knew that she was effectively made up, that the burnished hair was not ruddy from Nature's hue and that the faint flush on the cheeks was not the vital tinge of youth; but she was pleasant to look at and her full, resonant voice pleasant to hear.

"We only draw five feet, Tom," she said, "and so we can slip into all kinds of little hidden bays and nooks. If it's half as lovely as they say behind the reefs of Eleuthera I shall never want to go North again."

Tom, round-faced, clean-shaven, with eyes that craved and jaws that seized everything worth having, answered that she was skipper and they'd go where she said. Bonsal wished that they would put in at his island; he felt a thrill as he thought of extending hospitality to wanderers about the Bahama seas.

He gathered that this couple were birds of passage, flying early from Northern rigor, that their motor yacht Juniata was awaiting them in Jacksonville, that the lady was enthusiastic about their coming sunny winter cruise. They had evidently studied charts and read up the islands; Bonsal greedily drank in information and he was sorry when the couple rose.

A sharp jar brought him to his feet and the beautiful lady into his arms. He held on firmly, though he fell and was knocked senseless. When he came to he thought he was swimming in a sea of jasmine, but that was only the lady dabbling his face with a wet handkerchief. The car rested at an angle, having left the rails, and it seemed that he had saved Mrs. Shortbridge—for so she named herself—from injury, and that her husband and herself were grateful.

In due time they helped him to his sleeper and he traveled with them the next day. He showed them all his photographs of Paradise Island except two. Most of these were colored by hand—a pergola, embowered in the uncommon red bougainvillea; flaming poincianas, great trees like giant bouquets; an acre of roses; oleander trees whose blooms nod so individually among the swaying branches; a grove of coconut palms; an avenue of royal palms leading to the landward side of Transom's house; colored men picking cotton; colored girls all in white, picking oranges.

Mrs. Shortbridge was enchanted, and promptly resolved to visit the island. Bonsal looked forward with pleasure to playing host, but he said no more than that they might see him there. This cautious youth grew more optimistic with each added mile towards the South, but he was not the kind to play Lord of Paradise Island until Paradise acknowledged him.

At Jacksonville two youthful sea dogs in white uniforms seized the Shortbridge luggage, a smartly dressed captain touched his cap, a reporter approached Mr. Shortbridge, a local hustler offered photographs of desirable properties, and an automobile stood waiting; the beautiful lady and her urbane husband were rolled in luxury to their boat, while the owner of Paradise Island carried his suitcase to a modest hotel.

II

THE following day Bonsal learned with surprise that communication with these near-by Bahamas was uncertain and intermittent; that a small trading steamship might or might not leave within the next month for Nassau, the capital; that he might find a schooner leaving at an earlier date; and that at Nassau he would probably have to charter a power boat to land him on Lucky Cay.

He wandered about in the warm delicious sunshine, asking questions about Paradise Island. No one had heard of it, but most people knew of Lucky Cay, "somewhere over there"—with a jerk of the thumb towards the east or south. Along the water front he extracted nuggets of information. The island lay along the "western edge of the Tongue of Ocean"; it was "to the nor'ard of Andros"; sometimes you could see it "as you headed for Nassau, if the wind drove you west"; no one had heard of its perfumes, essential oils or Bahama hemp; a colored schooner captain knew of its coconuts, which reached his island at Long Cay sometimes in a little sloop; he believed he had heard Mr. Transom's name. "Chief," he said, "de spongers say dere's a princess on dat island. I heard talk about dat young lady." The captain had heard somewhere, somehow, "in de co'se of conversation, of dat princess"; but his schooner never went west; only spongers went round there by Morgan's Bluff. "De gentleman dat's captain of dat sponger over dere"—the master of the Mamie Boker jerked a thumb over the harbor—"he know 'bout dat island, I guess, chief."

Bonsal went out in a boat to the indescribably rusty schooner, whose tattered dirty mainsail was just being lowered as she came to anchor. The coal-black barefooted gentleman who was captain appeared perturbed as the boat approached, and he and the sable lady who was probably his wife, and four sooty little ladies and gentlemen attired only in single garments, popped a total of twelve white and startled eyeballs over the rail.

"In ballast, boss, after cement," the gentleman who commanded said in a husky, agitated voice as Bonsal climbed on deck. "And nothin' else."

"'Fo' Gawd, and dat's the troof," his lady corroborated.

"I don't care what you have on board," Bonsal said, having heard certain rumors. "I'm not a customs officer nor a prohibition officer. I only want to know what you know about Lucky Cay."

Instantly tension lessened and successive eyelids functioned normally.

"I pass dat island many a time—yass, boss."

"Ever been ashore there?"

"One time near, boss. De boy went fas' asleep at de wheel and the current sucked us like we was towed. De rocks ve'y bad, but de lan' dat night scented ve'y sweet. Some say it Pah'dise Island. I think dat night it pah'dise for me, sho' 'nuff."

"Who lives there?" Bonsal asked.

"Dey call her de Princess of Pah'dise Island. I seen her dat night on de sho' in de moonlight, dressed like Queen Esther when she go in to de king. We had a great transaction wid dat princess. She sen' a gas boat to pull us away or de ribs of dis old sponger would be stickin' up dere on the reef dis minnit."

Patient questions brought vague, shadowy information. It was clear that legends had been woven about this island dweller. The captain hinted that she was under some kind of spell or mysterious control, which held her captive. She was apparently an object of interest to the sponging fleet, going to and fro, and crews looked out for her. She had been seen fishing from a canoe or small sailing boat, or swimming alongside a rowboat, or, most exceptionally, in the far distance walking along the shore.

Bonsal gathered that sight of her was hailed as a good omen; crews going to the sponging grounds hoped for more sponges; returning crews, for better prices at the auction in Nassau. He pulled away, at length, with long lazy sweeps of the oars, in a reverie which might be expected to result from rumor that his island, already steeped in romance, held a mysterious and beautiful princess in captivity. A matter-of-fact, hitherto stolid young man, moodily and mechanically stamping figures amid inward and outward gloom, who suddenly finds himself transported to sunshine and blue dancing seas, and who discovers as he comes nearer and nearer to his enchanted isle that its glamour is continuously enhanced, may be excused for yielding himself to the lure of fairyland.

He was recalled to surroundings by a cheerful hail. He was almost under the stern of Juniata, which he had promised to visit and forgotten all about. He waved his hand to Mrs. Shortbridge's gay salutation and went on board, pleased by the trim order of the little vessel and by the cordial greeting given to him.

"I found we could manage a spare cabin," she said, "and I meant you should come with us to Paradise Island. But" she flung up her hands, laughing—"they docked her and took off the screen from the intake water pipe, and never put it back Of course I must have a little turn round last night. Of course the captain was busy on shore. But we know all about an engine, of course, and so when seaweed was sucked in and water circulation stopped, the colored boy never told us the engine was running red hot, and we just sat on deck and stared at the moon till our beautiful engine began to knock and backfire and glow red and sizzle."

Bonsal, surprised at the resolution which could laugh at such a beginning of the cruise, looked in vain for signs of hidden vexation. She read his thought. "We are proof against trifles," she said. He was impressed anew by something in Mrs. Shortbridge's expression which he had felt but not thought of—the sadness of her eyes Her armor of gayety stopped at the delicately tinted cheeks. They must wait at least a week for spare parts and repairs, she told him; if he could delay so long, they would like to take him to Paradise Island.

He had made up his mind, he said, to go by rail to Miami that evening if he could not find a boat sailing immediately. He left a message of farewell for her absent husband and thought as he pulled away that she made a charming picture standing there by the wheel waving him a gay farewell. He was again impressed by her eyes, though he could not tell their color. He was pleased by the camaraderie of the sea and the sunshiny effect of the South; he was sure that this unaffected, well-bred couple were not so casually courteous in the cold North. At his hotel at lunch they told him that Thomas Shortbridge was a "swell of the old Dutch blood, and one of the Wall Street bunch." He vaguely recalled the name in connection, he thought, with high finance and the cutting of melons.

That afternoon he stumbled on a naturalist in search of flamingos, who had engaged passage on a schooner which had agreed to land him on almost unexplored Andros Island. The schooner would pass within five miles of Paradise Island, but the captain refused to go nearer on account of the current. Bonsal bought a canoe; if the weather was calm he was assured that he could easily make his landing in that. He was afloat by midnight in the Abner Ross.

This schooner, laid up for twenty years before the war, then resurrected, and now sold as junk to its Bahaman captain and owner, was reasonably safe in the fair weather in which the voyage began. It met a strong head wind, made long tacks crossing the Gulf Stream, and left a trail of floating shingles, which looked like a sea serpent; for it lost all its towering deckload wallowing in the trough of the sea. Bonsal saved his canoe, lashed to the deck, at the risk of following the shingles. When through the Northwest channel, air and ocean were kinder, but a sharp squall striking off Stirrup Cay snapped the bowsprit. They lashed a beam from the lumber cargo in the hold, but lost it and another, because the rotten ropes parted at the first puff of wind; but the captain was always cheerful; those were usual incidents.

The food was worse than rough, and the bed the boards of the deck, but the sunrises and sunsets were of miraculous splendor, the sky and sea of infinite blue, and every wave of air a balmy caress. They made a hundred and ten knots in three days, and long before there was a possibility of seeing the island Bonsal's eyes were constantly strained towards the southwest. It did not appear until the sunrise, and for the whole day—during which the schooner progressed but a mile an hour—it was no more than a stationary spot in a kaleidoscope of shifting brilliants. Seas and skies changed their hues as cumulus clouds were built and unbuilt, but this only land in sight did no more than gradually brighten, as they neared, into a wonder spot of vivid green.

Bonsal was disappointed, not that it seemed so small but that it looked so low. He wondered that it did not ship "green water all over" in any great storm, and

Smile at Cold in a

Victor

CAP

Be as comfy as an Eskimo in the soft, pure worsted of a Victor. Ear Tabs button snugly about head and neck. Protects your health. *Insist on the Victor.*

If not now sold by your dealer write us, we will see that you are supplied

Keeps Cold Out—Warmth In

Special elastic knit, without uncomfortable seams, and it *holds its shape.* Snug, without binding. Ideal for sport wear for boys and girls—men and women.

BOYS: Write for name of nearest dealer who can give you the *free Victor Radio Book* and show you the Victor Cap. Do it now!

DEALERS REMEMBER
"To the Victor belong the Sales"

VICTOR KNITTING MILLS
Dept. C. Milwaukee, Wis.

IDEAL XMAS GIFTS FOR MUSIC LOVERS

Your Musical Friends Will Appreciate These Beautiful Cloth-Bound Books More Than Any Other Gift

Here are gathered under one cover in a handsome cloth binding 218 of the greatest masterpieces. A source of everlasting pleasure to the piano lover

A complete child's collection of nursery rhymes, songs, etc. [illegible] young folks who love to bring them to the delight for many years to their lives

A wonderful collection of home, love operatic, sacred Southern, college patriotic, folk national and sea songs which every [illegible] and loves. Once on the piano [illegible] use by everyone in the family

Each Book Contains Over 500 Pages of Music, Cloth Bound

For Sale at All Music and Book Stores, or Postpaid at $2.00 Per Volume

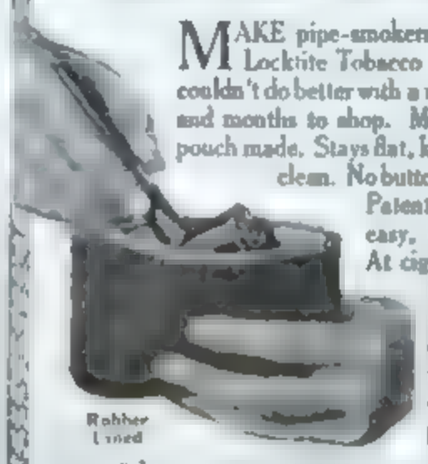
DEALERS: Write for our interesting sales plan

MUMIL PUB. CO., 207-217 W. 25th St., New York

TOBACCO POUCH

Men Like This Gift!

MAKE pipe-smokers happy with Locktite Tobacco Pouch. You couldn't do better with a mint to spend and months to shop. Most practical pouch made. Stays flat, keeps pockets clean. No buttons or strings. Patent top opens easy, closes tight. At cigar, drug and leather goods stores If dealer cannot supply, sent on receipt of price.



Rubber Lined

Genuine Suede: Grey or Brown 1.25 | Genuine Cowhide: Tan, Brown or Black 1.50 | Genuine Cow Calf Pigskin or Buckskin 3.00

Made and Fully Guaranteed by
The F. S. MILLS CO., Inc., Gloversville, N.Y.

Here's Looking at the Year 1934

SIKCO
The Office *Easy* Chair
Arm Revolving

Side Revolving

Side Leg

Arm Leg

You will probably be fitting your office chair a trifle more snugly then. The little blonde stenographer will have long since married and another will be in her place. Jimmy, the office boy, may have graduated into the dignified chief clerk. But—

If the chairs in your office today are Sikcos, I'd like to bet you that the year 1934 will see those same Sikcos still doing business at the old stand. Maybe by that time you will decide to have them refinished. (You will sort of hate to give up such faithful old servants and you will never believe that a new chair—even a new *Sikco*—can be quite so comfortable). Well, suppose you do have them refinished and do us out of a sale? So be it.

The point is: I don't know just how long a Sikco Chair will last. I should say after twelve years a Sikco might look a little careworn, but it would still be in its prime as far as service goes. Sikcos are made to *last*.

Tell you what: Let a Sikes dealer point out to you the extra sturdy construction of a Sikco. Let him show you the beautiful finish. And remember, underneath that finish there is genuine quartered oak or else real Northern birch in mahogany finish.

And then sit down in a Sikco. You have to do that to learn the best thing about it. Your eye may not catch all the *big* little differences, but your body can tell. Your body will appreciate that exclusive design of back, seat and arms which conforms to the natural curves of the body—the comfortable *roundness* of every edge and corner.

And it's that *comfort feature* that I'm most proud of in every Sikco office *easy* chair.

If you'd like to know who is the nearest Sikes dealer, write and ask.

Sikes

SIKES COMPANY CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

Sikes office chairs are also made in every conventional pattern and design. In Buffalo, a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

could not believe that Transom had written the truth when he described Transom Hill as seventy-five feet in height. In the late afternoon he put on his bathing suit, placed his two suitcases in the canoe—he had two suitcases now that he knew he was to meet a princess—and pushed off, waving his hand to the naturalist.

"Remember the crimson-speckled footman," the latter called. "Send him to me at Jacksonville."

"You shall have your pulchella if he's there," Bonsal answered. The naturalist had talked to him for an hour about this rare moth, so he was not surprised at the request.

"Look out for sunken rocks," the captain said, leaning over the stern, "and if a shark comes too near, rap him with your paddle."

Bonsal nodded and headed for his paradise. An insupportable brilliance dazzled his eyes and he was obliged to bend his head, but once when he looked up he saw a sentinel palm which seemed to clasp and detain the descending sun in its star-shaped branches. When he looked again the sun shot down as though suddenly released, and a soft rose color suffused the white clouds and bathed the green islet in a glow of enchantment. His paddle trailed and he sat motionless.

In the infinite yearning of the subtropical twilight when the winds are hushed and the waves rest and the clouds stand still, he had a haunting sense that all the world about him was waiting, breathless, expectant, for some stupendous happening, something unimagined, far beyond all human experience. The gates of heaven, whence only could come this ethereal rose-colored radiance, stood ajar, and ocean and skies and earth waited tensely for what should come forth. The profound melancholy which oppressed Bonsal was that of all humanity in some moments of spiritual exaltation. It dreams for a mystical instant that it shall see beyond the grave, but it knows that it dreams. He thought of his uncle's broken ten-year hope, and of the lonely death among strangers on the way to this promised land. He recalled word for word that ironic epitaph, and perceived in it an indictment of the Almighty with a universal application which appalled him.

He moved slightly as he became aware of some subtle change, of some slow, silent conflict; clouds paled to silver as though yielding reluctantly to unwelcome power. He turned; the full moon was shining. The tense moment snapped. With a sense of disillusion and that a vague splendid promise had been broken, he watched the masses of clouds slowly yield their last faint tinge of sunset pink.

He resumed his paddle, almost sure that the current had drawn him nearer. It pleased him to think that invisible strands were drawing him to his island, and he imagined the princess, "dressed like Esther when she went in to the king," standing on the beach and drawing him in, hand over hand. One of his favorite books was Butcher and Lang's translation of the Odyssey, and so he thought of Circe, and of Calypso, and of Nausicaa, and of other girls on islands, including Virginia with her Paul on their saccharine spot in the Indian Ocean. He twisted his head and looked at the moon and at the silver shaft of light that came straight along to him on the still ocean; and he thought if what he was to find should prove to be all moonshine, moonshine was very beautiful.

It is rare indeed that moonlight is brilliant enough to disclose color, but as Bonsal, helped by current and tide, rounded a point, he saw on the shore a haze of rose-colored light. He was sure that this came from the veranda of his house by Blackbeard's Reef and he bent forward eagerly, lifting his paddle, from which silvery drops fell. A figure now appeared in the rosy mist and he was sure that it was that of the girl; the Princess of Paradise Island stood just as she had stood in the photograph. She waved to him, he thought, and he was sure that he heard the faint echo of her voice hailing him.

He pushed his canoe along with swift strokes, keeping his eyes fixed on her. Now he saw two other figures, one on each side of her, and one held high up what he thought was a great round waiter or some kind of tray, and the other a horizontal something like the arm of a signpost. Just as it dawned on him that this was a signal the bow of the canoe stood straight up in the air and he was flung backwards into the water. He came up, spluttering, and grasped his canoe, to find it lying, broken-backed, over the sunken rock, like a saddle on a horse. Lured by the caressing warmth of the buoyant water and underestimating the distance to the rose-colored light, he struck out confidently; before he had covered one-fifth of his course he realized how badly he was out of condition. He turned over, floated luxuriously, then quietly went on, nursing his strength and economizing his breath. The third time that he floated he felt something brush by his side, touching his whole length in a sinister silent reconnaissance; he had heard of this habit of the shark. He skinned his knuckles by an impulsive puny blow which struck as on a nutmeg grater; he saw an ominous fin, which sank from his sight as he noisily swam on his back, beating with his hands and holding his head high; a dark shadow on the white floor of the bay seemed to move towards him.

"Halloo, halloo!"

At this near-by hail in a girl's voice he struck out fiercely for the supposed boat; but there was no boat. The head of a girl bobbed close by.

"Shark!" he gasped.

"Float," she commanded. "Lie still." She swam seaward of him, shielding him. Her voice was not raised, but carried with an extraordinary intensity over the still water.

"Get back!" he panted. "I——"

"Don't talk," she ordered. "They don't attack anyone alive." She came close to his side. "A boat is coming. Save your breath. Five minutes."

He lay rigid on the water, his eyes closed, but she made all the noise she could. Her head was turned towards him and she watched him closely, prepared to grasp him if necessary. His breath came in strangled sobs and he was evidently on the edge of exhaustion. Her shoulder touched his hand, stretched out on the water, but he made no move to grasp her.

"You're all right," she encouraged.

"Harvey!" she called in a ringing voice that came back in a soft echo, and presently in a loud hail.

"Relax your muscles," she said. "Rest. You'll want breath to get into the boat."

After that he lay like a child on a bed, and twice she put her hand under his neck and supported him for an instant; and then the boat came alongside.

"Over, Eleazer," she said, and a colored boy popped into the water and gave Bonsal a supporting shoulder. "Ship your scull, Harvey, and take him over the stern."

But Bonsal pulled himself together, raised himself on his arms, and tumbled into the arms of a giant negro.

"Land him," came from alongside; "then fetch what you can find from the Fang."

"Yass, Miss Jeanne."

Bonsal tried to speak, but his heart was still jumping and his lungs protesting. As the girl swam away he saw that she was in evening dress of blue shimmering stuff which he thought was satin. She swam in the narrow channel of golden light which came straight from the moon to him, and her white arm gleamed in the air with each precise, powerful stroke. Her hair came loose and floated about her and trailed over her shoulder. The eager watcher in the boat made no sentimental comparisons with mermaids, nor had he conscious thought of her unique moonlit charm; his wonder knowledge was that she had plunged, fully dressed, to a quarter-mile swim and put herself between him and a shark. She knew the habits of the shark and had said that there was no danger—but she had splashed. When her hair was no more than a dark clasp in a belt of silver he turned with a question to the tall boatman, erect in the stern, swaying and sculling with easy skill but with an enormous waste of graceful motion.

"Dat's good, sah; feelin' better, is you? Dat's so 'bout Bahama sharks. But dere might be de 'ception dat makes dat rule. Dere's a sayin' 'bout empty bellies knowin' no law. An' who's to know if dat shark berry hungry? What you tink 'bout dat case? You got some wreckage out dere, chief?"

"Two suitcases, Harvey. Look out for the shark."

"I bring him, too, if he round."

He was landed on a solid little concrete pier to the north of the house and he walked along to the beach and towards the porch. He saw the girl, waist deep in the water, and the judge's words—"Venus rising

(Continued on Page 93)

On the family breakfast table since 1879

Sit down to breakfast with a steaming-hot dish of Wheatena to start the day! Every spoonful of this old-time favorite, with its nut-brown flavor, invites another.

That's why Wheatena, *for nearly a half century*, has been the one supreme breakfast food of America—why it is eaten regularly, year in and year out, in thousands upon thousands of homes—by millions of children and grown-ups.

The plump golden grains of finest winter wheat are crushed and roasted to a rich golden brown, which brings the delightful flavor to its fullest perfection.

Children love Wheatena because it "tastes good." Adults of all ages relish its rich, nutty flavor—a flavor that's *distinctive*—that never grows tiresome—that satisfies, but does not cloy, the appetite.

Wheatena contains the whole of the wheat kernel—the vital, life-giving element—the wholesome bran—the nourishing gluten, starch and phosphates—everything needed for building and sustaining a strong, vigorous and healthy body.

Serve Wheatena for breakfast. It's ready for the table in three minutes. Use it also for muffins, cookies and desserts—for thickening soups, chowders and gravies. You'll be delighted with the many delicious ways it may be used in varying your daily menus.

Your grocer has Wheatena, or will get it for you. Served in hotels, restaurants and dining cars.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, New Jersey

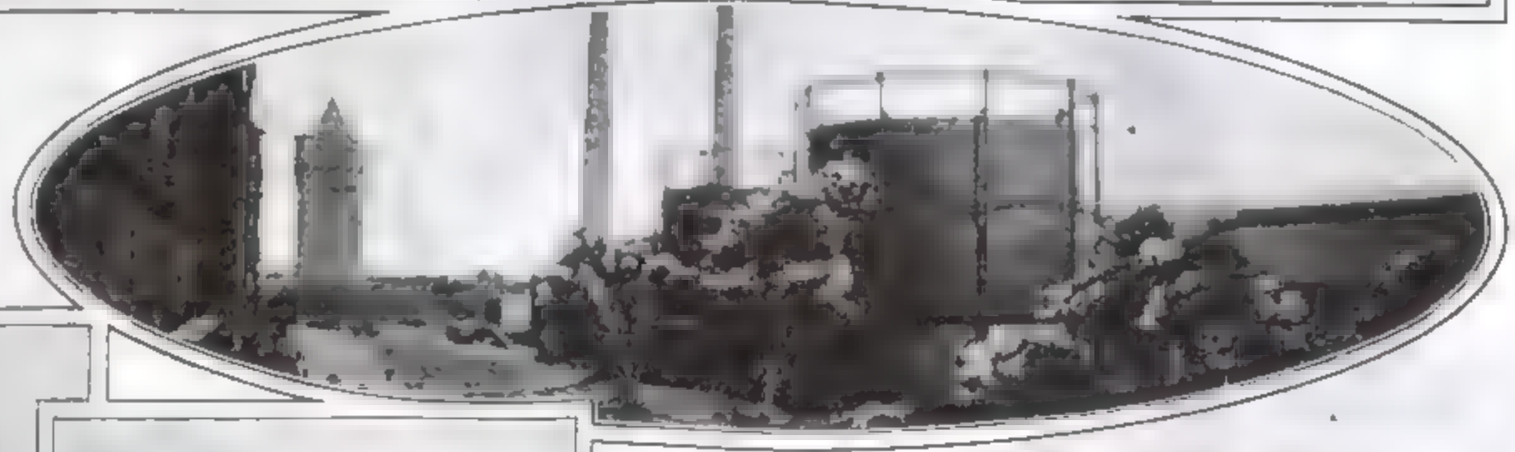
Write at once for a free package of Wheatena—enough for a family breakfast. Also for a book of recipes showing the many delicious and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served.

Of interest to our Grocer friends everywhere: The big winter demand is upon us. Orders from all over the United States are coming in so fast that even our splendidly equipped plant is becoming overtaxed to make prompt shipments. It is advisable to order Wheatena immediately from your Wholesaler.

Wheatena—

all wheat, nut-brown and sweet

How economy of labor is practised in telephone manufacture. The lug holder, a part of the telephone, is punched out of metal and shaped entirely by machines.



Coal stored above ground loses about 15% of its heat value. This loss is prevented at the Western Electric plant, where it is stored under water.

One of the many scrap bins at the factory. Here waste metal from the shops is carefully sorted and salvaged. In a year the material thus saved runs into many thousands of dollars

Gas used in the telephone shops is produced right at the plant [illegible] The pictures shows two gas holders, with a capacity sufficient to supply a town of [illegible]

Mica, like many of the materials used in the telephone, is bought right at the mine, thus assuring high quality and low price

The economies of your telephone service start here

IT MAY seem a far cry from a man buying mica at the mine to the fact that in America today there is one Bell telephone to every eight people.

The connecting link is this. The telephone owes its wide use in part to its low cost. This low cost was made possible because Western Electric knows where to buy to best advantage the many materials which make up a telephone, and because Western Electric has developed extensive economies in telephone manufacture.

More efficient processes and the use of machines that do the work of many men better and in less time, are among the factors that have cut costs.

Yet along with these economies has been a steady raising of the standards of telephone equipment.

The very fact that Western Electric carries on the whole work of making a telephone, from raw material to finished product, is at once an opportunity and a responsibility to produce mechanically perfect instruments.

Western Electric

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

(Continued from Page 90)

from the sea"—came to him with a flash of contemptuous repudiation. She looked mystically lovely with the sheen of the moon on her chiseled pallid face, on her white shoulders and on her bare arms, and on the rippling hair which hung over her clinging dress; and she was surrounded and canopied by a scene of such ineffable still beauty that Bonsal stood, holding his breath as though movement were a desecration or would shatter an illusion of the senses.

"All right?" The two words pealed across the water like the notes of a silver bell.

"Fine," he answered. His voice was husky and it seemed to him that he wantonly shouted in a silent temple and that his monosyllable was crude.

"Not chilled?"

"Warm."

They met at the foot of the steps leading to the veranda, where the radiance from the rose-shaded lights mingled with the moonbeams. A colored maid descended and enveloped the girl in a bathrobe. The eyes of the two met in a swift frank scrutiny. He was vainly, hopelessly searching for words which could say his thought; she was appraising him. The appraisal was favorable, for she clapped her hands together and a white-haired colored man came to the veranda. "MacGregor," she said, "this gentleman will dine with us in half an hour."

"But ——" Bonsal began.

"In half an hour," she interrupted from the veranda with a smile, and she had vanished before he could speak again.

"Dis way, sah, please."

He followed meekly, ashamed that he had not asked if she was all right, that he had been tongue-tied, that he had not given his name—the name which would explain his presence there; and he was miserable about the inglorious way in which he had come to his island. He had allowed a girl to get between him and a shark. That thought hurt.

III

CHARLIE BONSAL, leaving a trail at first of wet footprints, was conducted to an adjoining octagon building, connected by a porch with the main house. A latticed door opened directly to a bedroom whose somber mahogany walls were unrelieved by picture or ornament; but easels here and there held water colors of brilliant-hued fishes. A few books lay on a table, and magazines, all English, two months old, rested on a shelf by the head of the bed. On the mahogany bureau under the electric light, hairbrushes, a comb and a large tray disclosed the mottled beauty of tortoise shell.

"De baff ready, sah," said the old negro with the odd Scotch name.

He opened a door and Bonsal found a tiled room, with an enameled bath steaming with its hot contents. He lay at full length in soft warm rain water and luxuriously closed his eyes, thinking hazily of the Arabian Nights, wondering about Jeanne, and what kind of welcome he would receive when she knew that he was owner of Paradise Island. If they extended this fragrant hospitality to an unknown waif of the seas, what more could they give to the proprietor? Who was now managing this wonderful property, which must be an amazing success to support a luxury and permit a hospitality which reminded him of what he had read of the old-time open houses of the Southern planters? What was that old man doing in the next room—finding clothes for him? Everything seemed ready for anything here; and this dinner invitation given to a stranger in a dripping bathing suit had evidently been no idle form. This girl, who jumped, fully dressed, from the drawing-room into the sea, swam three hundred yards, and calmly braved a shark, was not one to ask him to dinner knowing that he could not accept.

He was not surprised when he went into the bedroom to find a complete outfit of white linen lying on the bed, and he saw two pairs of white duck shoes on the floor. If the mess jacket was not exactly molded to his form he was not ridiculous, and the band of the shining-fronted shirt did not bind his neck. When he was fastening his tie he grinned into the mirror, for he saw reflected an unfamiliar figure in a kind of white evening dress. As he stepped to the veranda he caught an overpowering scent of jasmine, and he saw that the climbing vine was thickly studded with the white flowers.

As he glided along with an effect of furtiveness due to rubber heels he saw the girl standing where he had first seen her from the distant waters. He had the momentary surprised impression that she had just stepped across from Paris, and he felt a vague sense of incongruity and disappointment at this hint of fashionable modernity amid these scenes of tropical romance. She turned and gave him another surprise, for she dropped a curtsy, neither low nor sweeping but unmistakably a slight flexing of the knee in a long-bygone fashion, and in odd effective contrast to her dress. She scanned his face with a frankness that embarrassed him. He believed that if she did not approve of him dry and dressed, she would retract the dinner invitation given to him dripping, in a bathing suit. He withheld his name, which hung on the tip of his tongue, and smiled instead at the ridiculous idea of passing the examination and winning the dinner on merit.

"Are you tired?" she asked. "Would you rather have had something in your room?"

"I never felt so well," he answered vigorously.

She clapped her hands together; the black patriarch appeared. "We will dine out here, MacGregor," she said.

Two servants in white promptly appeared carrying a table set for two people. Bonsal thought of the slaves of the ring as he looked at the gleaming glassware and the silver centerpiece, holding oranges and purple clusters of grapes. Ten silver notes from a clock within sounded as they sat down to turtle soup. It seemed to him that he had never tasted anything so good, and it pleased him to see that this unusual girl was as frankly hungry as he was; the aloofness of her fine courtesy was less felt in contemplation of her good appetite. He glanced across the small table as often as he might, and he saw in her face contradiction, which he could not define. Her upper lids were slightly oblique, and this touched with roguishness the clear gray blue eyes; but the eyes were serious and wistfully prone to gaze at distances, forgetful of what was near by. Her upper lip, bending up at the ends of the bow, was a continuous temptation to excite a smile, but the invitation to joyousness was checked by the firmness of the sweeping, slightly pointed chin, the stately carriage of her head, and the serene restraint of her manner. He felt constraint in the absence of a personal note; she obviously had no curiosity about him. She seemed like a splendid princess, courtly to all, and without condescension, but indifferent at heart to individuals. She had done him a wonderful service, and he was aflame with gratitude, admiration and curiosity, but she with impalpable reticence conveyed the impression that all this was a matter of course, that this rescued mariner was only one more of a number, that he might, when he chose, go on his way wherever it might lead, unrecorded, unquestioned and forgotten. It was as though he had been saved by a coast-guard crew, with whom it was all in the day's work, and who might report him as Case No. 141.

She talked pleasantly, lightly about surrounding things—the view, the moon, the hawksbill turtle and the electric plant, as the lights dimmed for an instant—but she offered no chance for him to announce himself, nor did she give explanations. If there was another white woman on the island she did not say so, nor did she speak of chaperons. This girl of twenty-one—he thought that was her age—in her modern Paris dress playing hostess with the aplomb of a matron, evidently gave no thought to her unusual position, nor cared what he might be thinking.

He followed her lead and talked as though he were a guest at a metropolitan dinner from which all serious and personal subjects were banished. He was oppressed and embarrassed by the unreality of his position, and it seemed to him that if he forced any rude fact, such as his name, for instance, on this scene of fairyland, table and girl and house and all would fade into the realm of fantasy, and he would awake on the schooner's deck or in the canoe rubbing his eyes, peering about and murmuring "Jeanne!" But the baked land crabs which followed the soup were real and delicious.

"They are done too much," the girl apologized.

When he pounced on this chance to be personal, and said how sorry he was that he had delayed her dinner, and how grateful he felt for her prompt efficient help, she

Men's Teeth

Should also glisten.

Shall women take all the care?

A large percentage of the women you meet have white teeth nowadays. Men like the charm. They like the smiles that pretty teeth engender.

But don't you know that women also like such evidence of care?

Careful people the world over use a new teeth-cleaning method. It means whiter, safer, cleaner teeth. You owe yourself a test.

Film is the cause

The cause of dingy teeth is film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices, and stays.

Food, tobacco, etc., discolor film. Then it forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film. Teeth which people don't like to show are made unsightly by that film.

Troubles follow

Film also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. And they cause many serious troubles, local and internal.

Now we combat it

Now people who are well-advised constantly combat that film. Dental science has found two ways: One acts to curdle film, one to remove it.

Able authorities proved those methods effective. Then dentists everywhere began to urge their use.

A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. The name is Pepsodent. Those two great film combatants were embodied in it. Now it has come into world-wide use, largely by dental advice.

Fights acid, too

Dental research found two other things essential. And they were both embodied in this new-day dentifrice.

Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth, which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus Pepsodent, with every use, gives to Nature's tooth-protecting agents manifold effect. And these results are bringing to millions a new dental era.

It's easy to know

You can easily prove that these effects do come, and know what they mean to you.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

What you see and feel will very soon convince you. Make this test in justice to yourself. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by dentists the world over. Careful people of some 50 nations now employ it.

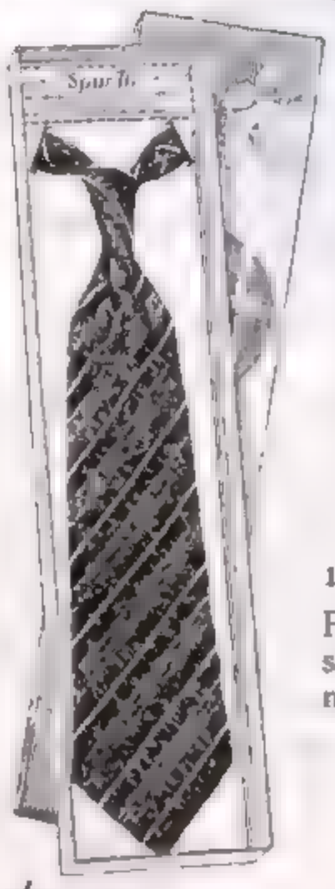
10-Day Tube Free 1029

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 533, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

"This Hand-tied Four-in-Hand is a Real Christmas Gift"

Spur Tie
FOUR-IN-HAND
PATENT APPLIED FOR



YOU'LL be a lucky chap if Christmas brings you the Spur Tie Four-in-Hand. It comes all tied up for you—by hand. You never saw such a combination of dashing style with time-saving utility. It's the *newest* necktie, and extremely different from the rest.

10 Good Reasons Why You Should Wear It!

1. *It comes hand-tied—better than you'd tie yourself*
2. *Positively cannot wrinkle—keeps its good appearance always*
3. *Slips easily in collar—no binding, no yanking*
4. *Economical—outwears three ordinary ties.*
5. *On in a jiffy—whether stiff or soft collar.*
6. *Adjusts like any four-in-hand—you fix the knot as you like it.*
7. *Stays put! No adjusting during the day.*
8. *Never needs pressing.*
9. *Stylish! You never saw a neater looking four-in-hand.*
10. *Made in an assortment of beautiful silks—just the kind you like.*

For Christmas the Spur Tie Four-in-Hand is being sold in attractive gift boxes. It is a gift that every man will pronounce worth while.

If your dealer won't supply you, send $1.00 for a Spur Tie Four-in-Hand, specifying color preference—send for a Bull Dog style book anyway.

LOOK FOR THE NAME SPUR ON THE TIE

HEWES & POTTER, BOSTON

On the Pacific Coast, PAUL B. HAY, Inc., 120 Battery Street San Francisco

$1.00 AND UP

50¢ *The Spur Tie Bow* 50¢

with patented feature—Stylish, Convenient

Ask your Dealer for

75¢ BULL-DOG 75¢

AND UP SUSPENDERS AND UP

MORE AND BETTER RUBBER
LONGER WEAR
GREATER COMFORT
GUARANTEED TO WEAR 365 DAYS

BULL DOG GARTERS
Wide and narrow web 50¢
Guaranteed to wear 365 days
BULL DOG BELTS,
VESTOFF SUSPENDERS
Worn out of sight under the shirt 75¢

made light of it all, and told him that she was amphibious; she had swum before she could walk, and dived before she could talk; so her father had always declared. They had buoyed the reef several times, she said, but passing fishermen were so poor that they stole the anchor chains. Had he seen her waving him back, or heard her warning hail? And how had he missed the signal? She seemed surprised when he confessed that the large tray and the signpost arm meant nothing to him. "The ball and pennant," she explained—"the international signal 'You are running into danger.' You snatch up any round thing and a piece of board, and most yachtsmen understand."

"I'm a landlubber," Bonsal confessed. "My yacht was a schooner going to Andros Island, and the captain dropped me as he passed."

She had a pretty trick which Charlie had already noted, of turning her head a little to one side while she considered. She made this quick movement at his response, and then looked a question which she did not put into words. But if she was momentarily interested in his reason for coming to the island, the interest was forgotten in the approach of the boat.

The boatman, carrying two dripping suitcases, waded ashore. His height was magnified by the light, and he looked an eerie monster emerging from the waters.

"Oh, you had your whole kit with you," she said. "I'm afraid everything is wet through." A kindly sympathy burst the bonds of her reserved manner, but restraint was quickly clamped on again. "Would you rather unpack them yourself?" she asked.

"Perhaps I had better," he answered, thinking of his precious documents, now probably a sodden mass.

Did they use good ink in Peru, or would it wash out in such a bath as this?

"Harvey," the girl ordered, "leave them on the porch in front of Pistol."

"Yaas, Miss Jeanne." The giant negro disappeared like a ghost into the shadows.

"A fancy of my father's," Miss Jeanne explained with a smile as she resumed her eating. "Every room is named for a Shakspere character, and all the rooms in the Bachelor Octagon are called after people in Henry V."

"Why am I in Pistol?" he asked, laughing.

They had a little fun with obvious puns, and she showed intimate knowledge of the play, quoting in the end with ardent emphasis some glowing words from the speech of gallant King Harry. He could not remember a time when those words had not been hackneyed to him, but now infused with enthusiasm they came to him as a new utterance.

"You are English," he burst out, "and how proud you are of it."

"Yes, I am proud of it."

She was, too—her glance told him that—but the ring had gone from her voice, and she looked out over the waters in wistful abstraction; he knew that he was far in the background of her thought. This young man, violently gripped by circumstances, shaken from lethargy and lifted from ruts, was no longer the stolid matter-of-fact person who had looked with keen appraising eyes on Paris, stayed cold to its allurements, and remained blind to the charm of its women; nor was he the frozen, sullen youth of his home town. That sorry time in Europe was forgotten, as was the dreary subsequent life at home. All the reawakened youth in him leaped exultantly to delight in this strange girl, so exotically environed; as he watched her he found himself sympathetic with her mood, as he had been with that of no woman in his life. He saw her now as no romantic, wonderful princess, but as a girl whose longing gaze out into the night confessed what everything about her denied: she was unhappy; she was lonely; she was homesick.

His eyes intently fixed on her side face divined her melancholy reverie, and said far too much for one who has had but an hour of strange acquaintance.

Suddenly conscious of his intent regard, she turned her head so swiftly that unwavering eyes met for unmeasured seconds, and in the utter stillness he could feel the slight jar of her imperceptible start. She drooped her lids, and he felt that he had rudely stared her down. The faint impression that for a surprised second she had welcomed sympathy faded away. She clapped her hands; her noiseless maid came with a filmy, many-hued scarf and changed one round her neck for it. Bonsal guessed that that was because her hair was damp, but he sat dumb, vainly trying to be ordinary after that to him extraordinary instant.

As the old darky changed the plates strident crows of roosters shattered the peace of the night with ludicrous effect. The girl broke into laughter which sounded natural, and the tense moment was snapped.

"My roosters have their own time-table," she said with a new note of gayety in her voice. "They crow, tree frogs croak, and there is always the plash of the surf."

She ran on lightly, speaking more rapidly, and he saw that she was slightly flushed. He did not know that thus she rode away on the high horse of nonsense from a glance so penetrating, so full of meaning that it disturbed her, caring nothing except that words came, intensely annoyed with this presuming stranger whose expressive eyes had seen and said too much.

"Would you believe it," she rattled on, "visitors from quiet New York sometimes say they can't sleep for the noise? I suppose an organ-grinder's baby can't sleep when the organ's not going. They carry them about in England, you know, in a little cradle across the handles. Little children in London slums dance to the music, and then peep at the baby, and everything together makes the hum of a great city, and way off you hear it like bees murmuring. I suppose every city has its own note. I wonder if a flyingman lost his way in the dark, could he tell if he had a quick ear whether he was over London or Wolverhampton or Birmingham. The hips and haws are out on the hawthorns in the English hedges now, and the robins and thrushes will be feeding on the red berries. Do you know England well?"

She paused, breathless.

"Only slightly; but how well you know it!"

"I have seen it only through the eyes of others," she said. "I was born on my island. I have never been off it."

"Never off it?" he echoed incredulously.

She shrugged indifferently. "On the water, five miles each way," she said casually, "and up there." She lifted her eyes. "A seaplane fell like a wounded duck. They repaired it and my father and I flew over Nassau. I have seen the world, you see." She laughed, but it seemed to Bonsal that her merriment was forced.

"And you didn't land?" he asked.

"Why should I?" Her glance was almost hostile. "I saw colors, wonders of green and blue, in the waters, on the land. That is the glory of flying; pictures without foregrounds. The world below was a painting framed in horizons. I was outside, detached. Oh—splendid!"

"But the people, the houses? You had never seen a town before?"

"A blot on loveliness," was her contemptuous answer. "Huddled together. Hencoops."

"Homes," the startled Bonsal protested. "Weren't you curious about them, about the people in them?"

She looked defiantly at him as she answered with a cool cynicism:

"Curious? Why should I be? I saw white threads crisscrossed between brown boxes. Houses. Ants crawled along the threads, and these were people in the streets. Sometimes big beetles tumbled along, and these were automobiles."

"Didn't you care at all?" Bonsal burst out in such surprise that it amounted to censure. "Didn't you want to go down among them and see them close by, and how they lived, and what they did, and how they worked and played in the world?"

Her eyes narrowed a little at his cross-examination.

"Do they make each other happy?" she asked coolly. "Do they help one another all they can? What have they been doing in Europe for years? Killing one another. What now? All quarreling and upset and nobody certain of tomorrow, or what's going to happen. I read of race fights and class fights and religious wars and political struggles for power. I read of family quarrels, brother against brother, and son against father. I——"

"Hold on!" Bonsal broke in, appalled at this calm and sweeping indictment. "You get your ideas from newspapers. Happiness is at home, not in headlines. There is no newspaper story in peaceful good lives. It's awful to hear you talk like that. It hurts."

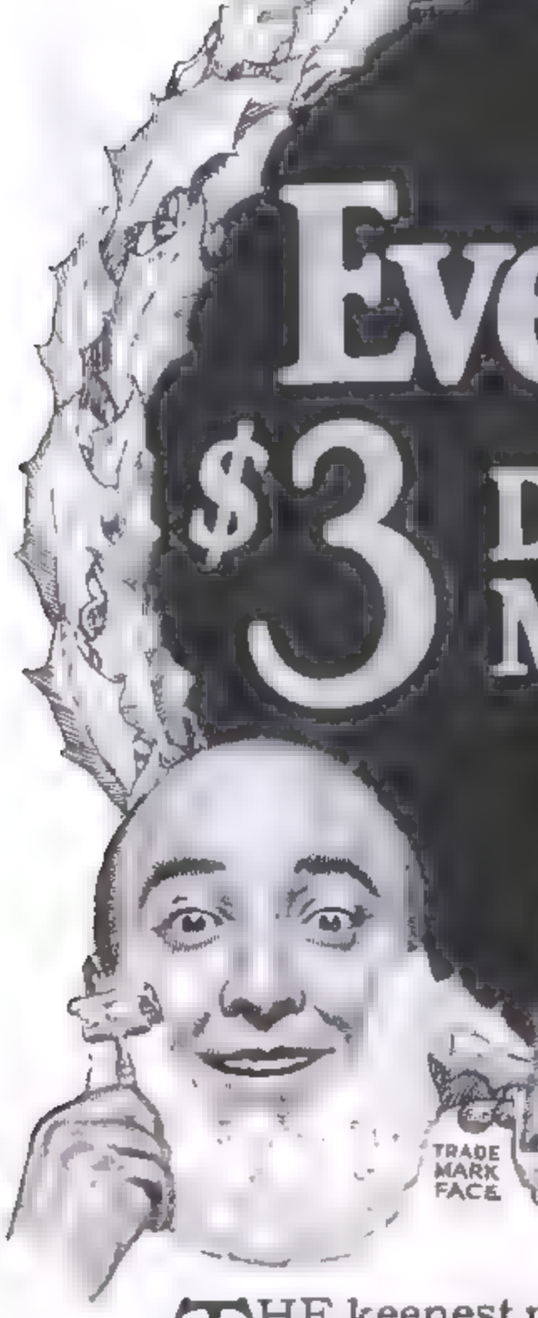
"My father knew the world."

(Continued on Page 97)

A Man's Gift

Ever-Ready

$3 DeLuxe Models Now $1



THE keenest pleasure of giving is *YOURS*—the pleasure of keenest shaving is *HIS*—when your Christmas gift is an Ever-Ready.—Watch *HIS* eyes light with admiration at the beauty of the Ever-Ready Case.—See his smile of anticipation as he slips an Ever-Ready Radio Blade into the Ever-Ready frame!

—For the best shaves of his life are in this neat little case with your card, and *HE* is grateful.

The Ever-Ready $3.00 Models, now selling for $1.00, are absolutely unequalled in richness, beauty, and superb shaving qualities. They are not cheapened editions of expensive models; as a matter of fact, these Ever-Readys *selling for $1.00 are actually built to $5.00 specifications.*

Inspect these Ever-Readys at any drug, department, hardware or specialty store. See for yourself that these are gifts you'd be glad to receive, and therefore proud to give.

Ever-Ready Radio Blades—6 for 40c.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION,
Laboratories & Factories, Brooklyn, New York
Makers of Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes—World's Best

The SPORT

The flat, graceful, highly nickeled cigarette case model is richly lined with velvet and satin, and is snugly fitted with Ever Ready Razor new hexagon handle and sheath holding supply of Radio Blades. The case alone is worth more than the price of the entire outfit ***$1.00 complete.***

The TOWN

Imitation ivory case, thin like a cigarette case, with Ivorex compartments for holding triple nickeled razor, new hexagon handle and nickel sheath containing supply of Radio Blades. Clean and sanitary

$1.00 complete.

The MAHOGANITE

An invention in a razor case, that sheds water like glass and feels just as smooth, as rich as rare old mahogany Can't rust, won't warp. Fitted with triple nickeled razor, big hexagon handle and supply of the new Radio Blades. Extraordinary value

$1.00 complete.

The TOURING

Expensively made metal case, triple plated, highly polished nickel; richly lined with velvet and satin; fitted with an Ever-Ready Razor, new hexagon handle and nickel sheath holding supply of Radio Blades.

$1.00 complete.

THE happy Buster smiles are like the smart Buster styles—they make friends everywhere. And nowadays style is a most important factor in children's shoes.

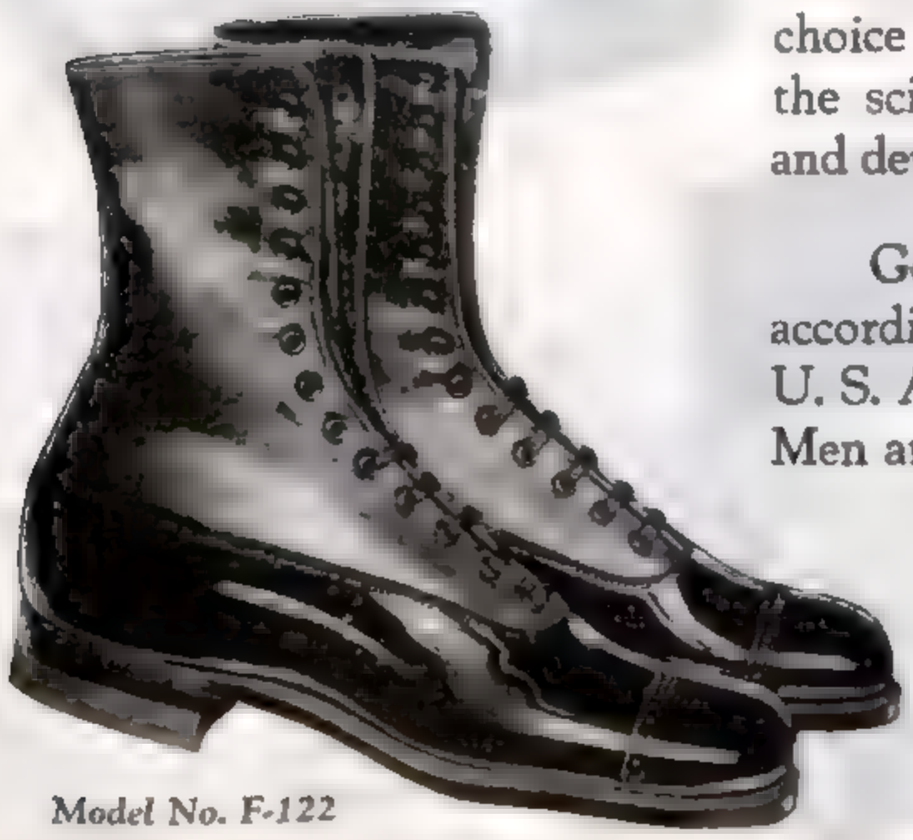
"First because of the Last"

For Girls For Boys of 2 to 16 BUSTER BROWN SHOES

combine correct style features—in newest modes and latest leathers—with sound health principles and true shoe economy.

The smart styles and graceful lines delight the eye; the choice leathers and clever shoemaking insure satisfaction; and the scientific principles of the Brown Shaping Lasts protect and develop the feet correctly.

Good stores sell Buster Brown Shoes at $4.00 and up, according to size and style. Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U. S. A., make them as well as the famous Brownbilt Shoes for Men and Women.



Model No. F-122

Model F-122, Young Girls' Patent Lace Boot, with Goodyear Welt and rubber heel, is only one of the many new models. The Brown Shaping Lasts insure a perfect fit, prevent tortured toes, weak ankles and broken arches, and are used only in Buster Brown Shoes.

(Continued from Page 94)

That settled it for her, Bonsal saw, and now he thought he understood the kind of spell of which the sponger in Jacksonville had spoken, the spell that held her to the island. A father, obviously adored by his daughter, embittered, cynical, had imbued her with his misanthropy. There was something sinister, almost malevolent, in this poisoning of a daughter's mind. What kind of man had this been, and what had brought him in embittered isolation to this island? He looked at the young red lips made for smiles, but now dragged downward; at the eyes framed in lids curved for laughter, but now somber and defiant; at the haughty disdain expressed by this face modeled for carefree happiness; and the girl repelled his too eager regard by a swift turn to flippancy.

"They have stores of a kind in Nassau," she said, laughing. "But I didn't care to see one. That's funny for a girl, isn't it? But you see they fight there too. I've read of bargain sales, and—what is it? 'Marked down'—that's it! A pitched battle between women for a 'marked-down Paris model.' Why should I want to see a store?"

She shrugged fastidious shoulders.

Bonsal forced a laugh at this quaint idea of retail commerce, but he watched the girl from compassionate, searching eyes. Again she ran away on nonsense.

"There was an Austrian princess once," she said, "and she threw over everything for love. She married a soldier. He was noble and of old family, but not royal. She adored him for two hours, but then they started on their honeymoon. They got off the train. She looked about astonished. The station had not been roped off. There were no flags. The stationmaster was not at salute. He bowed, not too humbly. Court orders were that Madame la Comtesse was no longer to receive royal honors. The princess fell into hysterics, shrieked reproaches against the husband who had sunk her to such depths, and swooned in the arms of her maid."

The girl looked straight at the young man as she added with the air of a middle-aged woman of the world, "We women are like that." She shrugged her shoulders, and affected surprise when her listener showed bewilderment at this change of topic. She pulled in her chin and looked youthfully regal. "Don't you see?" she said. "I am queen on my island. Outside I am nobody." He studied the smiling face with a puzzled frown on his forehead, and the girl further rallied her defenses against this solemn stranger who so unaccountably affected her. She tossed her head in light defiance. "Now," she said, "you understand why I choose to be a limpet on my rock."

She saw the unbelieving surprise which his face plainly showed, and she nodded with a pleasant malice.

"You saved my life," he burst out hotly, "and you don't seem to think that was anything; but I do. Yes, I do. And you say one minute that you won't go into the world because you despise people, and the next because they won't lay a red carpet for your feet or meet you with a brass band. You are too kind to despise everybody, and too sensible to expect me to believe that you are such an egotist."

"MacGregor," she called out, "you may change the plates. Don't bring on the wild duck. They'll be too overdone."

"Fresh ones done, Miss Jeanne; done just right. Dey's ready now at dis minute."

She turned to Bonsal: "Pardon my interruption. Yes? You were saying something?"

She emphasized the rebuff by following the movements of the servants with her eyes as though absorbed by domestic cares.

"I was saying ——" he stammered, but he stopped short.

He ate the blood-red breast of a plump teal in gloomy silence, not knowing that an epicure would have forgotten girls and moonlight and romance in savoring delicious morsels. He had some dim perception that she was on guard, and some understanding that a girl in her singular position must be alertly defensive, and he believed that she did not mean, perhaps hardly understood, all that she was saying. His thought wandered to the recurrent "my" in her sentences. She had quietly, without emphasis, referred to my servants, my boat, my house, and now it was "my island." He was perplexed by this addition to the mysteries of this night. He glanced up at her, and she bent forward reluctantly, as though with inward struggle.

"You are right," she said in a low voice. "I talked nonsense."

Her eyes said far more than her words, but she would not give him the chance to be serious in response. She ran off again with apparent lightness; but the moonlight shone for him, and he knew that his delighted palate was sending messes of pleasure to his brain.

He accepted a second helping of duck and ate with gusto.

They had nearly finished the meal when he said abruptly, "My name is Bonsal. I am Charles Bonsal."

He was astonished when he saw that the name meant nothing to her, and the girl saw that he was.

"Ought I to know it?" she asked, courteously reflecting, her head poised a trifle to the side.

"I—I—thought you would."

"I am sorry to have forgotten. We can't have met. I recall faces and names nearly always."

"I am Marcus Bonsal's nephew," he stammered in consternation.

She shook a slow negative, thinking all the while, impressed by his bewilderment.

"If Mr. Transom were alive he would know."

"Transom?" Vainly she searched memory. "I thought I knew all my father's friends. And his business associates too. Was it business?"

"Of a kind, yes."

"Coffee, MacGregor, please, and cigars. Pardon, there's the telephone." She went away as though such a summons at such an hour was a matter of course.

MacGregor brought a small flat tin and a can opener, and extracted five large cigars.

"You is to hab the lot, sah," he said. "Dat's the chief's rule. Emetically sealed, sah, 'gainst the wedder, and canned down dere in Cuba speshul for him. He's been dead near two years now, but dey is some left befo' he deceased."

Bonsal puffed at the finest cigar of his experience, but he was little in the mood for enjoying an aroma so exquisite. He walked up and down the veranda while servants cleared, pausing always before the wide-arched entrance and peering into the rose-colored room. He saw no details; he gathered only a general impression of cultured luxury. Twice he lingered near the white-headed darky, and questions tumbled to his lips, but he did not utter them. Jeanne came, humming Tiverton Fair, and that ringing Devonshire ditty proved how far her thoughts had fled from the young man on the veranda. She checked at sight of him, as though she had forgotten his presence, and then she broke into a cheery laugh.

"We are not usually owls, Mr. Bonsal."

"But if shipwrecked seamen," he interrupted, "will not arrive by schedule ——"

"Then"—she waved him to a chair—"we must drink black coffee at midnight." She poured for him and seated herself. "Don't be afraid of it. Nothing can keep you awake here. That cigar smells good. My father knew." She smiled, but her face grew somber as she glanced towards a hospitable stately chair within. She snapped her fingers, calling out "Tooth Nail." Two Airedale terriers came, quiet, expectant. She pointed towards the north. "Bootleggers!" she uttered sharply. The dogs bounded off. A fox terrier, getting wind somehow of this expedition, scurried across the room after them. "My patrol at Pirate's Causeway," she explained, "reports a man landed from a boat. Of course he missed the trespasser. My watchmen run to the telephone when there's a risk of a fight."

"Pirate's Causeway!" Bonsal echoed with so keen an inflection that the girl looked up. He was thinking that his uncle had asked that a monument be erected there. The inscription to be placed on it held now an added irony.

"You haven't remembered Mr. Transom?" he asked.

"I am dull perhaps," she answered. "You seem so sure I ought to know him. Are you certain you're on the right island? Lucky Cay—Paradise Island?"

He nodded. "Is it yours?" he asked.

She looked up, puzzled. "Is what mine?"

"Paradise Island."

She drew herself up, rebuking impertinence.

"It is mine," she answered frigidly. "My father left everything to me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

5 HANES features that mean Real Winter Comfort

TRADE MARK HANES

ELASTIC KNIT UNDERWEAR

1—Hanes Staunch Elastic Shoulders are made with service-doubling lap seam. They fit right, with plenty of "give" for every motion.

2—Hanes Tailored Collarette won't gap or roll. Fits snugly around your neck always, and keeps the wind out.

3—Hanes Elastic Cuffs are made far stronger and better than the usual cuff. They fit the wrist firmly and won't flare or rip from the sleeve.

4—Hanes Closed Crotch is cut and stitched in a special way that really keeps it closed.

5—Hanes Elastic Ankles hold their shape through repeated washing. They never bunch over your shoes, but always fit.

YES, sir! These are mighty big advantages. You find them combined in no other *popular priced* underwear. But they're not the only Hanes points of superiority. Here are some others.

Hanes is made to fit—does it, too, without binding or pulling. None of that bagging, sagging discomfort that all men dread. Every strain point is strongly reinforced. Seams are flat and can't irritate you. And they hold through thick and thin. Buttons are on to stay. Buttonholes keep their shape.

And last but not least—*each Hanes garment is backed by the Hanes money-back guarantee.*

Stop in at your dealer's to-day and choose from the Hanes line. It includes heavy shirts and drawers and heavy union suits in two weights. If your dealer can't supply you write direct to us and we'll see that you're supplied.

Youngsters Will Like Hanes—*Warm, comfortable, long-wearing union suits for boys. Two weights—heavy and extra heavy; sizes 2 to 16. Sizes 2 to 4 have drop seat. Also knee length and short sleeves.*

P. H. HANES KNITTING COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Remember—Hanes Underwear sells at popular prices

HANES GUARANTEE: We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

Next summer wear Hanes full-cut athletic Union Suits!

For Emergencies

Little skin injuries happen to everyone. With New-Skin you can attend to them at once, wherever you may be.

New-Skin forms a neat, flexible film that keeps germs out while the wound is healing, and protects the new tissues.

Carry the pocket size with you.

15c. and 30c. *At all Druggists'*

NEWSKIN COMPANY

NEW YORK TORONTO LONDON

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin"

A hint to wives Give him CosyToes for Xmas

It's a good habit to have CosyToes handy to slip into in the morning while you're fixing up for a strenuous business day.

Appropriate styles for Men, Women and Children

At Leading Dealers' Booklet on request

STANDARD FELT COMPANY
West Alhambra, California

CosyToes feltwear
California's Qualiteed Slippers
FROM SUN-BLEACHED WOOL

Come to Jacksonville, Florida

for your winter holiday. No snow, no ice. Balmy air, glorious sunshine, mellow moonlight.

Outdoor Sports All Winter Long

Golf, tennis, motoring, hunting, fishing, sailing—and the attractions of a cosmopolitan city. Write for booklet.

City Advertising Department
Room 11-I, City Hall, Jacksonville, Fla.

ART FOR RED GAP'S SAKE

(Continued from Page 4)

necessary expenses as a total loss. There's the count. No other bank in the state is run by a count's father-in-law.

Luetta was born for some such fate. She never quite fitted in on the reservation here. She was one of them that will wild up on the least provocation; one of the kind that always has a temperature about something. And about ten years ago she got to reading magazines and woke up to the squalid American ugliness of her surroundings in the palatial Leach home on North Kulanche Street. She got to suspecting that not only Red Gap but the whole darned country was hideous and corrupting to the finer instincts. And she was sure of it after she went down to Boston. A friend of mine in Boston's daughter visited me about that time and her and Luetta got thick and Luetta went back East to visit her, and that settled the fate of Western North America so far as Luetta had the say about it.

And back there she took up the study of art. She fell hard for art. She was an only child and the Leaches wanted her to have anything going, and she was twenty-eight, when a girl is either married or serious; so she started in to study. And in a year or so she's learned all about art that a body can learn merely in Boston and must go abroad where a great deal more is known. She come back home and made a strong selling talk, bringing her sketches to show she needed to learn more. It seemed plausible when she showed 'em to me. She had practiced a lot on the bare human frame and some of her studies kind of startled Ross and her mother. Ross said it was just as well the police didn't see 'em. Of course they wasn't that bad. More to be pitied than censored, I thought. And Mrs. Leach wanted to know if there wasn't some good book telling what a young girl should know about art, but Luetta said art was without sex and a girl had to know everything about it, the same as a man.

The Leaches finally gave in that Luetta could go abroad with this Boston girl and continue her studies. She buffaloed 'em into it really. By that time she was pretty dominating. She always did have more of Ross than her mother in her; a tall girl, thin but powerful, with sandy hair and greenish eyes that would get a threatening light in 'em if you crossed her, and knowing what she wanted and saying it in firm tones. Also, the way she talked about our banner city of Red Gap, and the whole U. S. A., for that matter, was ravaging. Everything "over here"—she already talked as if she had been abroad ten years—was garish and sordid because everyone was engaged in mercenary pursuits and had no time for the higher things of life. We was a land of dollar hunters and what cared we if the finer things run for Sweeney? She was a weird talker, Luetta. She says to me one day, "Ah, shall we ever, ever learn that it is more lovely to be than to do? More lovely just to be!" That was one piece she spoke repeatedly. Another was, "Shall we ever, ever learn that our one serious task in life is to adorn and beautify our personalities?"

Well, I hadn't ever, ever learned these great lessons, and Ross Leach hadn't. I says, if merely Boston has done that much for her, think what the whole of Europe will do. And she got her chance. I ain't sure but Ross figured it would hurt his business if the girl stayed home and kept up her chatter about the baneful ugliness of Red Gap. The chamber of commerce or the Rotary Club might take it up. Anyway, Luetta left us to our odious but profitable activities. Her mother made her promise two things: Not to speak to any strangers in Europe; and, no matter how many pictures she painted, never to sell any of 'em. Mrs. Leach was getting some refined herself. She figured if Luetta sold her pictures like common artists it would look as if she needed the money. Old Ross said he was no art expert, but he didn't count on Luetta having a struggle to keep this promise.

They Pass a Lovely Afternoon Talking With All They Got, Including the Hands

Pretty soon she was writing from Paris that no one had ever yet told how different it was from Red Gap. Ross said it must be a lot different; he said the vice conditions there must be frightful and he might run over sometime to investigate 'em and make sure the girl was safeguarded, but Mrs. Tracy Bangs was over on a tour and met Luetta and reported that the girl was safe as could be wished. She said Luetta had become awful foreign, even in one year, and could speak French to a cabman or waiter so he would get every word of it. She also said to me, but not to the parents, that Luetta was so foreign she was forgetting her English. When she'd tell anyone where she was born she'd say it was in Illin-wah.

After a couple of years in Paris she wrote that she'd exhausted it like she had Boston and would go on to Italy, where she could take up landscape painting. It sounded like there must be some law against this in Paris. So the letters begun to come from Italy saying that it was even more different from Red Gap than Paris was. It was the land of her dreams, the land of Dante. It was back to the land with Luetta. She had abandoned the human frame and took to painting hills and fruits and flowers and volcanoes and such that you could hang on the walls of a Christian home. It was her mother told me this, and she said Luetta had sacredly kept her promise not to sell her paintings as if she was doing it for a living. She thought it was all right for a young lady to take up art if she didn't have to. And the girl's letters was now full of Italian words instead of French ones.

Then, the second year she was there, the Leach home—the whole of Kulanche County, for that matter—was steamed up with the news of Luetta's engagement to the count. There had never been any sentimental nonsense about the girl; certainly none of the well-known clubmen of Red Gap had ever dared to get sprightly with her. But now she wrote that her fate was sealed, and so forth. He was Count Angelo Ferrantini, from one of the oldest families in the land of Dante, a refined and distinguished aristocrat with centuries of tradition back of him—this is Luetta's talk, not mine—and in him was embodied this mellow land of Dante she had learned to love and what about it, because while she was past thirty, had known her own mind since infancy and her heart was set on this alliance, still she couldn't marry without her father's consent because this would never get by with high-class foreigners.

The Leach family was dazed stiff. All Ross could think of to say was "What does he do? She says he's a count, but what does he do?" This didn't bother Mrs. Leach. She had a general idea that counts don't have to do anything except beautify and adorn their personalities. And she had a notion that if Luetta got to be a countess it would make her mother something official, and probably her father. She saw Ross wearing a red satin ribbon slantwise across his shirt front, something like that, which wouldn't hurt the Leach outfit one bit with the exclusive North Side social set of Red Gap. But she happened to remember, being a great lover of reading, that these foreign noblemen are dissipated to the limit; and would this social elevation make up for Luetta being tied to a creature with low habits? She and Ross had some warm sessions going over these points. Another letter come right after the first saying again that Luetta had found the ideal that embodied all her dreams and strivings after the finer things of life. Mrs. Leach read me this second one. It sounded like her child was expecting to marry Italy rather than one Italian.

While the discussions was raging Ross took action. Years ago, at the very start of his business career, he had took a false step. He went to Chicago from his little Illinois town, taking five hundred dollars in good bills to exchange for ten thousand in bills that couldn't be told from good by any expert, and a good reason why—because they had been printed from regular

(Continued on Page 101)

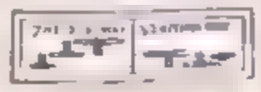
Let your GIFT *bear the* MARK *of* GRUEN

WHEN you give a watch with the name Gruen on the dial you give not only the highest timekeeping value but a pride of ownership which comes with the possession of the most distinctive timepiece of today.

Each of the Gruen Watches featured here is a masterpiece of Guild craftsmanship, a product of that fine spirit which has everywhere won renown for the mark of Gruen. To the owner of a Gruen Watch, Gruen value far outweighs the cost.

The sale of Gruen Watches is confined to the best stores in each community. Look for the Gruen Service Emblem displayed by leading jewelers.

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS GUILD
Time Hill, Cincinnati, U. S. A.
Canadian Branch, Toronto
Masters in the art of watchmaking since 1874

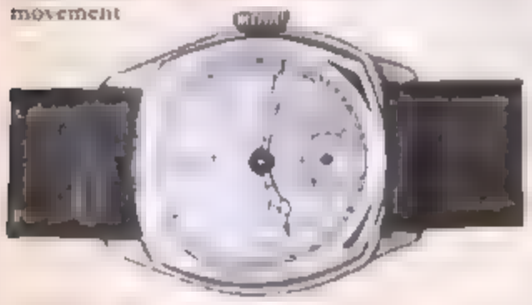
How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction made an accurate  *watch logically thin. It [illegible] unless it is a Gruen*

GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

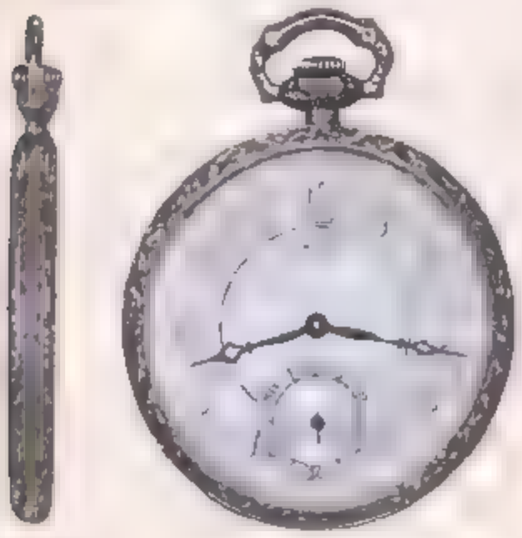
Including the original and genuine "VERITHIN"

No. 121
19 jewel, thin model, white and green, ultra quality, gold filled..... $45.00

No. 122
Engraved Octagon Ribbon, $27.50, $30.00, $35.00, $40.00, $50.00 and $65.00, according to case and movement



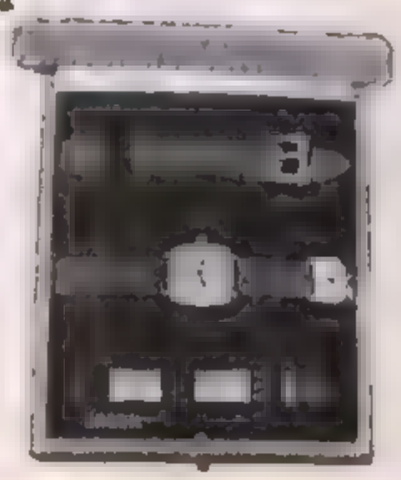
No. 123
Cushion Square, $25.00, $35.00, $42.50, $60.00, $65.00, $75.00, $100.00, $125.00 and $175.00, according to case and movement



No. 124
Hand carved case, Verithin, *Precision* movement, $150.00 to $225.00, according to case and movement

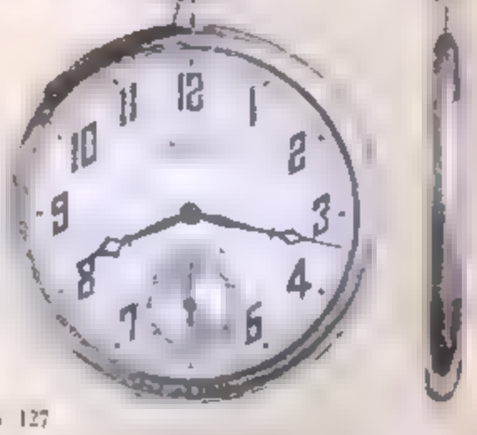
No. 125
Cartouche, green or white gold, $47.50, $50.00, $55.00, $75.00, $85.00, $100.00 and $125.00, according to case and movement

No. 126
Dietrich Gruen Cartouche, diamond and platinum case..... $300.00
More elaborate designs.....$375.00 to $650.00



Gruen Interchangeable Wrist Watch

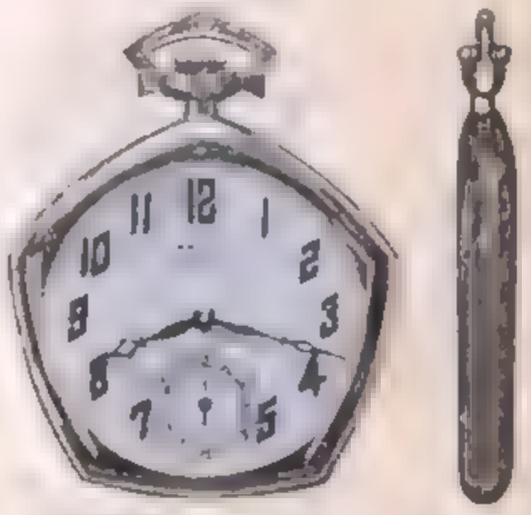
No. 1213 A new feature permits wearing various colored ribbons to match the dress, or a strap for sport use. No sewing required. Ask your jeweler to show it. $37.50 to $100.00, according to case and movement



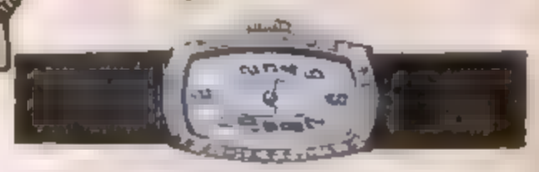
No. 127
Baucine genuine Verithin, $50.00, $60.00, $75.00, $85.00, $100.00, $115.00, $140.00, $150.00 and $200.00, according to case and movement

No. 128
Hexagon, hand engraved, $57.50, $65.00, $70.00, $75.00, $80.00, $85.00 and $90.00, according to case and movement

No. 129
Solid 18 kt. white gold, hand engraved, $75.00 and $80.00



No. 1210
Pentagon *Precision* Verithin, $70.00 to $200.00, according to case and movement



No. 1211
Cartouche, hand engraved, $75.00 and $85.00, green or white gold

No. 1212
Cartouche, hand carved, 18 kt. solid white gold, with diamonds.....$125.00
Solid platinum with diamonds.....$200.00

MERCEDES—Just choice Nut Meats—chocolate coated—Filberts, Brazils, Walnuts, Almonds and Pecans.

CLASS A—A few of the many delicious pieces in this popular assortment are Fruit Nougatines, Strawberry Cordials, Cream Walnuts, Butter Caramels and Almonds Glace.

TOTALLY DIFFERENT—Brazils, Jordan Almonds, Chocolate Coated Pineapples, Cubeb Cubes, Maraschino Cherries and Kumquats are a few of the 23 varieties in this assortment.

You must eat Apollo Chocolates to know how good they are. There just simply isn't any other way to tell you. We can pile adjective on adjective, but you can't taste adjectives. You must taste the chocolates. And after you have tasted them nobody can ever make you believe you don't like them. 193 different, delicious blended flavors, nuts, fruits, sweets and chocolate, each in its own special novel different way—utterly delicious.

If your dealer does not carry Apollo Chocolates, send us his name and 25 cents for a quarter-pound trial box.

The Apollo
CHOCOLATES
They're different

P. H. ROBERTS COMPANY, 128 CROSS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

(Continued from Page 98)

government plates by this kind-hearted stranger who had written him long appealing letters about it and finally sent him one of the bills so he could test it out at the bank. That had been thirty years before, and you'd think a man would let bygones be bygones, but not Ross. He was not only still bleeding inside from it but the incident had a lot of times kept him from leaning his full weight on the word of a fellow man.

So he puts it to his wife that a genuine count is one thing and he don't say it wouldn't be worth considering, but what Luetta has nailed is prob'ly something else.

"Chances are," says Ross, "he ain't a genuine count any more'n I am. Don't I know Luetta with that ideal soul-talk of hers? She'd fall for anything, fall easy. Likely as not this wop is a beautiful young barber with a mandolin and a curly black mustache and sings tenor in the moonlight to her and tells her his family is counts ever since Italy was settled by the whites and she thinks he's old man Michael Angelo Dante himself. Lots of pure young American girls been stung by them snakes," he says.

So Ross being a banker, and being that these here bankers all stand in with each other, writes over to Naples where the count lives, to find out is he. And back comes word that he certainly is. Ross gets the low-down on him. He's a genuine count, none better at present in the land of Dante. And further, which had also been asked as by one banker to another, he is a party of decent habits and a perfect eligible match for any girl that wants to marry a count. If she feels that way she could do no better than take this one. Of course he is not a rich count, such having not been plenty since the common people got a vote, but yet he is not poor, being in moderate circumstances.

This report cooled Ross down a lot and relieved his wife about the titled-roué part, and pretty soon the consent goes and Luetta is made a countess by marriage and the Leaches get to be whatever it makes you if your only daughter is married by a genuine count. The Leaches didn't know about this and didn't like to ask. Mrs. Leach finally tells me in secret that likely it don't make 'em anything in this country—not unless they go to Italy. She took it out in careless mention aplenty of her daughter, the Countess Ferrantini. Old Ross swelled some too. He'd also mention his daughter, the Countess Ferrantini, when he saw the chance, and I suppose he got the hint from Luetta or mebbe he wanted to show the Italian bunch that her father was someone in his own country even if we do have a healthy scorn for titles; anyway he sends over the income on a good wad of bonds every three months. And the Leaches was going to visit the count and countess very soon.

But this visit never comes off. It was one of the many hardships worked by the Great War. But the Leaches got to know their son-in-law anyway. The count and countess broke down their healths in the first part of the war and Italy just then was no place for people like Luetta, who would rather be than do, so she gets desperate and plans a visit to the odious old home town. She must of figured it would win her something two ways. It would get her away until Italy once more got to be a place where you could be and not do and beautify your personality and so forth, and it would give her a fine chance to show Red Gap. She'd show it thoroughly with parties and receptions and articles in the Sunday papers and photos that the prying busybodies of reporters would get hold of by hook or crook, and then once more she'd leave the town to its horrible fate.

When the news come the Leach home was done over from cellar to cupola, some good Italian pictures was got in, fisher maidens with bare feet, and old men in red sashes hauling seines, and a few cathedrals, and so on, and a silver chocolate service because the count had chocolate and ripe figs served at his bedside every morning at ten, and could ripe figs be had, because if not the count would get restless. And the day the couple landed Red Gap talked in whispers. This was the first time a genuine count and a countess by marriage had left a train at our station. There had been some thought in the Leach home about putting down a strip of red carpet from the train across the depot platform, the way they do in Europe, but Ross decided against this. It would look like putting on airs, because the countess, after all, was their own daughter and had got off the train many a time without any carpet.

But Ross and his wife stepped high and wide them first days, though trying to look as if nothing tremendous was on—just their Luetta May home on a visit with her husband, who happened to be a genuine count! An afternoon reception was given with no loss of time and all Red Gap went that was let to. Me? Sure! I hadn't ever seen a count either. And I nearly didn't see this one—he was that shrinking on account of staring rudely at Luetta May. She was the most foreign thing this side of Tibet or some place. All fussed up with wearing apparel, jewelry, hair, eyebrows, synthetic complexion, voice and talk. I don't know just what she'd done to her good old Red Gap English, but stern measures had been took and no stranger would of dreamed she was home-born and had lived here until her home accent would seem to of jelled. And of course every so often she'd fancy herself back in dear Italy and gabble something in Italian. Then she'd stop and apologize very prettily to Lon Price or Metta Bigler or whoever, though hinting by her manner that it was a shame they hadn't enjoyed more advantages. And her manner was even more powerful than her other ammunition; you'd think she was a fresh-landed foreigner if only she stood up or set down or refused another cup of tea with her eyebrows. No one could deny she was every inch a countess. She looked a lot more like one than her husband looked like a count.

When I finally got Luetta out of my eyes long enough to look at him steady, he was a tall, torpid thing, bent shouldered and tired-looking, with thin hair, a reddish brown beard straggling to a point and these reddish-brown eyes that look like they're burning. And dressed like anyone. Half the folks there had sort of looked for him to wear satin or velvet pants and most of 'em had counted on some kind of a badge that would show he was a count; and here he was, looking like an overworked bookkeeper dressed up for Sunday. He seemed right depressed under the social attentions he got, like he'd rather of been back in sunny Italy, war or no war, but he took his punishment, mebbe through knowing that at least one of his wife's eyes was always on him. Catch her losing any of the sensation she was making with him!

He talked very careful English. If the right word didn't come he'd wait for it. He told me our country was larger than it looked on the map. Also he was still worn from his journey because for so many nights he had been buffeted in the wagon bed. He said a son from his uncle had once made the journey across our lovely land and had also found that the wagon beds gave him a buffeting because of the train turning quickly. He was soft-spoken and quite sad, even when pleased. He told me of having toasted clams in New York and how he liked our saleratus cakes and how he was amused by the urchins that sold papers in our avenues, but he didn't look pleased or amused. These sorrowful hot eyes of his showed he was wishing it would soon be over, or mebbe he was thinking of the wagon beds going back. He drooped, that's what he done, even his hands drooped—pale hands with long feeble fingers that could hardly hold up a cigarette holder a foot long.

I was right taken with the poor thing, like you would be with a lost child you saw in the street, some game kid that thought it mustn't let people know it was lost or they'd make trouble for it. I said I hoped we'd meet again. He took it with polite words all right, but looked like I'd told him his mother had just passed on. The countess shook her earrings at me when I left and said how good it had been to see the old familiar faces. She talked like an Italian countess that had learned to speak English in London. The count called her Madonna.

Red Gap had its first good thrill. And after that potlatches was held at other refined homes for the noble couple. This social whirl was the count's only hard work. For the tail end of mornings, after his chocolate and figs, he had a game he'd play by himself. He'd stick his high hat over in one corner of the sitting room, topside on the floor, set himself in a chair about a dozen feet off with a deck of cards and try to flip the cards into the hat. I was let to watch this one morning when I happened to be there and he got a dozen cards into the hat and was pleased as

2714

This is the number of the plated, ball-tip, loose-pin McKinney Butt.

These are life-centers of every door

HINGES alone make door action possible. Every time you seek the reason for a sagging door, for an irritating, teasing door-squeak, for a door jammed tightly shut, look to the hinges on which it swings.

It does not pay to purchase hinges without considering the service they must perform. An ordinary inside door weighs about fifty pounds. Hinges must swing and carry that weight easily, firmly and silently, without rest, as long as the door lasts. And they must harmonize in finish with the doors which they carry.

McKinney Hinges are just such hinges as any careful builder would specify. They are silent, durable and good looking. For nearly sixty years McKinney Hinges and Butts have equaled the most exacting requirements of architects, builders and home owners.

Many valuable hints on the subject of doors and hardware selection will be found in an interesting little book, "Suggestions for the Home Builder," which we will mail to you free on request. A companion booklet concerning the installation of garage doors will accompany it.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING CO., PITTSBURGH
Western Office, Wrigley Bldg., Chicago — Export Representation

McKINNEY
Hinges and Butts and Hardware

Garage hardware, door hangers and track, door bolts and latches, shelf brackets, window and screen hardware, steel door mat and wrought specialties.

She will love a chest of fragrant cedar wood

HER fondness for dainty clothing, her partiality to furs, her radiant dreams that find expression in cherished articles of sentiment—all suggest this perfect safekeeper. She will love the decorative beauty and lasting usefulness of a Lane Red Cedar Chest.

Lane Chests of genuine red cedar heartwood are built to last for generations. They are moth-proof, dust-proof, damp-proof. Each of the many different sizes and styles, in plain or period design, is as beautiful as care can make it; as intimately decorative as one's heart can desire. Cushioned, it will provide a charming window seat or convenient lounge at the foot of a bed. Its serviceable tray is as accessible as a dressing-table drawer.

Lane processes retain the natural cedar color; accentuate the beautiful graining; keep the moth-killing and refreshing cedar aroma inside. Panels are inseparably dovetailed. Corner sections are interlocked. Legs are permanently attached. Dust-proof lids. Damp-proof bottoms. Double-plated hardware and Yale locks. The Lane Cedar Chest is as artistic as a jewel box; sturdier than a trunk.

A Note for the Gift Seeker

She will be proud of her Lane Cedar Chest; happy in its usefulness, joyous in your thoughtfulness. Her children's children will love its fragrant memories as it brings to the distant years.

These beautiful chests may be purchased as low as from $12 to $15 upwards. The genuine Lane has name burned inside the lid. Be sure to look for it. If your furniture dealer or department store cannot supply you, write us for name of dealer who can.

THE LANE COMPANY, Inc.
Altavista, Va.
Formerly The Standard Red Cedar Chest Co., Inc.

LANE
CEDAR CHEST

Punch. It didn't look like very rank dissipation. And afternoons Luetta would bring him his plush hat with a little curly feather in it and his yellow stick and gray gloves, and send him out for his walk. He'd take his hollow-chested form up and down our business streets watching the foreign scene with kind of a furtive interest, but still seeming stunned by our native customs. If anyone took the least notice of him he'd pretend he wasn't interested and begin to look like a passenger that's just stepped off No. 4 to walk up and down the platform while the train stops.

But when folks he'd met spoke to him he made quite an affair of it. He bowed like doing a bending exercise and used about nine different motions in lifting his hat. That was a thing the men didn't get at first. The count would lift his hat to a man the same as to a lady—made no difference to him. Lon Price told me about this. He said lifting your hat to a man looked sissified, but a few days later on Fourth Street I saw Lon pass the count and they both lifted their hats, Lon being just as Italian as anyone.

He told me when I kidded him about being a sissy, too, that the count had hypnotized him into it.

Another thing was hand-kissing. The count would kiss a lady's hand with many flourishes, bending over it with much reverence like a slave or something. It made a sensation among the young matrons of the smart set. They was awkward at first. It took 'em some time before they could quit looking alarmed when the count grabbed. Beryl Mae Macomber, a wealthy young heiress aged seventeen, was the only one that give in gracefully from the start, but she'd learned it from taking a course in movie acting.

Finally it was seen that the count meant well, even if he was a foreigner and hadn't had Red Gap advantages, so people quit taking so much notice of him. The town is always willing to live and let live. But this didn't seem to make the count any happier in his strange surroundings. He still looked hollow and listless and put on. The only sign of life I'd caught in him was at an afternoon lawn party at the Leach home to which kids was let come. He was still solemn and discouraged when it begun, but after refreshments had been served I missed him, and then around the side of the house I heard a lot of strange birds and then a lot of the kids being excited, and I go around and the count has a dozen children in the grape arbor and is giving imitations of birds and animals as good as what you ever heard in a show—birds of all kinds and chipmunks and cats, and so forth. He made you think the place was full of animal life. You couldn't tell whether he squealed or whistled, but he was sure accomplished. And with these kids going crazy over the performance and yelling for more he was all lit up himself and having a better time than any of 'em. But it didn't last a minute after Madonna hunted him out to come and kiss some ladies on the hand before they left. He was meek and anxious again when he performed these last sad rites. Still he had showed he had life in him. Anyone that can make you think a canary bird is right here in the room must have his engine turning over.

It was about then that Pete Russo stepped into the game. Pete and his family was the only other Italians Red Gap had ever seen, but no attention had been paid them because Pete was a mere Dago that kept a fruit stand. He's a short chunky old scoundrel with a gray beard and a brown face and gold hoops in his ears. He had his little place around on a side street, with a stalk of bananas hanging out front and some boxes of whatever fruit was in season and some vegetables that his wife and children would raise on their place down by the creek bend. And in the back of this place, which was dark as a bat's cave, he had a few boxes of stuff, dried mushrooms and maybe a cheese or two and a couple of casseroles—stuff no one ever thought of buying. Pete didn't care. If people had bought it he'd of quit keeping it, like the time he got in some Italian paste that was like macaroni but a different shape and someone found it and told others and it was all sold in a week. Pete wouldn't get any more. He said people bothered him enough without that. He wanted to set out in front where the sun could hit him and he could doze and not have to move far when customers wanted a dozen bananas or a sack of grapes.

Well, one day the count turns down this street and sees Pete, and Pete, being awake, sees the count, and they look a minute and Pete gets up and bows and the count bows and in one minute they're hitting ninety with the mufflers wide open. It was Old Home Week. Pete gives the count his chair that didn't have any back on it and brings out a lemon crate for himself and they pass a lovely afternoon talking with all they got, including the hands. It was a treat to stand half a block off where you couldn't hear a word and just watch the hands.

It seems that Pete had once worked on the count's father's ranch back in Italy, trimming grapevines or bottling olives or something—though you can bet he worked little except when watched—and this seemed to make 'em like long-lost brothers. The count was back there next day, the minute he could leave Madonna, chinning with this social dreg that in his own country he wouldn't of looked twice at.

Ain't that natural? If you or I was far off in China or Africa among the wild natives and we found a white person from the home town there, wouldn't it be a treat? It would to me. I'd hunt him up even if he was a sheep man. The count says to me afterwards, "It was so good a pleasure to talk to one without first carefully thinking how to say it right." This was the time he also said he had been a soul in prison, but something tragic had happened before that.

Meantime the poor thing was leading this double life that he didn't tell Madonna about. He'd show up at her affairs in his parade regalia, but the minute he was free he'd beat it for Pete's place and sit out in front of this side street, peeling an orange or something and talking with great excitement. It must of been like a club to the poor shut-in. He had something to look forward to now, something more than imitating a squirrel or shooting fifty-two cards at a high hat or kissing the hands of the North Side Bridge Club. Luetta had apologized for her country when she brought him to it, but now Pete was telling him a lot of good things about it. Pete told him right out it was a better country than Italy, where what the government didn't take away from you in taxes it took away with lottery tickets. The count begun to take notice.

And Luetta was counting the days till they could get back to civilization. She'd made her hit in Red Gap and the glitter was wearing off. She was again saying things about the town that wouldn't of pleased the Boosters' Club nor the Brighter Red Gap Association nor the City Beautiful League, such as that we was raw and crude and a mere lot of dollar hunters with no culture and no traditions and no stone apartment houses eight hundred years old such as may be seen on every hand in the land of Dante. Red Gap didn't seem to enamor her one bit. I don't know. Mebbe she was right. But we're here and have to make the best of ourselves. Ain't it so? We can't all live in the land of Dante, and I s'pose once it didn't have any traditions either. Give us time!

And while Luetta May was thus checking off the days of her exile the count pulls a bloomer. It was on some kind of a saint's day which in Italy is a national holiday. I understand they have at least one of these every week, when everybody knocks off work and shoots firecrackers. I didn't learn the name of this saint, but anyway the count didn't come back from his walk that day. The Leaches waited dinner till old Ross got hungry and et his, and still no count, and pretty soon Luetta got panic-struck. Angelo must of met a dreadful fate. Probably a gang of black-handers had kidnaped him and was holding him for ransom and the police must be called out.

Ross finally got her to thinking it mightn't be as bad as this, so then she said Angelo must of been strolling down along the creek and fell in and the stream must be dragged for his body. This sounded a little bit more reasonable to Ross, though nothing to give odds on. Still he'd had his own dinner and didn't mind a stroll. He said Angelo had prob'ly got lost and Luetta said fancy anyone being lost in this odious little hole. So they started out, Ross making her promise not to get hysterical. They walked through all the business streets making inquiries and the news gets

(Continued on Page 104

THIS *blue and gold Armco label is stamped on washing machines made from "Armco" Ingot Iron. It also appears on stoves, ranges, refrigerators, enamel table tops and other household and commercial articles where "Armco" Ingot Iron is a feature of the construction. Look for this label. It is an assurance of the quality and solid worth of the sheet-metal parts of articles that bear it.*

This Long-Lasting Iron MAKES WASHING MACHINES *that* ENDURE

All washing machines are good when they are new. But washing clothes is hard work, whether it's done by human hands or a mechanical washer.

Choose your washing machine as you would a servant—by character references.

You can afford a good washing machine—one with the "best of references." There are many makes, most of them good, each with some individual merit or feature which might appeal to you.

There is, however, one method of choosing that will absolutely guarantee the character of a washing machine—choose one made from "Armco" Ingot Iron, bearing the blue and gold Armco trademark.

This durable iron makes an excellent base for the galvanized coating. It takes it smoothly and holds it tenaciously. Galvanized "Armco" Ingot Iron also resists the action of soaps and washing powders to a very remarkable degree.

No better reference can be given for any washing machine than that it appears in the list of those made from "Armco" Ingot Iron.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Middletown, Ohio

Write us and we will tell you the names of washing machines and other household articles that have sheet-metal parts of "Armco" Iron and bear the blue and gold Armco label, so you can identify them

ARMCO INGOT IRON

TRADE MARK

For Christmas—

GIVE a pair of Murdock Head Phones to the relative or friend who has a radio receiving set. Every radio enthusiast wants extra parts for his friends to use to "listen in." And when you give a MURDOCK HEADSET you are giving the best that money can buy — the headsets used by radio experts in their important experiments.

The most reasonably priced high quality headset on the market.

NO. 56 MURDOCK HEADSET

$5 2000 OHMS $5.50 3000 OHMS

SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE

NOTE. If your dealer does not carry Murdock Headsets, send remittance direct.

WM. J. MURDOCK CO.

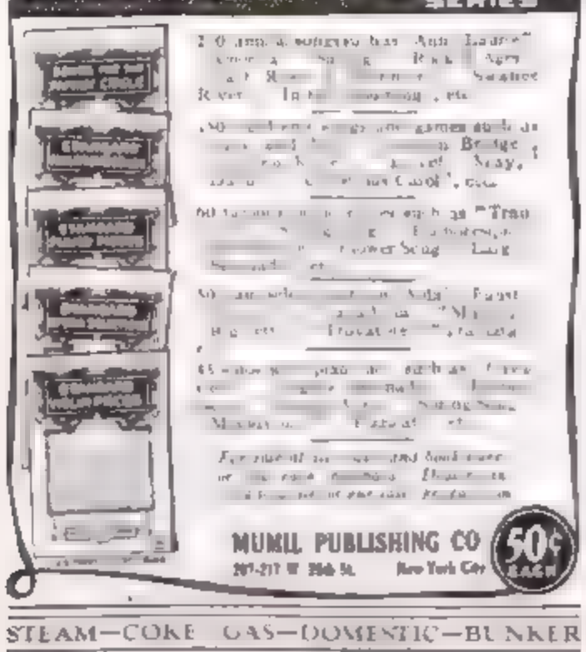
350 Washington Ave., Chelsea, Mass.

Sales Offices:
1270 Broadway, N. Y. C.
509 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.

MURDOCK RADIO

STANDARD APPARATUS SINCE 1904

THE MUSIC FOR THE MILLION SERIES



MUMLL PUBLISHING CO 50¢ EACH

STEAM—COKE GAS—DOMESTIC—BUNKER

OTEKA COALS

ONE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

A coal organization, if it is properly equipped, can serve customers as a doctor his patients.
We want the pleasure of doing business with men who will buy their coal on that basis—good coal—coal adapted to their particular needs—good service—REAL value.

A. K. Althouse & Co.,
Liberty Building, Phila., Pa.

ALTHOUSE *for* Coal Service

STEAM—COKE—GAS—DOMESTIC BUNKER

(Continued from Page 102)

about in no time that the town's only count is missing and some more searchers volunteer, scattering far and wide but with no success whatever. Finally about ten o'clock, when Luetta was sure the worst had happened and they was about to drag the creek holes, a new searcher remembered seeing the count about six o'clock going up the street with Pete Russo. Luetta did go up in the air at this. She achieved an altitude record. Her first suspicion had been right. Blackhanders. This Russo creature had prob'ly decoyed the count to some lair by telling him his wife wanted him there—Luetta had seen a few sterling photoplays—and he was now lying bound and gagged while a messenger was out for the ransom. Old Ross finally got her quiet by telling her the entire resources of the Merchants' National would be turned over to the fiends if they demanded that much, but they might as well keep looking until the demand was made.

So the vigilantes all troop across town and down along the creek to the Russo shack, about fifty brave souls by this time. The villa Russo is not only lighted but sounds of music pour from it, including loud human voices in song. The excited crowd stops outside while Luetta and her father go up and knock at the door. The music is so determined that no one hears the knock, so Ross opens the door while Luetta trembled and clung to him.

A horrible sight met their eyes. A phonograph is going hard and Angelo and Pete Russo are singing to it while they do some kind of a native dance. The dance is very abandoned, or rough, and the song is a quick and noisy song, something about a funicular railway that goes up the side of a hill. I s'pose an Italian will sing about anything that comes into his head. Angelo has his coat and vest off and is twined with a red sash, and Pete the same, and the mere two of 'em are causing more disturbance than any ten Americans could. And Pete's wife is a help by clapping her hands to the music. Also there is messy signs that they have just finished eating a dishpan of spaghetti and drinking a demijohn of red wine which Pete makes with great skill. The oldest Russo girl is just dishing up another pan of spaghetti and another kid is prying the cork out of another demijohn of the red turbulence.

And there you are—a regular Harvest Home Festival or low debauch. Luetta has gone out expecting to find Angelo a corpse or something, and here he is acting like a rowdy in Red Gap's only slum. But her entrance froze the music. Pete slinks over back of the stove and his wife gives a scream of horror and stops the machine and the count stops singing, though with his mouth still open, and looks foolish. But this is only for a second. As soon as he catches Luetta's expression, which registers that she is regarding him as a naughty boy that's been caught at it, he straightens out and becomes a real count in no time at all. He bows low with all his manner and makes a ceremony of presenting the Russo family one by one to his wife—there was four of the children—and Luetta has sense enough to see that he's a real count again, so she pretends to be polite to this trash.

Pete gets his nerve back and comes out from behind the stove to pour from the new demijohn and Luetta has to accept a drink, though seeing that Angelo has had his aplenty. Not that he's in the least pickled. He's just a bit high. So everybody drinks everybody's health and the count explains that he has dined famously with these good friends and hopes that Madonna was not annoyed by his absence from the Leach villa. He is shocked when Luetta tells him she has had the town searching for his probable remains. He goes to the door, however, and thanks the crowd for its friendly endeavors and says he will trouble it no further. Then he comes back and drinks some more wine to Mrs Russo's health and winds some of the hot spaghetti around a fork, and Luetta, being hungry, also takes a dish of it And pretty soon the music is going again while the count and the oldest Russo girl, a flouncing jade of twelve, dance the tarantella.

I got these loathsome details from Ross Leach. He said it was an eye opener for him. He'd come to think the land of Dante had sold him a package and here it looked like he'd got something for his money. He said he couldn't yet tell what, but anyway something was z.p. The party broke up after another round of wine. Angelo give Pete back his sash, put on his coat and vest and kissed the hands of Pete's wife and the four daughters down to Teresina, aged three. He said he was indebted to them all for his most wonderful occasion in the land of America. Then it come to bidding Pete farewell. Ross said that Angelo's feelings got the best of him here, owing to his fervent Italian nature or to Pete's fervent tipple. His eyes grew moist and he sort of broke down and pulled the hairy old pirate to his breast and kissed him on both cheeks. Wouldn't I of liked to see that, and wouldn't the whole of the thriving city of Red Gap! Then Mrs. Russo is so overcome by this display of affection that she grabs the count's hand and kisses it. And then Ross got his family out. He said when Italians got to a certain stage they always made him nervous. But he was still wondering how much more zip Angelo had behind his well-behaved face. Angelo walked home on clouds, he said, caroling snatches of glad songs and causing nightingales to warble at every street corner. He said Luetta was not singing. She seemed to be thinking.

She told me afterwards she was thinking deeply. She'd seen that she must take this horrible outbreak of Angelo's as a boyish prank and pretend she wasn't worried when he was back at Pete's fruit stand the next day and every day after that, having long, excited conversations with the lowdown. But she said from the first moment when she looked in on this highgo at Pete's shack she had a dark foreboding of some foul blow, just as if invisible spirit voices was trying to slip her a warning. And she got it.

In about one week Angelo calls in her and her parents one day and with much use of the hands and features says that he is about to cross the Rubicon the same as Cæsar once did, or some other Italian. And while Luetta, with all her forebodings puffed out full, gets ready to faint he says that, in short, he is not going back to Italy, but will cast in his lot with these brave Americans who struggle in such calamitous surroundings, because their heroic examples have put new life in him.

Hearing this, Luetta merely thinks he is crazy and will have to be put away some place for a few weeks, but the worst ain't out yet. It comes out two days later. Pete Russo has rented a storeroom in the new Leach Block on South Main, which is startling but not tragic. But then a lot of white enamel letters are smeared over the plate-glass window which astonish all beholders because they read, Ferrantini & Russo, Choice Italian Groceries. Special Imports.

Luetta's nervous breakdown was complete. It lasted two months in a sanitarium up at Spokane, and it was said that during most of this time she forgot her accent. That may have been mere gossip, however. Anyway, when she come home the business was running full swing and she nearly had to go back. Angelo had gone up to see her every week and talked soothing and she'd got the idea that even if his name was on the horrible window with a common Russo, still he'd keep out of the odious place, merely allowing the use of his name out of chivalry. But not so. Nothing like it. Angelo was being the life of the shop. Waiting on trade—and you can bet he got a lot of it—sorting out fruit so as to put the best apples on top, like he'd kept a fruit stand for years—unpacking cases from his native land and even out in front in his shirt sleeves with red arm garters, polishing the windows. He was acting like a common grocer. In fact he was doing more of the work than Pete, who'd sometimes look like he was sorry he'd ever been pushed into the big league.

Angelo would be down every morning at eight—no more breakfast in bed—home for lunch, back to the store and working till six unless there's an afternoon tea, when he'd take a count's rightful place in society. He hates to leave the shop in the daytime, though, because left by himself Pete will likely bring a chair out in front of the fine new store and take a nap the same as when he was in his old dump. Luetta got it all quick, even to knowing Angelo had took out his first papers and joined the Elks and the Rotary and was hooting to the world that he was an American. That's why she nearly had to go back to the sanitarium. But she compromised on a month's trip up here, the count coming up over Sundays. That was when he showed the Chink how to make spaghetti take a joke. And that was when I got the inside dope from him. Mind you, he was now a different-looking count from the one that landed. He was still delicately carpentered but not frail any more. He'd straightened up and filled out and looked like ten years had been dropped in the new store.

"Always," says he one night, "have I liked shops. When a little boy I liked to play I was a shopman. And when I was old I longed to be truly one, but in my country and my own family I must be only a do-nothing. I was a soul in prison. Then the good saints bring me to your beautiful country where a man can do what a man wants to do and it is not thought a disgrace."

So there it was. He'd had a natural slant for trade and over here he could gratify his lowest instincts. "Italy is my country," he says, "but America is the soul's country."

Of course Luetta didn't hear this. All she knew was that he had polluted the traditions of a family that for hundreds of years hadn't done a stroke of work. She had sanctified herself to art and beautiful living and here she was in the revolting clutch of Italian groceries. It's still tragic to her, though she's coming around. She's painting art things again. She says some of the scenery around here ain't too contemptible for pictures if handled right. And she fell off the front porch one day and broke her accent. Yes, sir, skinned her knee and a wrist and broke out into as good Red Gap talk as Jeff Tuttle is likely to use when packing a mule if no ladies is around. And since then she falls back into it at times when she has no excuse. And she's beginning to take notice that the count is even more highly regarded by the public than when he was merely a count. That helps some.

And of course the count is being just as good an artist in his own way as Luetta, because I've read you can be an artist doing anything if you got it in you, and he told me himself the grocery business needed artistic feeling the same as any. He enjoyed himself up here. He said he liked my place where I lived like Robinson Crusoe and he got me to teach him how to roll cigarettes. I don't know where he got his ideas of Crusoe, and his cigarettes when he left here still looked like tamales. But he can't stay away long from his studio, as you might call it. Down there he's one busy cup of tea. If you was to pass along sometime when he was in the place alone, squeaking and bubbling and twittering, you might think it was a bird and animal store. I bet he beautifies his personality here more than Luetta could have done hers in Italy. He's in earnest. He delivered a basket of stuff to me himself one day when I was having a tea and their truck had broke down. Come in the back way with it and then went around the front way to come in and attend the tea.

And ain't he one like I said? At home he was sewing himself up tighter and tighter every day in the family cocoon. Then he comes here and busts out of it. Of course he's spinning another—we all have to—but he's spinning this one around an artist and getting fine fun out of it, which is about all you can get out of life, Italy or Red Gap.

Ma Pettengill broke off, sighed profoundly and without change of tone resumed. She said there was about thirty sets of mule harness on the place to be oiled and she wished she had a few artists here that loved their work like counts and such.

I said it was quite true that people did not have to go to foreign parts to be artists of a sort; I had no doubt the American small town gave inspiration to many of them.

The lady flared up with a final scintillance. She said she had just read a piece saying that the small town—in fact all American towns—was getting hell from a lot of writers who thought like Luetta did about her country. But, having been around the map quite some, it was her hunch that the United States had more in it than these nagging writers give it credit for when they set out to be smart.

She deliberated on this with a long look into the fire, then: "Still, I guess in that writing business—a writer can't see a bit more in any town than what he has in himself, so mebbe the trouble lies there."

Having impearled this thought she said didn't it beat all how a woman would wind up a misspent life by setting and talking herself into clergyman's sore throat. And now she must get her rest because—wasn't she the only artist this side of Red Gap?

ITS LACQUER-RED COLOR ABOUNDS WITH CHRISTMAS CHEER

Send them all Parker's 25-year Duofold

The Gift Most Coveted This Christmas

With Super-smooth Point and Classic Writing Swing

Over-size Duofold De Luxe with gold band mounting and satin-lined gift case, $10 and $15

Duofold Jr. De Luxe, in gift case, $7

Over-size Duofold with extra large ink capacity, $7. Duofold Jr. $5

They'll Never Lay It Aside!

BECAUSE it is a universal point the Duofold will suit whatever hand you choose to gladden by this new and princely gift. It's a 25-year point—not of sham Iridium—but *native* Iridium, hardest of metals, set in extra thick gold.

As super-smooth as a polished jewel bearing, it needs no "breaking in." No style of writing can distort its permanently faultless shape!

But make no mistake—there is only one real Duofold Fountain Pen and it's made by The PARKER Pen Co. No other is like it. Even this shade of Chinese lacquer-red remains unmatched—a cheery color that is eloquent of the Christmas spirit you want your gift to convey.

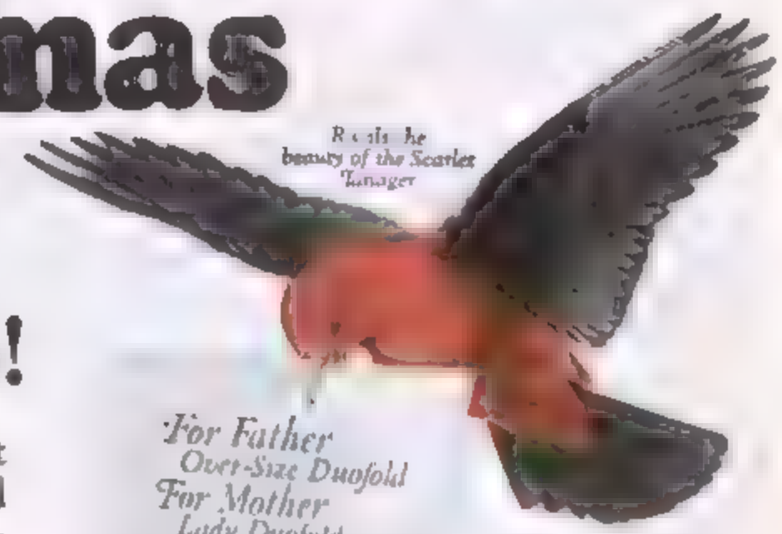
Its smart, black tips and neat, gold pocket-clip add the final touch of distinction—a super-pen for those who can afford it.

Step up to the first pen counter and feel the writing-swing of its balanced weight; how it poises your hand and gives your stroke full play. Remove the cap and press the button to note how easily it fills. Write with this and other pens regardless of price to see how infinitely smooth is the Duofold point.

Even without this writing comparison 62 men in 100 picked the Duofold first for beauty and balance alone. Never such interest in a fountain pen before, because before no fountain pen like this.

Stores are besieged by Christmas buyers for this 25-year Parker. So don't defer selections—and don't accept "second bests." Write us giving dealer's name if unable to get the genuine Duofold. "Geo. S. Parker—Lucky Curve" is imprinted on the barrel so you can know.

To Officials and Sales Executives—Give Duofolds this Christmas to your employes; start sales contests for the 25-year pen. No other prize inspires such endeavor. One company alone has used 1,000 Duofolds this way.



Reveals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

For Father
Over-Size Duofold
For Mother
Lady Duofold
For Sister Bess
ditto
For Master Dick
Duofold Jr.
For Uncle Bob and Aunt Carrie
Parker Duette

Lady Duofold with gold band mounting and ring end for ribbon or chatelaine, $5
Ribbon $1 extra

Parker Duette, Gold Pen and Pencil to match, in satin-lined gift case, $11, $12, $13, $14 and $16

Parker Duofold LUCKY CURVE — OVER-SIZE — **$7**

The 25 Year Pen

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK · CHICAGO — SAN FRANCISCO

Manufacturers also of Parker "Lucky Lock" Pencils

Canadian Distributors: Bunnn, Gillies & Company, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario

A Christmas Box for Every Kiddie

A Carton of Twenty-four for $1.00

Boys and girls know what THEY are!

No mistake—it's CHRISTMAS . . . REALLY HERE! . . . for there are *little raisins to proclaim it* . . . little red boxes almost *calling out "Merry Christmas"* to them before they're half way down the stairs.

See them go for them—*you know* they love them.

And they're both good and good *for* them, like *natural confections*—fine little *seedless* fruit-meats, Nature's own delicious, healthful sweets, "just made" for Christmas time!

Now don't you go and forget them, because forty million kiddies are *looking* for these little boxes in their stockings Christmas morning, and you *must make good*.

Better get them now to be absolutely, *positively* SURE!

Better get *two dozen*, in a carton, to serve as little gifts to anyone who may drop in to see the tree.

Make some twenty other little people happy besides your own—for a dollar.

Let's go get them NOW.

Little Sun-Maids

Christmas Raisins

5c Everywhere

thick hide—"if you think you can get us safely ashore, go to it. Here's the map, the compass, my knife. Take the job and welcome, water and all! I'm through!" He folded his arms, leaned back against the crooked mast. "If you want to throw me overboard, go ahead. A man can't die but once."

Red, having finally extracted the cork from the water bottle, now sat staring at it, rubbing his stubbly beard.

"You say we'll make land in a couple of days?" he asked uneasily.

"No." Grant gave a curious laugh. "I said it was a hundred-to-one shot we might."

He glanced at the ruffle of wind on the water, the compass at his side.

"We're making too much northing right now," he said.

"Northing? What's that?"

Again Grant laughed, his manner singularly detached.

"What difference does it make?" he asked, and closed his eyes. When he opened them again Red had placed the water bottle beneath the mass of wet seaweed and was lashing it in place.

"Better fix that mast," he grumbled, not meeting Grant's eyes. "It'll be overboard in another minute. And I ain't touched your water."

III

THE shore presented a steaming wall of jungle, stretching in dense green masses to the water's edge. There was no beach inside the barrier reef, only a brown and slimy marsh, laced with tangled mangrove roots. The water was still, pellucid, warm. Grant dragged his feet in it as he sat forcing the raft shoreward with feeble strokes of the oar. He was very weak, but the fire in his eyes was still undimmed. Red lay gasping upon the deck, staring at the steaming jungle.

"Can't you hurry up?" he moaned. "I got to have some water—I got to."

Grant paid no attention to him. Thoughts of clear cool streams, of luscious tropic fruits filled his mind. For three days he and Red had subsisted on some fragments of biscuit, a thimbleful of water. For hours they had crawled, inch by inch, mile by mile, toward that vivid wall of green; it had seemed at times as though they would never reach it.

Eagerly Grant watched the line of the shore, searching the muddy barrier for some sign of an opening, a channel, with promise of a landing on firm ground, of fresh water. The sudden rounding of a point covered with marsh weeds disclosed the mouth of a small stream pouring its sluggish brown current into the lagoon. With half a dozen strokes Grant drove the raft against the mud, staggered ashore. A few moments later the two were forcing their way through a tangle of liana vines and bamboo to a clear space on the bank of the stream some fifty feet above its mouth. Here they threw themselves down at the edge of a pool and drank crazily, endlessly, of the warm brackish water.

After a time Grant sat up, leaned against the trunk of a tree with a sigh of relief. The tension under which he had labored for the past nine days suddenly broke, leaving him very tired and weak. He glanced at Red, trying with nervous fingers to extract a thorn from his foot.

"Feeling better?" he asked.

"All in." The big man's voice trembled with weakness. "I'd give a million dollars for a shot of hooch."

Grant drew from his pocket a small leather-covered flask and began to unscrew the top. Red stared at it without interest. He had known of the flask on the raft—had been told that it was empty. His eyes lit up when he saw Grant put it to his lips.

"So you been holdin' out on me, have you?" he muttered angrily.

"No, I haven't touched it before; not a drop. And I didn't mean that you should either. I'd have pitched it overboard first. Liquor would have set you crazy, with no food or water in all that heat. But it's over now. Go easy, though. We aren't out of the woods—yet."

He passed over the flask, smiling. Red took it with shaking fingers, tilted it against his lips. There was a slow gurgle. Grant, sensing his intention, sprang forward, but Red held him off with one hand until he had drained the last drop. Then he tossed the empty flask into the bushes.

FINER CLAY

(Continued from Page 19)

"Ah!" he grunted, rising and shaking his shoulders. "That's something like!"

"You hog!" Grant's eyes blazed. "I hope it kills you!" But Red only laughed at him, a foolish, careless laugh.

"Don't start anything with me," he exclaimed, making quick passes in the air with his fists. "I could lick a flock of wildcats the way I feel now." With bursts of crazy laughter he danced about, shadow boxing, felling imaginary adversaries with straight lefts, right hooks, uppercuts. "Oh, boy, watch me! Am I good?" The liquor, close to half a pint, on a stomach weakened by nine days of grueling starvation, went to his head with amazing rapidity. In less than five minutes he was uproariously drunk.

Grant began to search for the flask in the underbrush. He realized their need of it for carrying water.

"I was a fool to trust you," he said. "I might have known you'd turn yellow."

"Aw, forget it!" Red's good nature became vast, grandiose; he patted Grant heavily on the back. "You're a good ol' sport, if you are a capit'list. Good ol' sport. What's eatin' you, anyway? We're all O. K., ain't we? Don't get sore over a measly l'l' pint of hooch. I'll buy you a barrel when we get to Manila. I'll buy you two barrels!" He grinned foolishly, his feet a trifle unsteady.

"Manila? You idiot! Where do you think you are?"

"Philippines, ain't we?"

"I don't know. Maybe we are—maybe not. In any case, there's about three thousand islands in the group, more or less, and they stretch as far as from New York to Chicago. I wouldn't waste any time figuring on Manila right now, if I were you. We ought to have kept that liquor in case one of us got sick."

Red's good nature refused to be downed. He laughed until the silent jungle burst into a flame of gold and green, echoed with the screams of countless birds.

"For God's sake shut up, can't you?" Grant exclaimed. "Do you want that ivory dome of yours made into a parlor ornament by some head-hunter?"

"What d'you mean, head-hunter? This is the good old U. S. A., ain't it?"

"Yes, the good old U. S. A., land of bloodsucking capitalists and downtrodden wage slaves and all the rest of it. Only they haven't extended their rotten system over all the islands yet, so you're likely to meet some conscientious objectors in the outlying districts—here, for instance. Free thinkers. You may like them." He gave an ironical laugh. "They've got the same ideas you have—down with the Government, murder, robbery, divide up the loot among the dear proletariat. Reds, all right, the same as your friends in Russia. You can call them comrade with a clear conscience—if they'll give you a chance. Only trouble is they're likely to look on you as a capitalist, too, because you've got a pair of trousers. So I'd keep quiet, if I were you. No use advertising the fact we're here. They'll find it out soon enough." He recovered the flask, put it in his pocket. "Suppose we look for something to eat."

A faint path, worn by countless tiny jungle feet, led up from the water hole. The two men turned into it, forcing their way through thorny bushes, thickets of bamboo, cogon grass, creeping vines. After a quarter of an hour of tiring effort they reached a small clearing, at the far side of which grew some coconut palms. The shrill chatter of monkeys greeted their appearance. Red, who had cursed endlessly during their painful progress through the jungle, found his drunken good nature restored. He began to shout at them, returning furiously their bombardment of the green-husked nuts.

"Hell's bells!" he exclaimed when Grant once more cautioned him. "What d'yuh expect me to do—go around talkin' to myself in whispers? Bring on your head-hunters! I'll lick a regiment of 'em!" He split one of the nuts by dashing it against the trunk of a tree, meanwhile roaring at the top of his voice the words of a Barbary Coast song. He was still very drunk.

When they had eaten he became suddenly sleepy and lay back in the thick grass, heedless of the mosquitoes that swarmed over him. Grant gazed about him anxiously. The sun in the clearing was white, dazzling, in vivid contrast to the mysterious green of the encroaching jungle. How hot and still it was! Palm fronds, liana vines, rigid clumps of bamboo, all seemed as motionless as though cut in stone. Yet behind that thick, impenetrable screen Grant knew there was life, keen-eyed, poisonous, watchful, ready to strike at an instant's notice. A great curving limb, hanging over the path by which they had come, seemed for an instant the coils of a waiting python; the sound made by a falling nut echoed like a pistol shot in the stillness, rousing the sleeping jungle to sudden chattering life. Grant looked at the face of his companion, red, bearded, yet serene in spite of the insects that buzzed about it. Starved for days, now momentarily gorged with water, liquor, food, he slept peacefully, heavily, like a satisfied child.

Grant could not sleep. He, too, felt the relaxation that comes with safety, with hunger and thirst for the moment appeased, but he refused to yield to it. One of them must remain on guard; he would take his turn to sleep later. He feared the jungle—the silent, hidden menace of it—not with the dread of ignorance, but with the intelligent, reasoned fear of one who knows.

The hot, bright afternoon dragged on. Shadows began to creep across the clearing. The larger part of it now merged with the dusky gloom of the jungle. Red stirred, awoke.

"Some snooze," he said, shivering slightly in spite of the heat. "Ain't you been asleep?"

"No; I thought one of us had better keep watch."

"Say"—Red laughed, but his laughter held a note of uneasiness—"how d'yuh get that way? This dump's as safe as a church. Gee!" He spat into the grass. "Wisht I had another shot of that hooch. I don't feel so good." Again he shivered, conscious of a sudden weakness. The effect of the liquor was now wearing off.

Grant said nothing. The entire clearing now lay in shadow, although the sun was still above the horizon. Mysterious sounds began to stir the silence of the jungle. He scooped some of the soft meat from a coconut, ate it, wondering if it might not be safer to spend the night on the raft.

"Where do we go from here?" Red asked. "It's gettin' dark."

"Suppose we walk back to the stream and get some water. I'm thirsty."

"Fine! I got a peach of a thirst myself." He scrambled to his feet. "Let's go."

They retraced their steps to the water hole, moving in single file, slowly, cautiously. The sun had dropped like a plummet beyond the jungle wall, and the mysterious tropic night enveloped them with startling suddenness. Once more they plunged their faces in the cool water, sucking in great draughts. Then Grant, having filled his flask, went to look for the raft.

With a growl of annoyance he remembered that in their haste to get ashore they had forgotten to secure it. He peered into the velvety gloom, but the little craft was not in sight. The sluggish current of the stream had evidently carried it far out into the lagoon.

"What are you lookin' for?" Red asked, watching him curiously.

"The raft. I thought we might sleep on it."

"Not for mine, with solid ground under my feet. What's the matter with that place where we were? Nice soft grass—and all."

They went back, finding the clearing after some difficulty. As soon as they reached it Red stretched himself out on his back.

"We'll get a good rest tonight," he announced sleepily. "And tomorrow we'll be on our way."

"Too bad we can't make a fire," said Grant.

"A fire—in all this heat? What's eatin' you?"

"It's safer in a place like this."

"Say, what's wrong with this place? I ain't seen nothin' yet but some measly monkeys and a coupla pink lizards. Ain't losin' your nerve, are you?"

"I guess not. But I've been in the jungle before. The things you've got to be afraid of don't let you see them until it's too late."

"What things?"

(Continued on Page 109)

W.L.DOUGLAS
$5 $6 $7 & $8 SHOES FOR MEN & WOMEN

W. L. Douglas shoes are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world

BECAUSE for style, material, workmanship and reasonable prices they are unequaled. FORTY YEARS of satisfactory service have given the people confidence in the shoes and in the protection afforded by the W. L. Douglas Trade Mark.

PROTECTION against unreasonable profits is guaranteed by the name and price stamped on the sole of every pair.

BOYS SHOES $4.00 & $4.50

W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes are exceptionally good values. Only by examining them can you appreciate their superior qualities. You can always save money by wearing W. L. Douglas shoes.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes are sold in 110 of our own stores in the large cities and by shoe dealers everywhere. When you need shoes, if not convenient to call at one of our stores, ask your shoe dealer to show you W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is always plainly stamped on the sole. Refuse substitutes. The prices are the same everywhere.

IF NOT FOR SALE IN YOUR VICINITY, WRITE FOR CATALOG.

TO MERCHANTS: If no dealer in your town handles W. L. Douglas shoes, write today for exclusive rights to handle this quick selling, quick turnover line.

W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.
155 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

Safe Milk

For Infants, Invalids & Children

The Original Food-Drink for All Ages. Quick Lunch at Home, Office and Fountains. Rich Milk, Malted Grain Extract in Powder and Tablet forms. Nourishing—No cooking.

Avoid Imitations and Substitutes

FORD OWNERS

Hard starting, misfiring, and coil troubles due to cold weather, snow or rain are eliminated by wonderful new Power Maker. It keeps plugs clean, adds power and speed—saves gas—makes Ford coils and spark lever unnecessary. Price is low—installation easy. Ask for booklet and FREE TRIAL OFFER PLAN

American Bosch Mag Corp. Box 1520 Springfield Mass

A Wonderful Christmas Gift!

Swings back and forth automatically the suction of the motor furnishes free power. The windshield is kept clear as crystal for safe vision, and both hands are always free for safe comfortable driving. Easy to install. Will last indefinitely. The Folberth Auto Specialty Co., Cleveland

FOLBERTH Automatic WINDSHIELD CLEANER

"Daddy, get your pipe —

Santa Claus has brought you a whole pound of Velvet – now you'll have a good Christmas, won't you, Daddy?"

Mother and the youngsters figured that the best gift for Dad would be the one he'd enjoy the most — a canister of Velvet Tobacco, *mild and mellow* from two years' ageing in wood.

(Continued from Page 107)

"Oh, pythons, poisonous lizards, toads, snakes, wildcats, boars—lot of others I don't know about. All around us, I guess. Fire's the one thing they're afraid of."

Red sat up, shivered. The reaction which had set in, now that the stimulating effects of the liquor had disappeared, left him weak, unstrung.

"Gee!" he whispered, staring into the darkness, peopled now in his imagination with a hundred ghostly dangers. Points of light, like eyes, peered at him from every side; strange forms slithered through the bushes. He moved closer to Grant, a mere blotch in the gloom.

"Get yourself a stick—a club of some sort," the latter said, "and stand watch for a while. I've got to have some sleep."

Utterly worn out, he threw himself down in the grass. Red found a dead limb, stripped the dry twigs from it. By the time he had returned to his place Grant was snoring.

The jungle was now no longer the tomb-like place it had been by day. Queer silent noises came from it, so faint as to seem but the shadows of actual sounds. An occasional weird cry reached Red's ears, as though from an immense distance; he sensed the faint rustling of vines, the snapping of twigs, the pattering of feet, soft yet ominous. Once he heard what seemed like a far-off scream, human in its note of agony; it made him shudder with a nameless, creeping dread. A padding, as of someone walking swiftly close beside him, brought him sweating to his feet, but the shadows were once more silent, still. After a time an almost imperceptible night wind, like a faint draft, sighed through the rusty grass, the lianas, bringing with it the moist smell of rotting vegetation, of things long dead. The eyes which glowered at him from the darkness increased in number; he saw them everywhere, tiny points of light which came and went, yet made no sound. He wiped the cold sweat from his forehead and swore. If only something would show itself that he could grapple with—something tangible, real. The knotted club in his hands lay ready, but only shadows surrounded him, vague, formless, intangible; his strength seemed powerless against them. He thought of waking Grant that he might have someone to talk to, but feared that the latter would think him afraid.

After a time a new sound broke through the silence, low, far off, yet in its monotonous repetition infinitely terrifying. "Boom, boom, boom!" it thudded through the darkness, bringing with it a strange suggestion of menace. The jungle fairly quivered with it as it rose and fell on the heavy night air like the beating of distant surf. Perhaps it was the surf, Red thought, yet knew that if it had been he would have heard it before. The hair on the back of his head rose in sudden terror; the sound seemed to awaken in him dim, atavistic memories, recollections of things that had happened thousands of years in the past; things the meaning of which he did not know, but which he instinctively feared as he would have feared the howl of a wolf, the hiss of a snake. He gripped his club, half rose, trying to reassure himself, laughing hoarsely at his nervousness. It was something he had never known until now; something he had scorned as a weakness found only in women and certain pale-faced men. Yet when his laughter died away, and the monotonous "thud, thud, thud" once more came to his ears, a cold clammy sweat broke out on him and he felt a queer desire to scream. In sudden terror he bent over, shook Grant's arm.

"Say," he asked in a hoarse whisper, "what's that noise?"

Grant sat up, listening. Then he drew in his breath sharply.

"Boom, boom, boom!" came the far-off sound.

"Don't you hear it? Sounds like a drum."

"It is a drum." Grant got to his feet. "I was afraid somebody would hear your fool racket this afternoon."

"What d'you mean—somebody?"

"Natives, of course. That thing's a tom-tom."

"Well I'll be ——" Red shivered again. "What are they beatin' it for?"

"God knows—and I guess we will soon enough. What's that?" He peered sharply into the shadows. "I thought I heard someone then—footsteps!"

"I been hearin' 'em all night!" Red screamed. "The woods is full of 'em!"

In swift answer to his cry the jungle came to life. Silent figures filled the glade as though its dark shadows had by some sudden magic taken on human form. Slender spears, curved shining knives flashed momentarily in the starlight. Before Red could so much as raise his club both he and Grant went down to swift oblivion beneath a squirming mass of flesh.

IV

THE hut was a large one, with a pointed roof, its walls lined with coarse grass matting. A blazing flare of candlenuts afforded a smoky illumination. Against its rear wall, upon a rickety altar raised some three feet above the ground, stood or rather sat a hideous grinning figure, grotesquely carved from teakwood and tricked out with bits of shell, feathers and occasional dashes of brilliant red paint.

Below, on the steps leading to the altar, sat a wrinkled old man, his face like coffee-colored parchment dried over a small and bony skull. A flaming vermilion wig, arranged with black wooden pins into a startling headdress, rose above his small yellow eyes, while rows of human knuckle bones and teeth, strung on bits of gut, covered his neck and chest. In his hand he held a long slender spear, with the keen point of which he prodded from time to time the naked occupants of two bamboo cages that stood on either side of the altar.

These cages were somewhat taller than a man, and of such small diameter as to make it impossible for a person imprisoned in one of them to lie down, or even to crouch, upon the floor. The occupant must stand upright, unless, indeed, he should collapse from fatigue against the sides, in which case it was the enjoyable task of the sentry on watch quickly to prod him to wakefulness again. It is a grim business to be obliged to stand on one's feet hour after hour, day after day, without a moment's rest; but the real purpose of the cages went far beyond that. What rendered the prisoner's torture so subtly exquisite was his inability to sleep. Wakefulness, rigidly enforced over a sufficient and not very great period, will shatter the stoutest nerves, drive the strongest man mad.

In the cage to the right of the altar stood John Grant. In that to the left crouched Red, clinging vainly to its bamboo sides. He screamed with pain as a sharp thrust of the sentry's spear drove him tottering to his feet.

The faces of both men were ghastly, although, having been amply supplied with food and drink, their bodies showed no great emaciation. It was not part of their captors' plan to starve them to death. But the lines in their faces spoke of agony of the sort that men cannot endure for long and live. For five days and four nights they had stood there, without rest or sleep, until it seemed that reason must totter, the blood turn to water in their veins.

There was, however, in the appearance of the two men a singular difference. Red's legs, from the knees down, were covered with numberless gashes where the spear of the sentry had pierced them, while those of John Grant showed scarcely a mark. During those long days and nights the devil doctor who crouched upon the altar steps had come to pay less and less attention to him. Grant stood upon his feet voluntarily, because his pride, his will, was as yet unbroken. Since the first hour of their imprisonment the gloating sentinel had been unable to extort from him a single cry of pain.

Not so with Red. For four days, under the force of Grant's example, his nerve had held. Then suddenly it had broken, since when he had alternately cursed and threatened, greatly to his tormentor's delight. Hour after hour he wasted his strength in futile efforts to break the steel-like bars of his cage, only to collapse in a stupor of exhaustion from which the sentry's ever-ready spear prodded him to new and wilder ravings. He begged his grinning captor to end his sufferings by driving the spear through his heart, hurled unbelievable blasphemies at the grinning audience that gathered to watch their sufferings by day, would have killed the men who brought him food and water had they not been wise enough to pass it through the bars of his cage at the points of their spears. Grant watched him, hoping when there was no hope of hope, steeling himself to die, if die he must, as a man of his race should die, with a smile of defiance on his lips, urging Red to save his strength to the end for the sake of the ever-possible millionth chance.

Red, driven once more to feet that seemed resting on blazing coals, turned his bloodshot eyes helplessly toward his companion.

"Christ help me!" he moaned. "I can't stand no more—I can't!"

"Brace up, old man," Grant said.

"What's the use? We're done for! I wish God would strike me dead! He ain't got no right to let me suffer like this! Say"—his voice was weak from pain—"do you think we got any chance—any chance at all?"

"There's always a chance."

"I can't stand it. My head's on fire. God, if You'd only let me get one crack at that devil!" He stared at the grinning old man, his lips frothing. "Just one crack, God; that's all I ask. Just one!"

"You said you didn't believe in God," Grant said quietly. "If you've changed your mind why don't you pray?"

"Pray! What's the use? Praying won't get me out of this damned cage! I'm going mad, I tell you! I been seein' things—out there; people walkin' about—white people—women kids—like there was on the ship, starin' at me, pointin'. Look!" He glared at the open door, beyond which lay a strip of beaten clay. "Can't you see 'em?"

"No; there's nobody there. You'd better pray, if only to keep from going mad."

"What's the use, I tell you? God couldn't get me out of here if He wanted to. Wouldn't 'a' put me in if He hadn't meant me to die."

"Then pray for strength to die like a man. That's something."

"Aw, I don't know no prayers!"

He began to sob pitifully, terribly. The devil doctor cackled a dry laugh.

Slowly Grant repeated the Lord's Prayer, with Red making uncertain, faltering efforts to follow him. Scarcely had he finished when he sank once more into a heavy stupor. The guard began to dart venomous thrusts at the torn calves of his legs, twisting the spear point in the wounds. Grant cursed him bitterly beneath his breath.

"God!" Red screamed again, making futile efforts to bend down and seize the spear. The narrowness of the cage prevented him; he was unable to stoop sufficiently to reach it. "I can't stand no more, Jesus—I can't! Let me die! Oh, you dirty devil—you rotten dirty devil! If I could only get my hands on you!" He thrust his huge, helpless fists through the bars of the cage. Then his haggard eyes again sought the door of the hut. "There's people out there, I tell you," he cried—"white people. Help! Help! It's me—Red! Can't you hear me? Oh, God, they're goin' away! Help! Help!"

"Red," Grant called to him, "for God's sake keep your head! It's our only chance."

"What's the use? If I could only go to sleep! I got to! I don't care what he does to me, I got to!"

His eyes closed; again he collapsed into a shapeless mass.

"Don't!" Grant's voice came like a whip. "Can't you see that every time that devil uses his spear on you it makes you weaker? Brace up, man! What do you think I've been saving myself for all these days? Can't you see I've been waiting, trying to think out a plan? Well, I've got one!"

Red's haggard eyes lit up with a faint gleam of hope.

"What d'you think you can do?" he muttered.

"It's a chance in a thousand, but it's the only one we've got. I'm going to get hold of his spear."

"You can't. I been tryin'. You can't stoop down enough."

"I know, not when he hits you in the legs. But if I could make him hit me higher up."

"How?"

"By not moving; by fooling him into thinking I was asleep—unconscious ——"

"It ain't no use! When you feel that spear in you you gotta move."

"But—if you didn't?"

"You gotta, I tell you! Don't I know?" He gazed down at his bloody legs.

"I'm going to try it, Red. Maybe I haven't got the nerve, but I'm going to try."

"What's the use? What if you did grab his spear? You couldn't do nothin' with it before he put up a holler. You couldn't even turn it around, tangled up in them slats. You couldn't do nothin'. We're done!"

"I'm going to try it, just the same. It's the only chance we've got. And I've noticed one thing—he can stick that spear up

You Forget the Bran

In Pettijohn's the bran is hidden in delicious flakes of wheat. Not ordinary wheat, but a special soft wheat—the most flavory wheat that grows.

So it supplies whole-wheat nutrition in a great tasty form in a dish. Also 25% of bran. And both are made delightful so people won't neglect them.

If you wish to supply these needs in a welcome way Pettijohn's will do it. You will serve it often when you try it once.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat with Flake Bran

From My Kitchen To Your!

HIGHEST QUALITY ASSORTED

Chocolate Creams

3 lb. box $1.00

ORDER A BOX TO-DAY

Money Refunded if not Satisfied

Others Like Them—You Will Too

List of My Special Assortments on Request

Lillian's HOME MADE *Chocolates*

MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN

MOJO

LASTING SWEETS

(chewing gum)

FOR years a favorite chewing confection in England, Australia, South Africa, Egypt, and now obtainable in America.

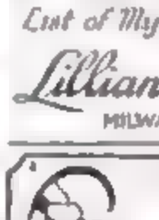
300 (2 lbs.) for $1.00

For the home, traveller, athlete, hunter, and especially for children.

Will be sent by post only, all charges prepaid on receipt of price.

From the makers of the MOJO "Self Seller"

CHICLE PRODUCTS CO. Newark N.J.



American Poultry Journal

Oldest, Largest and Best

4 MONTHS' TRIAL 25 cts.

1 Yr. 75c 2 YEARS $1 5 Yrs. $2

Averages over 100 pages per issue—tells how to feed, breed, and breed, how to secure high egg production, and breed.

American Poultry Journal 25-523 Plymouth Ct., Chicago

K&E MEASURING TAPES

— ask for them at Hardware Stores

KEUFFEL & ESSER CO. — NEW YORK

I WANT TO GO HOME!

$25.00 EXTRA EVERY WEEK.

PATENTS BOOKLET FREE

BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES

PROMPTNESS ASSURED

Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D.C.

An Added Room ~ Subtracted Rent

No. 830
Long Davenport Bed

Combining a Luxurious Davenport and a Comfortable Bed

A Kroehler davenport bed will keep your living room a charming, handsomely furnished place by day, unmarred by makeshift couches. Yet it can be converted, at a moment's notice, into a spacious and comfortable bed. It will give you the convenience of an additional bedroom, without additional rental.

The Kroehler davenport bed is a beautifully upholstered, luxurious piece of living room furniture, just like any other fine davenport in appearance. It opens, with one easy motion, into a full-sized, 72 x 50 inch bed, made up, ready for use. Its patented, sagless, folding metal bed frame and springs and thick, removable mattress insure utmost comfort. There is ample room, when folded, for bedding and mattress, which are entirely concealed by day.

The Kroehler davenport bed is made in overstuffed, colonial and period designs, in any wood finish, and with chairs and rockers to match. Upholstery of mohair plush, tapestry, velour, genuine leather or leather substitute. Made to harmonize with any decorative scheme. Handsome styles, at prices to meet any requirement. Sold by leading furniture dealers everywhere, for cash or easy payments. Ask for a demonstration. Look for the Kroehler trade mark. Don't accept a substitute; Kroehler davenport beds are no more expensive.

Write for free book of attractive designs and name of dealer.

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Chicago
Factories at Kankakee, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Binghamton, N. Y.
Canadian Factory, Stratford, Ontario

KROEHLER
DAVENPORT BED

The Invisible Bed Room

in the ground. He did it yesterday when the chief was here."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"The spear handle's got a point on the other end. It's been cut down to a point! Don't you see?"

"God!" Red whispered. "If you only could ——"

"I'm going to try. It's our only chance to get him before he can give the alarm. Otherwise ——"

He grew suddenly silent.

"When are you going to do it?"

"Now. It's got to be at night, when they're asleep. I can't hold out another twenty-four hours, but I think I've got the strength now. That's what I've been saving myself for—why I haven't let him cut me up the way he has you. He thinks I'm harmless. He'll take a chance with me that he wouldn't with you. If I can only hold still—make him think I'm asleep till he gets through with my legs. Well, here goes, Red! If nothing comes of it, good-by."

He set his teeth, and after leaning for a moment against the sides of the cage collapsed helplessly as though overpowered by a resistless desire to sleep. But Red, who was watching with bared teeth, saw that the position he took had been carefully thought out—that his muscles were tense, his right arm ready for instant use.

With a flicker of his rheumy eyes the devil doctor thrust dexterously at Grant's lower legs. He did not even trouble to move from his seat on the altar steps. Clearly he expected his victim to make an immediate response. But Grant, although the effort to keep still in spite of the stinging pain brought the sweat to his face, remained motionless. Again the old man struck, this time with greater force. A quiver shot through Grant's frame, but he did not stir. Then his tormentor got up. A horrible smile wrinkled his ancient face; here was real sport. After five days of staring wakefulness, it appeared, his victim had utterly collapsed.

The spear point flickered red in the dim light as it darted in and out like the tongue of a cobra. Streams of blood began to trickle down Grant's legs, and still, it seemed, he slept; yet hidden beneath the hollow of his left arm his eyes gleamed like points of steel.

Hideously amused, the devil doctor began to play with his victim. Higher and higher his spear point rose as he sought more vulnerable spots, more sensitive nerves. Continued standing, he knew from long experience, sometimes resulted in a numbness of the lower legs akin to paralysis. The spear point now played along Grant's naked thighs, danced higher, toward his arms, his chest.

Then Grant struck. His right hand, so tensely motionless, moved with the speed of light across the cage, seized the spear handle just inside the bamboo bars. Upward he drew it in one mighty swing, clear of the witch doctor's careless fingers; upward and back as far as his arm could reach within the narrow limits of the cage. It was far enough to bring the shaft's pointed butt directly before the sentry's astonished face, situated, because of the cage's elevation, some three feet below. Then, before the guard could collect his senses, utter a sound, the spear descended, struck him full in the mouth, and with Grant's whole weight behind it pinned him like a rat to the hard clay floor. Red's voice broke through the silence, a whispered gasp.

"God!" he muttered. "You got him!"

Grant did not speak. Dripping with sweat, he hung helpless for many moments to the shaft of the spear, his breath coming in deep, shuddering gasps. It was not the physical strain so much as the mental, the nervous one, that had exhausted him. He glanced down at the sprawling figure beneath, slowly stirred the spear. The devil doctor did not move. The heavy pointed ironwood shaft had shattered his spine.

"He's done for," Grant whispered, and slowly drew away the spear.

"What's the good?" Red's voice was hopeless, dead. "We can't get out."

In answer Grant lowered the head of the spear until it was within reach of his hands, then with the keen-edged blade began methodically to cut through the bamboo bars of the cage. Red watched him, spellbound. His lips moved soundlessly. They seemed to form the words "Thank God!"

It still wanted several hours to dawn when they at last stood free in the shadow of the temple door. Below, in a small clearing, lay the camp. To the right a narrow path, like a black gash, cut the starlit green of the jungle. They slipped into it, unnoticed. The camp slept.

V

UPON a narrow ledge of rock overlooking the sea two men sat huddled in the darkness. One of them was Red, the other John Grant. The path they had taken had ended in a cul-de-sac. They could go no farther.

Red slept, his head bowed helplessly upon his knees. Below, his legs were a mass of clotted blood. He slept because he will no longer had the power to resist the demands of his exhausted nerves. He would have slept had death stared him in the face; the poisons of fatigue gripped him like a drug.

Grant, too, felt their numbing power, but some desperate flicker of the will drove him to fight it off. Spear in hand, he kept watch at the mouth of the tunnel-like path by which they had reached the ledge. It was very narrow—only wide enough for one person to creep up at a time—and the tangle of underbrush which hung over it, as well as its many twists and turns, made it impossible to see along it for more than a few yards. Now, in the heavy darkness before the dawn, it was merely a black and yawning hole.

The rocky ledge, on its far side, commanded a clear view of the sea, some hundred or more feet below. At first only a wide expanse of black, the surface of the water, as the dawn grew in the east, took on the appearance of a vast sheet of polished gray steel. The camp, deep in the gloom of the jungle, still slept. Grant waited with quivering nerves for the thudding notes of the tom-tom, signaling its awakening, and then inevitable pursuit.

Presently, as the light increased, he left his post, and crossing the ledge peered over its farther side. The face of the cliff was steep, covered with shelving rocks, about which grew occasional stunted bushes and vines. Escape down it seemed possible to a daring climber; but what would it avail to descend to the strip of beach at its foot? Pursuit could reach them there as readily, even more readily than where they were. Had there been a raft, a boat of any sort, on the sand below they might have attempted an escape; but such craft as the natives possessed were safely moored in the quiet waters of the lagoon. Help, if it came at all, must come from the sea, and quickly. Every moment he expected to hear the beat of the tom-toms cut through the quiet morning air.

A slight mist hung over the water. Grant tried in vain to pierce it. There was one chance in a million that some Portuguese tramp, some island trader in search of the inevitable copra, might round the point to his right. The view in that direction was cut off by the projecting shoulder of the cliff. He had no sure knowledge of where they were; somewhere, he thought, along that thousand-mile stretch from Sarangani to Batán—but where? Well, he had done his best; their fate now lay on the knees of the gods.

Suddenly he started. The dull thudding note of the tom-toms quivered up from the jungle, surprisingly near at hand. Arrows of rose and orange flamed in the east; the gray expanse of the sea turned to watered silk. He went up to Red, shook him roughly.

"Say, what's eatin' you?" the big man snarled. "Lemme be, can't you? I want to sleep."

Swiftly Grant explained their almost helpless situation. The path by which they had come could be defended for a time, until a chance arrow or spear reached its mark. Its crookedness, the overhanging bushes and vines, made it impossible for an attacking party to obtain a view of the ledge until they were almost upon it. Bowlders, hurled down its sloping mouth, would sweep the enemy back for a time. Then, as a last resort, retreat over the face of the cliff to the sea. In preparation for the attack Grant began to gather a few bits of loose rock that lay about the ledge, pile them near the head of the path. Red gazed at him stupidly, hopelessly.

"No use," he said. "We're done."

"That's what you said last night," Grant retorted angrily; "what you've said from the start. You damned quitter, haven't you got any guts—any nerve?"

"It ain't nerve. I could lick any two of them niggers with one hand—any five of 'em, I guess. But I can't fight no army.

(Continued on Page 113)

Send for this letter

—and learn from a successful farmer how merchants can get more farm trade

To Merchants: What would it be worth to you if you could learn from each farmer in your community some of the things he expects from you in return for his trade

if you could know the workings of his mind, why he buys, what influences his decisions?

What would it be worth to know how to make your windows pull more farm business? To learn how to enlist the co-operation of your present farm customers in an endless chain of recommendation for your store?

Think how valuable it would be to you to know in advance what merchandise will appeal to the farm trade. To have your clerks as interested and enthusiastic about this merchandise and your business as you yourself. To maintain this interest month after month.

How to find out these things

We have this information, the answers to these questions, for you in the form of a letter from a successful farmer, a farm owner, a breeder of blooded stock, a farmer who attempts to analyze and describe some of the things that build up confidence for certain merchandise and for the merchants who sell this merchandise.

We are indebted to Mr. Carl G. Brown of Long Meadow Farm, Strasburg, Virginia, for this interesting and instructive letter. So important is it, from the standpoint of the merchant who would understand the factors which influence farm purchasing, that we have reprinted it, and we shall be glad to mail a copy to any merchant who requests it.

Mr. Brown is typical, we believe, of the farmers in your county—one hundred, two hundred, often as many as one thousand or more in the better farming regions—who are influenced and guided in their farming activities and their farm purchasing by Farm & Fireside, The National Farm Magazine.

We will send you Carl Brown's letter so that you may know why these progressive, prosperous farm families are inclined to give preference to products advertised in Farm & Fireside—so that you may know how to gain the greatest benefit from this advertising and the other forms of co-operation which the manufacturers of these products are so willing to give you.

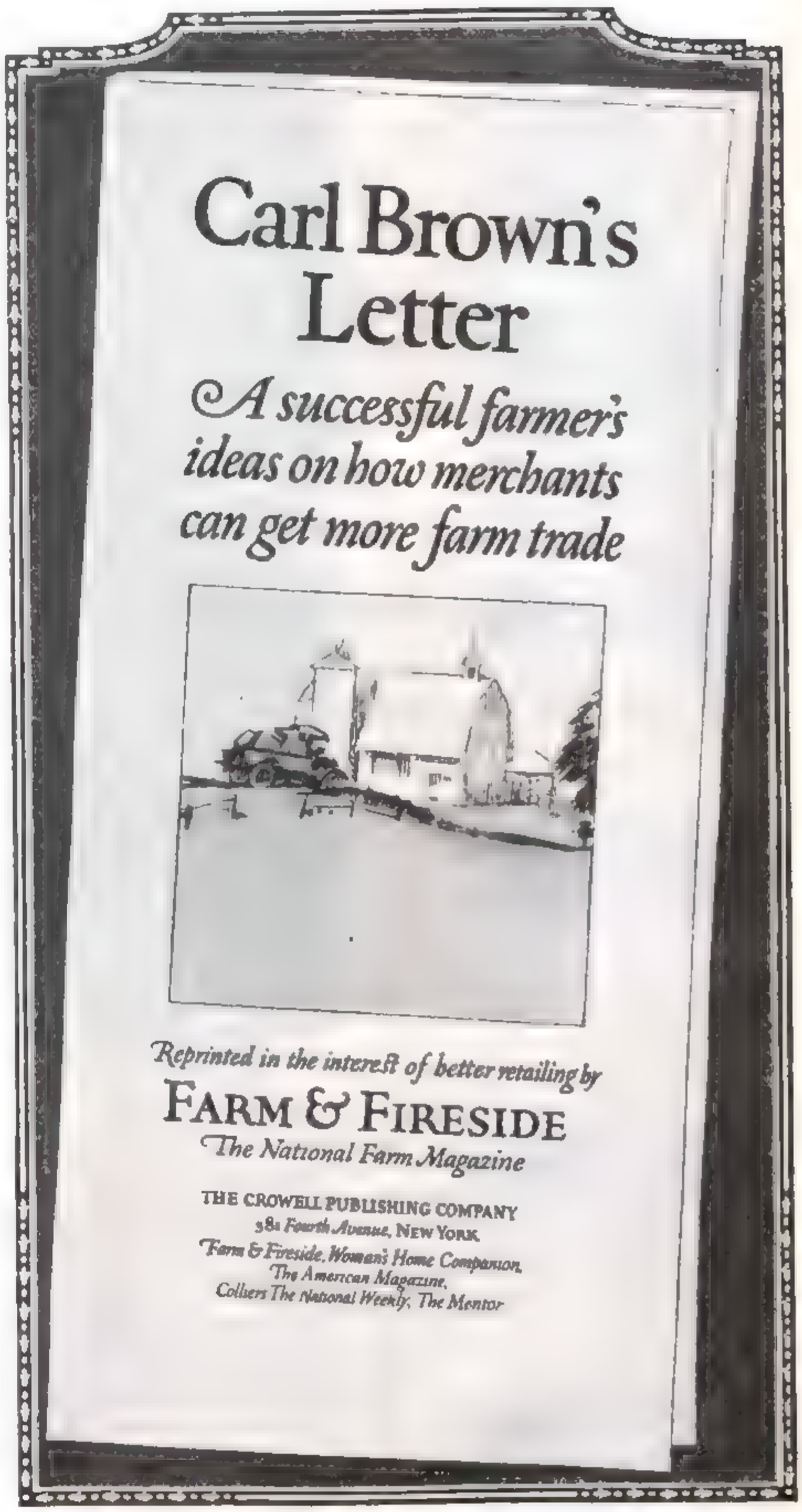
Send for this letter today

Carl Brown's letter will tell you, from the viewpoint of a farmer, some of the things that will help you to get the farm trade of your community. It is worthy of careful study by every merchant. Send for this letter today.

Just write us on your business letterhead, "Send me Carl Brown's letter. I would like to read it." We will gladly do it.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Farm & Fireside, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

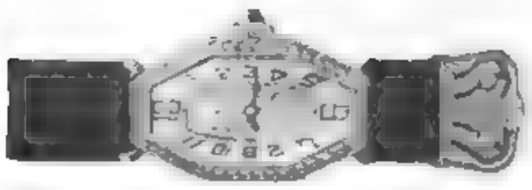

Carl Brown's Letter
A successful farmer's ideas on how merchants can get more farm trade
Reprinted in the interest of better retailing by
FARM & FIRESIDE
The National Farm Magazine
THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
381 Fourth Avenue, NEW YORK
Farm & Fireside, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's The National Weekly, The Mentor

TIE *to these products advertised in*

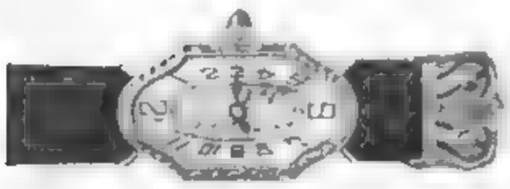
FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

Aspirine
Chevrolet Cars
Essex Cars
Everready Flashlights
Freezone
Gillette Razors
Goodrich Tires
Goodyear Tires
Hood's Canvas Footwear
Hudson Cars
Hupmobile Cars
Ingersoll Watches
International Harvester Farm
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Jewett Cars
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
Mellin's Food
Mulsified Cocoanut Oil
Overland Cars
Pillsbury's Flour
Red Star Timer
Renfrew Devonshire Cloth
Resinol Soap
Sapolio
Shaler Vulcanaser
Smith & Barnes and
Planet Planet
Swift Products
Union Carbide
United States Tires
Vellastic Underwear
Viko Aluminum Ware
Willys-Overland, Inc
Wright's Bias Fold Tape
Champion Spark Plugs
Chandler Motor Cars
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Crompton "All-Weather" Corduroys
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators & Milkers
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Dodge Brothers Cars
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Rat Nip



6718—18 Kt. solid white gold engraved case; fine 17 Jewel BULOVA Movement . $55.00



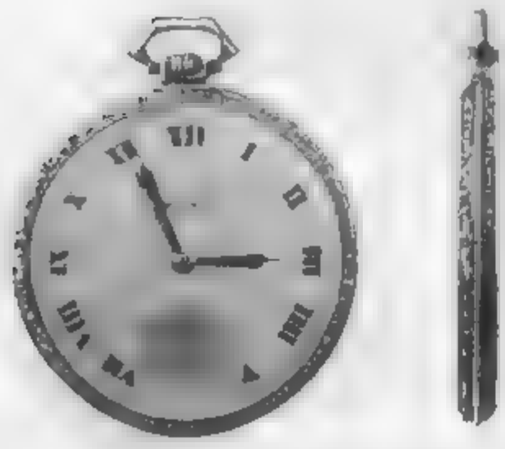
6720—18 Kt. solid white gold engraved case; fine 17 Jewel BULOVA Movement . $55.00

6714—18 Kt. solid white gold engraved case; fine 17 Jewel BULOVA Movement . $50.00

954—14 Kt. solid white gold engraved case; fine 15 Jewel BULOVA Movement . $35.00

150—Green gold filled case, warranted for 25 years; 15 Jewel BULOVA Movement . $25.00

6827—Solid platinum set with finest diamonds and sapphires; fine 17 Jewel BULOVA Movement . $375.00



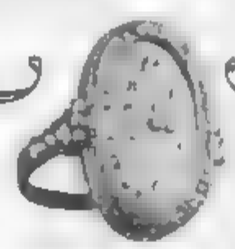
682—BULOVA Phantom, thinnest and finest 18 Jewel Movement. Solid white gold engraved case $150.00

The Ideal Gift!

WHAT would be more acceptable as a Christmas gift than one of these beautiful BULOVA Watches—as serviceable as they are beautiful—a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness?

BULOVA movements are truly standardized—guaranteed to be accurate and dependable. The best jewelers in each community will gladly show you the watches illustrated on this page.

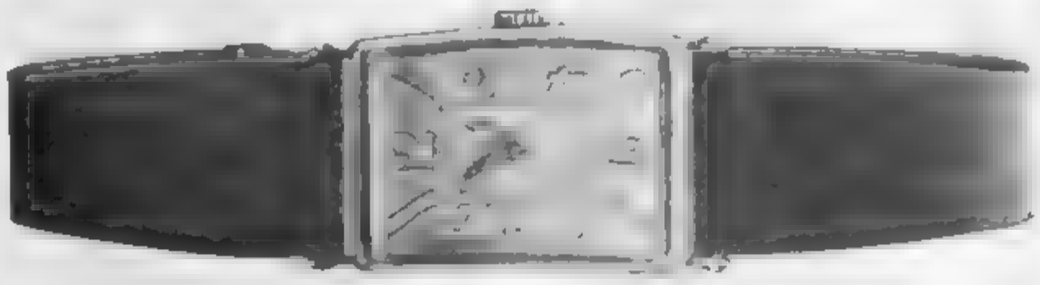
Bulova Watches range in price from $25 to $150



THIS TINY RING WATCH—*a perfect time piece* 17 Jewel

[illegible] set with [illegible] Diamonds

$275.00



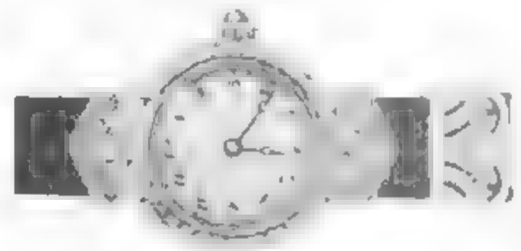
39714—A REAL MAN'S WATCH. Solid 14 Kt. gold case; 17 Jewel BULOVA Movement *(Radium dial)* . . . $90.00

J. BULOVA COMPANY

Makers of the Famous Lady Maxim and Rubaiyat Watches

FIFTH AVENUE, *at 36th Street, New York*

158—14 Kt. solid white gold engraved case; fine 15 Jewel BULOVA Movement . $30.00



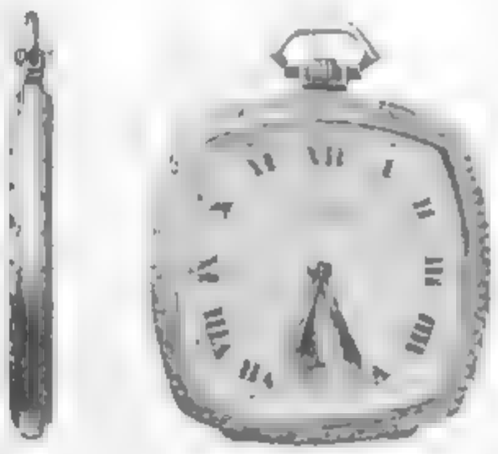
976-S—18 Kt. solid white gold engraved case; fine 17 Jewel BULOVA Movement . $45.00

6714-S—18 Kt. solid white gold engraved case; fine 17 Jewel BULOVA Movement . $60.00

6716-S—18 Kt. solid white gold engraved case; fine 17 Jewel BULOVA Movement . $65.00

6716—18 Kt. solid white gold engraved case; fine 17 Jewel BULOVA Movement . $55.00

6754—18 Kt. white gold case with solid platinum top, studded with finest cut diamonds and sapphires; 17 Jewel BULOVA Movement . $125.00



684—BULOVA Phantom, thinnest and finest 18 Jewel Movement Solid green gold engraved case $150.00

(Continued from Page 110)

Why not beat it down to the beach before they come, and swim out? I'd ruther drown than go back to that cage. A damn sight." He glanced at his swollen legs and shuddered.

Grant pointed to the head of the path. He had maintained his own nerve only by a supreme effort of the will, and his companion's supineness drove him to quick anger.

"You said once I thought I was better than you," he snarled. "Said I thought I was finer clay. All right! If I am, here's where I prove it. You get over there and watch that path! Keep them back till I tell you to stop! Get me?" He raised the spear, his eyes blazing.

"It ain't no use, I say ——"

"Do as I tell you! I knew you'd weaken, the way your kind always weakens, at the last ditch; but you'll fight them, or you'll fight me! On your job, now! They're coming! I'll keep you supplied with stones." As he spoke an arrow rose through the leafy roof of the jungle and splintered itself against the floor of the ledge. "Don't waste any rocks till you see them. They can't come on more than one at a time."

A dark form, spear in hand, crept into view around a turn in the path. Against the shadowy green underbrush it was scarcely visible. Red hurled a rock twice the size of his head and the figure vanished with a shrill scream.

"Good boy!" Grant pushed another missile within reach of his hands. "Keep your eyes open!"

Then he turned toward the sea, gave a smothered exclamation. The miracle had happened. Around the point to his right crept a small trading schooner, beating alongshore against a head wind. With a cry he wrenched a branch from a stunted mango tree and began to wave it frantically in the air.

"Keep 'em back, Red!" he shouted. "Keep 'em back for another ten minutes! If they see us and put off a boat we'll go down! God, if we only had something to signal with!" He danced wildly up and down, his naked body gleaming white in the morning sun. Red, with a quick cry, hurled another stone. A spear clattered across the floor of the ledge.

The schooner moved like a shadow on a sea of painted glass. The brilliant morning sunlight turned rope and spar and dirty canvas to creamy white. She seemed scarcely to move as she heeled to the light air, her sails filled. Then they slatted noisily amidships as she came up into the wind and hung there. For a moment Grant feared that she was going about, that he had not been seen; but a cluster of dark objects along her rail reassured him. They were lowering a boat. With a cry of joy he dropped the branch, sprang to Red's assistance. It was high time.

"They've seen us!" he said, seizing a piece of rock. "They're putting out a boat. God!" He sprang aside as an arrow hissed past him. "Give 'em hell, Red—give 'em hell!"

He hurled the rock at a brown form worming its way up the path like a snake, followed by another and another. The natives were attempting to rush them by force of numbers, the ones behind pushing their dead or wounded companions ahead of them like a shield. Red, his huge muscles straining, detached a bowlder from the hillside almost as large as himself, and assisted by Grant rolled it into the mouth of the path. Like an avalanche it tore down the slope, sweeping the narrow way clean to the accompaniment of a chorus of agonized screams. Then Grant gave a quick command.

"Over the cliff!" he said. "If the boat isn't ashore we'll swim out!" He pointed the way to Red with his spear. "Careful! Look out for loose stones! And keep to the right—work over toward that ridge. They can't see beyond it from here."

He followed Red over the lip of the ledge and down the steep slope, clinging desperately to the few roots and vines which grew among the rocks. The ridge to the right, marked by a sparse growth of underbrush, projected above the surface of the slope like a huge jagged backbone, stretching down to the beach. He hoped they might reach it before their assailants appeared on the ledge above. The boat had by now left the schooner's side and was halfway to shore, moving swiftly under the driving power of two pairs of oars. The men in it apparently realized the need for haste.

Eager shouts from the ledge above caused Grant to look back. A dozen brown figures were clustered there, waving their weapons, yelling. Then came a volley of arrows.

Red, with a lead of half a dozen yards, had by now almost gained the ridge. Once beyond it he would be safe, since the screen of bushes, of rocks, would cut him off from the view of the natives on the ledge. They might follow, of course, but the rapid approach of the boat rendered it unlikely; he saw the glitter of sunlight on rifle barrels.

A quick cry caused Red to turn. Grant lay huddled against the side of the cliff, the point of a spear projecting from his side. Only a jagged bit of rock prevented him from rolling to the bottom. He lay quite still, as though dead. The spear had been snapped off short in his fall.

Perhaps in the life of every man there comes a moment when the fate of his soul hangs in the balance. Such a moment had now come to Red. A step or two ahead lay the shelter of the ridge—and safety. Twenty feet back, along the bare face of the cliff, lay John Grant, unconscious, dying perhaps, with no chance of escape. Above, on the ledge, a dozen grinning savages were ready to sweep the shelving slope with a rain of arrows, of spears. There was no time to consider the matter, to weigh its pros and cons; decision must be swift, instant. Either he must go on or turn back. Yet in that white-hot moment many thoughts flashed through Red's brain. This man was educated, rich, an enemy of the people, belonging to a class fit only to be hated, hunted down, killed. Many times had he listened to such flaming words at red meetings, applauded them, considered them a just sentence of punishment. Why should he risk his life, court almost certain destruction, by venturing back over that bare slope to save a man already, no doubt, as good as dead? The idea was an insane one—the sort of bunk you read in lying books about war; heroes, giving their lives to save those of their superior officers—spilling their blood for the sake of their oppressors! Heroes! He could be one himself by going back.

"To hell with him!" Red muttered, and ducked behind the ridge.

But somehow he could not go on. Leaden weights seemed to bind his feet to the rocks. He wasn't a coward, he told himself. He wasn't afraid to go back. But what sense was there in getting killed for the sake of a fool idea? Bunk! And that finer-clay stuff. That always got his goat. Grant hadn't said it, but no doubt he felt it—felt himself superior. These damned aristocrats always did—held themselves above the common herd, as they called it—sweated them to fill their pockets with blood money—gold. How often had he heard the fiery words—read them, too, in the propaganda leaflets! He had believed them, then; but now doubts began to assail him. Grant, in his place, would have gone back—there was no doubt of that. Grant had held out the night before when he had given up the fight, back in those hellish cages. Was Grant a braver man than he was? He would like anyone to try and tell him so! Was he bound by a superior code, a code of honor that made him play the game bravely, squarely, to the end, no matter what the cost—that made him face even death itself with a smile? Red remembered having heard, somewhere, of an English officer, taken sick on a polar expedition, who had killed himself by wandering off in the snow—had given his life in order that his two companions might have enough food to make their escape. Was that what being an aristocrat meant? An officer and a gentleman? Finer clay?

"Finer clay, nothin'!" Red muttered, and crawled back over the ridge.

With head erect, he faced the shower of arrows, made his way to where Grant lay.

"I'm a sucker to fall for this sort of bunk," he exclaimed as an arrow pierced his arm, "but no guy like that can say he's got anything on me!"

A volley of rifle shots from the beach spattered among the natives on the ledge. Red bent over his companion, spoke to him.

Grant's eyes opened.

"I thought you'd come back," he whispered.

"Sure! Why wouldn't I? Didn't think I was afraid, did you?" A feeling of triumph rose in him as he lifted Grant painfully in his arms, began his perilous climb back to the ridge.

"Finer clay—hell!" he said, and laughed aloud.

"At last I've found a shoe that just suits me"

"Good-looking shoes you have on."

"Yes, and they're comfortable, too. Arnold Glove-Grips. Don't know what there is about them, but they certainly fit better than any other kind of shoes I ever had. The first pair fit me like gloves—comfortable from the minute I first put them on, and I haven't worn any shoes but Arnold Glove-Grips since."

THE reason he doesn't know what makes them so comfortable is because they look like normal, stylishly shaped shoes. There is nothing freakish about the Glove-Grip feature, yet the moment you put them on, you *feel* the difference.

The secret of Glove-Grip comfort is in the design of the instep. Made to follow the curve of the arch, the leather fits snugly and gently supports the instep. Lacing a Glove-Grip lifts up the arch instead of pressing it down. This feature is patented and exclusive.

Glove-Grips are made in both men's and women's styles, in all the latest modes and leathers. "The Pacer," with the fashionable wide, square toe, illustrated below, is one of the season's most popular models for men. If your shoe dealer does not sell Arnold Glove-Grip Shoes, write to us for the name of one who does. We will also send you a booklet of shoe styles, both men's and women's.

M. N. ARNOLD SHOE COMPANY
North Abington, Massachusetts

ARNOLD
GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

MEN'S SHOE
THE PACER

for MAN
The holiday's best gift

At Christmas give a Simmons Chain. Your choice is sure to meet with favor, for here is a gift that suits masculine taste to a nicety. And its satisfaction will be enduring. It will be used every day for many, many years—ever a happy reminder of the giver.

It's an easy matter to select the proper Simmons Chains for every man. There's the widest variety of link designs—from plain, simple patterns to the latest creations of watch chain fashion. And each is skillfully designed and staunchly made for lasting service.

The exclusive process of manufacture, whereby polished gold, green gold, or PLATINUMGOLD is drawn over a less expensive base, makes Simmons Chains the more beautiful and durable. From a variety of finishes you may select Simmons Chains to be in keeping with man's apparel on every occasion.

Put Simmons Chains on your Christmas list. Your jeweler will be glad to aid you in your choice.

Prices from $4 to $15

R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY
Attleboro Massachusetts

R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD.

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

The Swivel Says *It's a Simmons*

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

Scallops, crisp, brown and succulent, appear. Miserable music and *la belle danseuse sans merci* hale the gentleman away, carrying but one scallop in his mouth. He beats back finally to find the entrée is an exit.

Comes now a savory *filet mignon*. The gentleman's hand is no sooner on his form than a mad musician's is on his saxophone. Hesitant, the gentleman is reviled by the fair one at his side. He begs she will favor him with another dance. At the end thereof the gentleman feels she should be charged with favoritism. In place at last, he beholds cold peas and potatoes mourning a clammy *filet mignon*, resting in peace in congealed gravy.

The salad advances, but retreats under cover of an encore.

Ice cream, cooling, delightful, melts away, unable to outlast an interminable toddle.

A final despairing effort nets the gentleman one-tenth of a fine Havana and two spoonfuls of a *demi-tasse* before the stirring beat of the drum summons him again to arms.

After studying these habits of the dinner-dance lady, naturalists very naturally have concluded that the creature is rendered more desperate by hunger—her partner's hunger. —*Fairfax Downey.*

The Exile's Christmas

TODAY the sky is gray with snow
Over a town I used to know,
And memories on the snow drift down
Over that unforgotten town.

Ah, heaven, might I see once more
The dear paternal grocery store!
I hear, in wistful make-believe,
The merry din of Christmas Eve;
Again resound the shouts and sallies
Of voices tuned to windy valleys;
A sleigh stops in the village street,
And, stamping on his frozen feet,
Red Sim comes in, shakes snow from collar,
And tells the news from Pony Hollow.
Then silence, as we turn our chaws
In the slow orbit of the jaws.

Alas! I am condemned to dwell
High in an arrogant hotel;
I sit in my palatial suite
And hunger once again to eat
Beans and brown bread, black and hard,
Buckwheat pancakes fried in lard,
And dour plum puddings, citron-crested,
Indigestible, undigested

Why can I not arise and flee
From all this sickly luxury?
Why can I not go home again?
It's only seven hours by train.
Can I not bridge that little span?
To be quite frank, of course I can.

Instead, I join the band that sits
In the bright caverns of the Ritz,
Gazing upon the Christmas folly
With sick and wayward melancholy;
We go to dine, lugubrious;
The dining room is full of us;
In the rose-glimmering catacomb
We yearn for the rude walls of home.
"Go home, for heaven's sake!" say you.
We never did, we never do.
The burdened memories crowd and troop;
A tear drops in the turtle soup.

—*Morris Bishop.*

Cool!

A FRENCH-CANADIAN farmer living up near Quebec lost his wife recently, and friends were considerably surprised to hear, within a month after the funeral, that he was looking out for Number Two.

His manner of approaching the girls he thought eligible was, to say the least, curious. He didn't bother about making pretty speeches; he didn't waste time in flattery; he simply took hold of the girl's hands, held them closely for a moment or two, then went away without a word of explanation.

Finally one of his friends asked him the reason why he held women's hands instead of proposing to them.

"I am looking for a wife whose hand is cool," he answered, "so that she can make good butter."

"Now, Jane, What Ye Fussin' About?" "I Was Jest Thinkin' What a Grand Christmas We Could 'a' Give the Children If You'd 'a' Won the Strike"

Five Convex Wheels Per Car

Shaped like a shield

In olden times, when a warrior went forth to battle, he carried a shield or buckler on his arm to protect him from flying arrows and the sword of the enemy.

Michelin Steel Wheels are shaped like those ancient shields. Their smooth, highly enameled surfaces are convex, or *outwardly curving.*

And, curiously enough, they not only look like a shield, they *act* as a shield. Because of their peculiar ability to absorb side thrusts and road shocks, they shield the car. Because they will not collapse, they shield the occupants.

Perilous roads, rain drenched pavements, and stone curbs lose their terror when the four corners of your car rest on sturdy Michelins.

Dodge Brothers, Studebaker, Willys-Knight, Chalmers, Winton, Nash, Jordan, Cleveland, Stearns and H. C. S are among those American manufacturers who have adopted Michelin Steel Wheels as standard or optional equipment.

Budd-Michelin

STEEL WHEELS

The Original and Only Genuine

President Suspenders

A Gift that Will Be Used Every Day

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year," but, by a wise selection of gifts, the joy and happiness it brings can be made to endure throughout the months that follow. Give at least one useful gift

President Suspenders -a gift that will serve him constantly, for a support for his trousers and a safeguard to his health.

For President Suspenders are really health insurance. They eliminate the necessity of tight waist clothing, permit the abdominal muscles to reduce the fatty accumulations around the waist, and to regain their normal strength and vigor.

The fine webbing and specially woven cord back, form a scientific construction that makes the trousers hang perfectly. It gives with every motion of the body: never binds or pulls.

Every pair guaranteed

Be sure the name President is on the buckle

If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us

President Suspender Company

DEPT. S SHIRLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

CHEAP PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 17)

ideas of James Peabody Smith re the bid of the Western Pipe Company for the new plumbing in the jail he was only temporarily interrupted in his pursuit of the dragons imperiling his lady. Her favor was upon his sleeve, and, although she didn't know anything about it, he was hers until death, or, at least, until this matter of the penuriousness of old Mrs. Ridgefield had been looked into thoroughly.

He was the thorough kind. It took him some weeks. But finally the whole history laid itself out before him.

After office hours he and old Bob Fitch sat together over a table in Pete's Waffle House that evening, looking out through a blue screen of tobacco smoke, across at the hedge surrounding the old Ridgefield house. Above them stretched the second floor of Hopkins Business College. There a hundred typewriters pecked their operators, day by day, farther along their way to positions of confidence. Around them sat dozens of young men who had attained such positions, smoking, eating vastly of Pete's sausages and waffles and draining to their black dregs pots of Pete's coffee.

In such a haze of modern atmosphere old Bob Fitch, who had a talent for picturesque narrative, sat opposite the young man at a little table, none too clean, and rewove for him the glowing fabric of legend concerning the dusty hedge, the dim figure of old Mrs. Ridgefield, the Gerould girl, and the quarrel about Sam White's post office.

Preston Ridgefield liked blooded stock and Brussels point and porcelains. When he was in the Senate he got acquainted with painters and sculptors. Then he took old Mrs. Ridgefield and the girl to Europe, and came back loaded up with statues and tapestries and foreign ideas.

Nothing would do him after that but Westgrove should have an art museum. He'd seen the Parthenon and the Louvre and Venice, and he would have it that Westgrove must get into the running. He came rampaging back from one of his trips loaded to the gunwales with silks and Venetian filet and a collection of miniatures on ivory and some marble Aphrodites and nymphs and one thing and another done up in crates. There had to be a corrugated-iron storehouse built for it all and a watchman to guard it, just as if there was anyone this side of Athens that would be likely to carry it off. The gods and goddesses and fountains and things came in on different boats for quite a while, and got stored away and watched over, expensively, while Preston Ridgefield and Sam White argued it out about the art museum.

Sam White was a practical man. His mind ran to dry-goods stores and plain-and-fancy groceries and getting factories going. Art museums might be all right. He had nothing to say against them; in Venice or places like that, where he had always understood the sewering was bad, he was free to admit art was a necessity, but in communities like Westgrove marble gods and porcelain vases looked to him like unnecessary furbelows.

"If you want an art museum build one," he told Preston Ridgefield in his own house, at dinner.

"I will," answered Preston Ridgefield, very quiet, but just as mad as Sam was.

"Yes, you will!" Sam gulped a whole glass of the sparkling Burgundy Preston Ridgefield had brought back with him on his last trip. "Yes, you will!" he said, perhaps a little thickly. It wasn't his first glass. "Art museums cost money."

That settled it. The next year when Preston Ridgefield came back he had an architect with him, a fellow with a French name and a goatee. He stayed at the Ridgefield house, and met the right people. I don't suppose Sam was asked. Sam went around opening up Whitegrove and saying under his breath that Preston Ridgefield was crazy. He was stirred up just then about the site for the new post office and who was to build it. Preston Ridgefield's Frenchman was asked what he thought. And as soon as he said where the post office ought to be Sam White threw up his hands. The Frenchman had some visionary idea of a civic center, put at the end of a vista, with a noble look about the whole thing. Sam White said it would make any practical man turn over in his grave. The kind of building that the Frenchman said would be good looked to him un-American and not suited to the spirit of the place.

In the end, after a good deal of public discussion and letters from citizens in the papers, the post office was put right by Sam White's store, where he wanted it, and a young fellow who had grown up in Westgrove was hired to build it. The Frenchman had even submitted a plan, which Preston Ridgefield paid for. But the city council thought local ability ought to be recognized. There was a good deal of feeling about it before all was said and done. Perhaps, after all, that had as much as anything to do with the failure of Ridgefield Place. The Frenchman advised about that, too, and the streets were all laid out according to a map of his making. He said they followed the contours of the land. But most people thought it was a good deal of presumption on Preston Ridgefield's part to ask them to climb up his winding roads, just because there was a view after you got there.

"If you're not dead of the climb," Sam White was known to remark, "I expect you'll enjoy the view considerably."

Whitegrove, all laid out in squares, and lying as flat as your hand, was the place where people built their houses at that time. Ridgefield Place, contoured, or whatever the Frenchman called it, just stood there, waiting, as Sam White said, for people to grow wings. It cost a fortune to fix it up, and there it stood, eating up taxes. Of course that was where Preston Ridgefield put his museum. He had the Frenchman plan it. There was a piece in the paper about it with a picture of it and the landscaping of the approaches. It was to stand only a little way up the hill, nothing much of a climb.

Almost everybody went once to see the statues and tapestries and pictures and things in it. The piece in the paper spoke of the fact that Preston Ridgefield was one of the few Americans to own a Monet, and Westgrove should count itself fortunate. But the Monet when you saw it was only a haystack in a dim-evening kind of a pinkish-purple light after a long bright summer day, when you could hear the crickets chirping faintly and maybe a dog barking far off down the valley. There was a warm smell of clover, too, and you could see the twilight air quivering into the distance. Most of us thought it a disgrace to put things like that into a picture, and Sam White said he wondered when Preston Ridgefield would be opening his stables for public enjoyment.

There were those who were mighty thankful when his second term in the Senate ran out and he didn't run again. It hardly looked safe to have a person with such visionary ideas representing a great state. There was a good deal of quiet talk after his successor went in about keeping the fortunes of our community in the hands of practical men. Ridgefieldism got to be a word that stood for any sort of wild idea, like bringing grand opera to Westgrove or widening the streets. Ridgefieldism was Sam White's word.

"And you want to knock it right in the head," was his advice. Most people thought it was pretty good advice too.

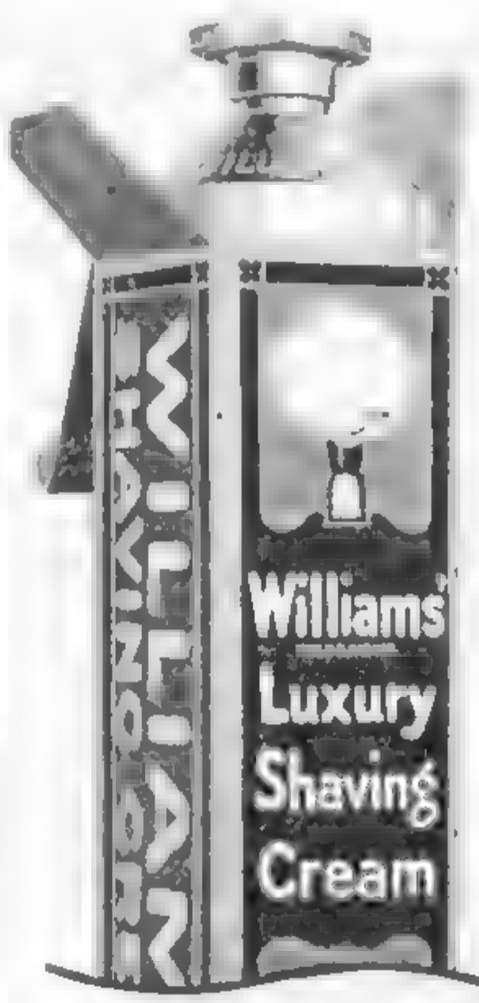
Of course Ridgefieldism had meant a good deal in Westgrove in the days when only people with wild ideas would have tackled the wilderness. Any way you looked at it, the stock Preston Ridgefield had come of was remarkable. It was too bad it had to run out. He wasn't much over fifty when he died, but even by that time it was plain that his star had passed its zenith. No one exactly knew what he left the old lady and the Gerould girl, though it was generally supposed he left them well fixed. He left Westgrove the art museum and its approaches.

In a way it was just like leaving a newsboy a point-lace wedding veil. Or, in a way it was worse. The newsboy could sell the wedding veil. But who would buy a white marble art museum, full of porcelains and things? They had it on their hands and had to keep it, whether they liked it or not. When Sam White died and left his whole fortune to his widow and didn't leave Westgrove a thing there were some who said that was the difference between the two men, and no wonder they hadn't got along together. They said that in the end it would be Ridgefieldism that would dominate Westgrove and make for beauty and

Lather Quantity? *of course-*

But Lather Quality, *too!*

OF course, you expect your shaving cream to make a big abundant lather from a little squeeze of cream. But lather quantity alone may mislead you. Lather quality is even more important.



For example, it's not the mere fact that Williams' bulks quickly into such thick busy lather that gives you such a gentle shave. It's what that heap of Williams' lather does.

First, Williams' gets down to business and softens your beard—quickly, thoroughly—easily. But even softening the beard is not enough.

Williams' prepares your skin for the shave, too; limbers it up; smoothes it out. Every inch of the way your skin is prepared for quick easy shaving. No skin twinges. No smart. Just the easiest shave you've ever had.

That is the big news about Williams' which is converting even standpatters every day. Shave with Williams' and learn for yourself—as they have—the difference between mere lather quantity—which Williams' has anyway—and genuine lather quality, as demonstrated not only by Williams' softening effect on the beard, but its soothing effect on your skin.

A free 10 day trial tube will prove the quality of Williams'. Send for it now—just sign and mail the coupon below.

Williams'
Shaving
Cream

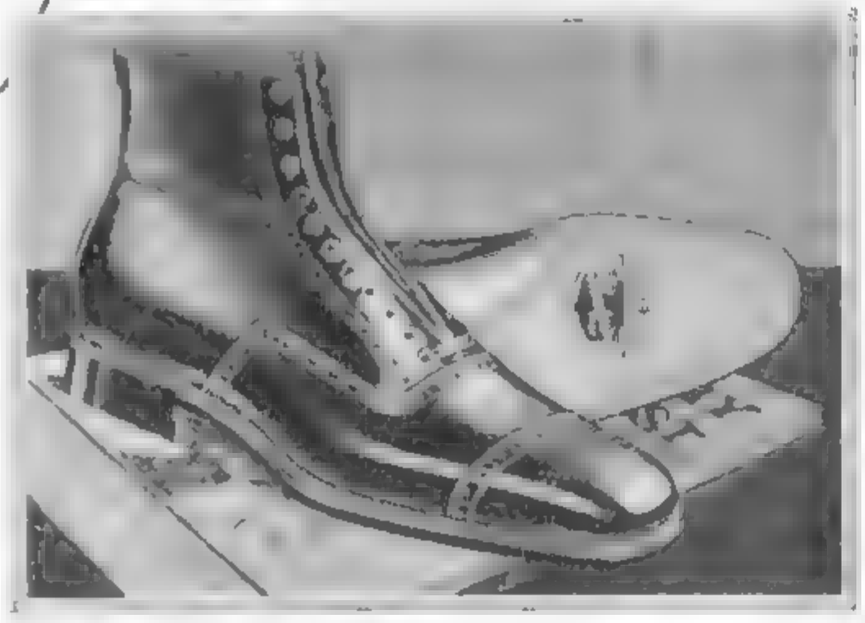
GET-ACQUAINTED TUBE FREE
The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.
Department 612

I want to see for myself what you mean by a new luxury in shaving cream. Send me your free Get-Acquainted Tube

Name

Address

The FLORSHEIM SHOE



THE PATHFINDER—STYLE M-108

The refined, stylish appearance of The Florsheim Shoe wins you as a first-time wearer; excellent quality affords an economy that impels you to prefer Florsheims thereafter.

The Florsheim Shoe—Most Styles $10

BOOKLET "STYLES OF THE TIMES" ON REQUEST

Look for Name in Shoe

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers • CHICAGO

FOR THE MAN The Florsheim Shoe WHO CARES

ALADDIN Thermalware JARS-DISHES

"There's my gift to the family!"

A Big One-Gallon Thermal Jar Keeps *food* or *liquids* hot or cold

"That's what we want! A thermal jar big enough to hold 16 cups of steaming hot coffee, iced tea, lemonade or cold refreshing water—enough for the entire family for a whole day's motor or camping trip.

"Four inch opening, too. That means we can pack stewed chicken, hot potatoes, baked beans, chop suey or meats and have a hot dinner wherever we want to stop. It's *the* gift the whole family'll like!"

At Leading Dealers' $10.00

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, INC.
627 W. LAKE STREET - CHICAGO, U. S. A.

DEALERS: write us or your jobber today about this fast moving Christmas seller.

fineness. At any rate, you couldn't come out of Sam White's store without looking up the park blocks at the art museum, showing white and spiritlike through the trees, summer and winter, year in and year out. It attracted the attention of tourists, and pieces began to come out about it in different magazines. Then the President made his speech.

"Yes," said the young man, glad at last to show some knowledge of his city. "I've heard about that."

He sat, looking past old Bob Fitch's head, in its haze of tobacco smoke, through the front windows of Pete's place, across the scurry of motors and electric cars at the silent hedge behind which a mean old woman was squeezing the pennies that Preston Ridgefield left behind him. He hated the mean old woman with a thorough hate.

"It's a funny thing," went on old Bob Fitch, "but everything Preston Ridgefield was most laughed at about has happened. Sam White's post office is torn down; there's the civic center; and there's the art museum. And there"—he pounded the table with his fist—"sits the old woman. Why!" He pushed back his empty coffee cup, leaned his elbows on the specked oilcloth and lowered his voice: "I've been inquiring around today. And they say that when this Doris Gerould turned up, a tearing beauty, the kind that goes with furs and chauffeurs and things, the second cousins called on the old woman and wanted her to buy a machine and get a maid and give parties and have the girl come out and get married. But would she?"

He paused for dramatic effect.

"Wouldn't she?" asked the young man.

"No! By George, she would not! The relations did what they could. Asked the girl about it. But she didn't even speak English as she is spoke in Westgrove. Had a kind of accent. She spoke French and Italian just as well. And she wasn't fashionable. Hadn't the right clothes. Wore wonderful hand-embroidered things from foreign countries, all out of style. And she didn't know any of the stylish toddling or wriggling. After a while she stopped going when she was asked. Then they stopped asking her. The old lady didn't give any parties or get any servants. And there you are."

"Yes," said the young man absently, "there you are. Well, Bob"—he stood up from his chair and spoke with a brisk change of voice—"this has all been very interesting."

They went out together, up the street, past the entrance of Hopkins Business College and the allurements of Two-Gun Billy Bingham's new five-reel feature, to Bob Fitch's room over the cut-rate drug store. Across from the clatter of the cars and the winking of all the electric lights was the dusty hedge, dark in the oncoming night. Behind it stood the silent house.

The young man turned up the street and walked the intervening blocks to Preston Ridgefield's civic center. He stood looking at the white pillars of the art museum, moon flecked, at the end of a vista. His mind was full of Bob Fitch's narrative. It had been interesting, but he had not done with it. He was thorough, as you perhaps understand. As he stood there, looking at the ghostlike building, he was deciding that he would leave no stone unturned in the path of Ridgefield history.

Being thorough, he turned over many stones. On their undersides he found, occasionally, surprising facts. All Westgrove, he found, thought as Bob Fitch thought—that a mean old skinflint reigned in Preston Ridgefield's house. His first surprise came when he overturned that stone which showed that when Preston Ridgefield died he had left, beyond the gift of the museum and the fund for its upkeep, a sum so small that the lawyers must have hesitated to name it to the little figure standing erect before them. It was an old story enough. Preston Ridgefield had not expected to die just then. He had expected to live and mend his fences.

After the first surprise a second followed closely. The money from the sale of Ridgefield Place had all gone to Italy. There, the young man found, was where the daughter had lived. Bob Fitch confirmed the rumor that the Gerould fellow had been a fortune hunter. By the time his wife had died and Doris Gerould, a girl of fifteen or sixteen, appeared at the old Ridgefield house, the Gerould fellow, it seemed, had been missing for some time. Doubtless it had not taken long for him to make the Ridgefield money fly.

On the heels of these surprises came a third. Just at the time the granddaughter had appeared an old Westgrove bond house had failed. The investors had got about thirty-eight cents on the dollar of their money. Old Mrs. Ridgefield was one of them. She hadn't much at stake. But the thirty-eight cents on the dollar represented all she had left of what Preston Ridgefield had willed her. Westgrove hadn't paid much attention. Anybody who did said, "Well, she could afford to lose it. She had plenty left."

That was why Doris Gerould was sitting there, on the other side of the partition, typing the dictation the district attorney had just given her. The smart young man figured out that her salary was practically all she and the old lady had to live on. The interest on the thirty-eight cents on the dollar would just about pay her taxes. He felt like walking the streets of Westgrove and denouncing the injustice that was done these two silent women. The irony of time and circumstance appalled him. As he saw the girl's bent head, and her white hand flying over the page, the emotion and resolve with which he felt himself possessed became to him the dominant purpose which should direct his future. In some way he would turn the wheel of fortune for these two women. He would give them back what time and circumstance had taken away. Maybe his emotion toward old Mrs. Ridgefield was not compelling, but of his attitude toward Doris there was no doubt.

He managed to walk home with her now and then. Bold in his attack on time and circumstance, he was not bold when it came to walking home with the stenographer. He was hesitant and awkward, silent when he throbbed with eloquence, floundering when he longed for the victorious gesture. She helped him kindly over his silences, mended his broken phrases and turned the splendor of her clear glance upon his downcast face, not suspecting that this embarrassed young man had vowed to dress her in satins and hang her with pearls. She walked beside him in low-heeled, sensible shoes, her long stride matching his, and was unaware that he meant to see to it that she rode through the streets of Westgrove in a long, low, rakish, dark gray car, and set foot out of it only to tread on Persian carpets. Perhaps she would have smiled at the intensity of his purpose. He had a deadly fear that she wouldn't like it. He became possessed by the desire to let her know of it and the fear lest she might find it out.

His plight was the plight of youth, generous, and full of an unconquerable hope. To put it grossly you might say that he loved the girl. But in this commonplace fever of youth there burned a devotion that had in it some eternal quality. He had vowed himself to a cause. That Doris Gerould figured in the cause was undeniable. What was really fine about his emotion, what made him silent and awkward was his reverence for the end he had in view and his diminished sense of his own worthiness.

After some debate with himself he decided not to tell old Bob Fitch the latest surprising facts. He had imaged to himself old Mrs. Ridgefield, a little figure, disdainful behind her French windows, of whom all Westgrove thought in disparagement. Lonelier with each passing year, she had gone, companioned with memories, to and fro in the big house. She had remembered Preston Ridgefield, big and vital, his voice full of lights and darks, like a cello. She had remembered the Frenchman, walking by his side like a neat cricket; the old lawyers, regretful and amazed, after the bleak conventions of the funeral. These memories had meant more to her for all these years than the busy city flowing by the windows. Old loves and old disdains had been hers. She had remained the empress, pretty and proud, as the years flowed by. She might have scrubbed bathrooms or cleaned sinks, but she was the empress, bowing to her favored few. Let the crowd think what it might.

The smart young man realized that in his turning over of stones he had intruded on her secret. He had gone behind the dusty hedge and found what he was not supposed to know. If old Bob Fitch should learn these things it must be, he decided, from some other source.

(Continued on Page 121)

Because They Last!

Why *McKay* Tire Chains? Because McKay Tire Chains *last!* Because they're treated by a special improved process which makes them not only hard but *tough* as well. And it's their remarkable toughness that enables them to last for miles and miles—stand the severest shocks and strains.

But exceptional strength is not the only advantage of McKay Tire Chains. They're wonderfully convenient, too. A new and improved type of fastener makes them far easier to put on and take off. And when you put your McKay Chains on, the McKay Fastener keeps them on *unfailingly*—until you're ready to take them off.

Furthermore, McKay stands for complete protection against skidding *at all times*. For should a cross-chain link finally wear out, it can be replaced instantly with a McKay Ready Repair Link. This handy little tire-chain accessory can be slipped into place in a moment—without tools, without bother. It keeps your cross chains on the job, protecting you until they can be replaced. *And it puts a stop to the destructive and nerve-racking pounding of broken links against your mud-guard.*

You might expect that with such advantages McKay Tire Chains would cost more. But that is not the case. Choose McKays and you get tire chains that last—handle easier—give less trouble and more protection—all without extra cost. Ask for them by name. You can't fail to identify them. They're The Better Black Chains in the Red Band Bag. They cost no more and they last.

UNITED STATES CHAIN & FORGING COMPANY
Union Arcade, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Makers of Chains for All Commercial and Industrial Purposes
Plants: York and McKee's Rocks, Pa.; Columbus and Marietta, O.; Huntington, W. Va.

The Better Black Chains in the Red Band Bag

McKAY TIRE CHAINS

McK

This Remarkable New Oil Range for City Homes

A Marvelous Invention The SUPERFEX *Burner Cooks with the speed and satisfaction of a gas stove at a fuel cost lower than 85¢ gas*

Cuts Fuel Costs—Gives Year 'Round Satisfaction in City, Suburban and Farm Homes

BESIDES cooking with the speed and satisfaction of a gas range, the cost of fuel for this latest and greatest New Perfection is less than gas even as low as 85 cents per thousand. A farm housewife, in actual kitchen tests, found that this range operates at a fuel cost less than 3 cents a meal for a family of five.

The amazing speed and economy of this substantial, good-looking New Perfection Oil Range with SUPERFEX Burners—the convenience and comfort of its four useful burners—its white enameled splashers and its clean, odorless heat make it the kind of year 'round oil range you have always wanted, whether you live in a city or its suburbs, or on a farm.

A demonstration will convince you. See your dealer now—and save money.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
Also Makers of ALADDIN Utensils and PERFECTION Oil Heaters
7641 PLATT AVENUE CLEVELAND, OHIO

What You Get in This Remarkable New Oil Range

1. Cooking speed of the giant gas burner—in the Giant SUPERFEX Burner. Cooking speed of the standard gas burner—in the standard size SUPERFEX Burner.
2. Abundant heat that is absolutely clean and odorless.
3. Built-in, heat-retaining oven.
4. One Giant and three standard SUPERFEX Burners—those under the oven may also be used for surface cooking if desired.
5. Greater economy and reliability of cooking with kerosene oil.
6. Operating convenience, cleanliness and new time-saving features.
7. Handsome, sturdy, long-lived stove with higher and bigger Aladdin quality Porcelain Enameled Cooking Top, and new base shelf for utensils.
8. A new (more beautiful) Gray Enamel finish on all chimneys.

NEW PERFECTION *Oil Range with* SUPERFEX *Burners*

Protect Your Home against Heat Shortage

KEEP warm and keep well!

The cheerful warmth of the Perfection Oil Heater guards your family against the discomfort and danger of chilly, drafty rooms.

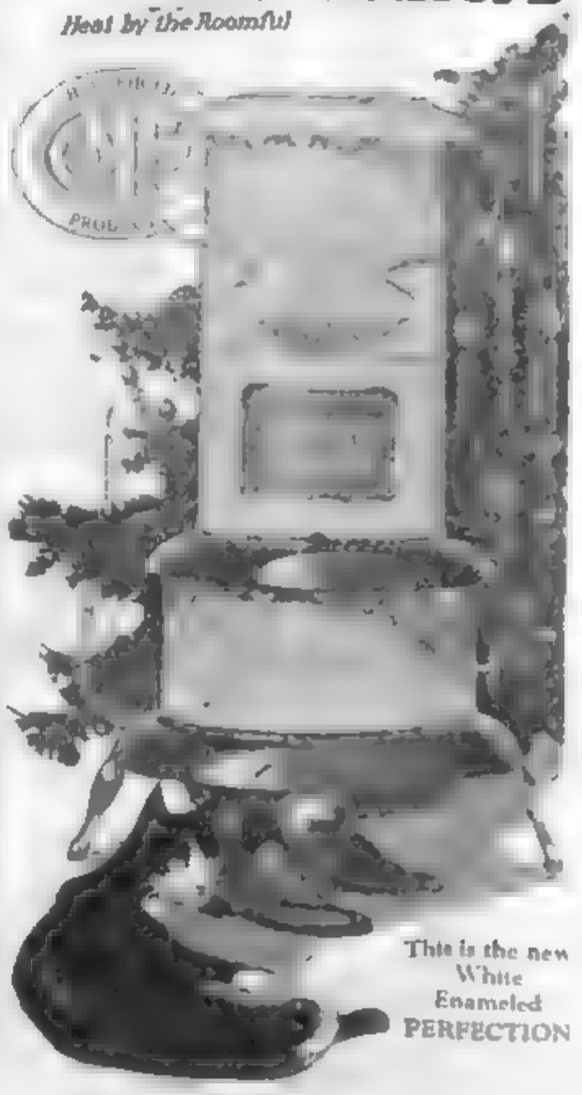
This handy "portable radiator" is easily carried wherever extra heat is needed. No smoke, no odor—10 hours' comfort heat on a gallon of kerosene oil.

Get a Perfection today at your dealer's

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
7641 Platt Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

PERFECTION *Oil Heaters*

Heat by the Roomful



This is the new White Enameled PERFECTION

(Continued from Page 118)

Possessed by his emotion and thorough in his pursuit he turned, as he felt he eventually must, the final stone in all the legend. On its underside he read a startling though authentic fact.

He found it in the undramatic files of records in the city hall. First he found the old deed of transfer whereby Preston Ridgefield left the museum and its approaches to the city. Then he looked in other undramatic files and found that the property had not been held in the name of Preston Ridgefield alone, but in the name of Preston Ridgefield and Anita his wife. He thought awhile, whistling softly. Anita his wife was the old woman behind the windows of the forgotten mansion. The old skinflint, he had thought her. The old skinflint, the busy town thought her, if it thought of her at all, flowing by her windows.

The old papers on the desk before him, the young man frowned deeply. Try as he would to exclude them, the white hands of Doris Gerould, flying over the pages of her dictation pad, obtruded between him and the papers before him. He had sworn to emancipate those hands from toil. Here was the fulfillment of his oath. Preston Ridgefield's gift had been handsome enough twenty-five years ago. Today it had doubled, trebled, quadrupled in value. The old woman behind her long French windows could be rich at the stroke of a pen. Doris Gerould need never bend her bronze head again over the words of a taskmaster.

He gathered up his find and snapped out his desk light with a sigh. He felt oddly discouraged. This had not been his vision of the way he should rescue his lady from dragons. In a curious fashion he felt that he might have rescued her, yet in the act have lost her.

It was reluctantly that his feet found their way toward the old brown house with its cupolas. They had walked that way rather frequently of late with Doris. Tonight they turned in for the first time behind the high laurel hedge, in need of clipping, and up the flagstones, between which swelled neglected weeds. There was light enough, as yet, to note the wood of the old house showing through where paint had been flaking off for years. The sagging bricks of the old steps caught his foot as he mounted.

He laid his hand upon the old bell, of the sort whose handle pulled out, while something jangled dimly in the unseen recesses of the house.

It was Doris Gerould herself who opened the door. The young man, hat in hand, looked at her as if in farewell. Her radiance reminded him afresh of the possessive quality there had been in his devotion. He had wanted to lay the world at her feet. But he had meant, in setting her free from care, to bind her to himself. The papers burning in his pocket felt like lead above his heart.

"Good evening," he smiled, then hesitated. "I am upon a curious errand," he said. "A business matter. It involves Mrs. Ridgefield mainly, but yourself as well. Perhaps this is an inconvenient moment."

"Not at all." Her voice was welcoming. "We were just sitting down to dinner. You must sit down with us."

He made half-hearted protest, his pulses beating wildly.

"My grandmother would be pleased," said Doris.

Something in her eyes upon him made him wonder crazily if she meant him to understand that she, too, would be pleased.

"Well, of course," he stammered, like a boy, "I'd love it."

All the elegant things he rehearsed saying to her in the manner of the Italian counts she must have known deserted him at such an opportunity.

He found himself in dim, high-ceilinged rooms, thickly carpeted and hung with old hangings, all faded to a uniform ashes-of-roses hue. Pictures against the tapestried walls, marbles glimmering against folds of pale velvet, cabinets in corners, in which he had glimpses of delicate vases and translucent bowls, gave to his inexperienced eye an amazed impression of hushed loveliness. The little old lady before whom he found himself bowing looked the fitting apparition to emerge out of this uncommon background. He found himself, in fact, opposite her in the dim dining room, with Doris between them, at the polished round of a magnificently carved mahogany table. Candles in low silver candelabra reflected lights from the polished wood. The napkin he unfolded in his lap, a huge white square, had all the softness of exquisite old linen, given exquisite care. Silver flanked the Florentine doily at his place, of a weight and pattern that bespoke other days, and a polish that made silent confession to bygone housekeeping.

For dinner he ate of something that Doris brought in from the kitchen, where she had cooked it. The dish, she told him, was known as the complete dinner. She had learned to make it in Italy. He had no idea of its ingredients beyond her assurance that there was everything in the world in it and the evidence of his own senses that its flavor and aroma were uncommonly appealing. With it and with the lettuce salad at his plate, and the crisp French loaf from which he broke the end, he made a nobly sufficient meal. There was coffee afterward in little cups through which he could see the candlelight, and there were sweet white grapes.

There was talk too. Doris, as cook and waitress, moving softly about in the candlelighted dimness, became suddenly young and rosy and gay. In place of the competent stenographer there was a girl, flushed, human, more than ever appealing, and unattainable. He realized that her gayety and tenderness directed itself toward the frosty little figure opposite him. The old lady, he could see, was being ever so adroitly cajoled. He even allowed himself to wonder if he might be the reason for the cajolery. He felt himself growing young and gay, too, and did what he could to second the girl's efforts, whatever her purpose. There was young laughter at the old board, and he saw with triumph a faint relaxing now and then of the face before him.

"When did you come to Westgrove, Mr. Hastings?" she asked him as Doris brought the coffee.

"In 1910," he told her, and felt the ensuing chill.

"One of the newcomers," said the little old empress. "I dare say you are an East Sider."

He admitted the charge.

"H'm," said Mrs. Ridgefield, and drew about her her ashes-of-roses scarf.

He looked at Doris and met her eyes upon him, amused, entreating.

"Please," they begged him, "don't be angry."

"Well," he said, "I suppose I am. But we East Siders recognize our debt to the pioneers."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Ridgefield.

He looked at Doris, whose eyes thanked him.

"And of course," he went on, "Mr. Ridgefield is the pioneer to whom we feel we owe the most."

"How was that?" his eyes asked the girl.

"Wonderful!" she looked past the candlelight.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Ridgefield, rising, "the East Siders may all learn to care for Westgrove in time. Some of them have seemed to us very cheap people."

Doris, in the wake of the terrible little old creature, passed him as he held the portière aside. In passing, she smiled wistfully upon him. He could have sworn there were tears in her smile.

"Please!" the smile entreated him.

"I understand," said the empress, seating herself behind the green-shaded duplex oil lamp on the study table, "that you have some business errand."

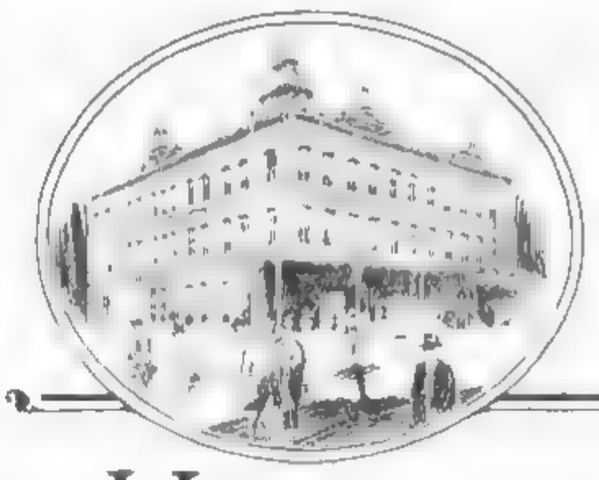
Her voice was condescension, dislike, indifference, all in one reedlike tone. Doris, bringing Mrs. Ridgefield's threadbare footstool and handing her the old ivory hand screen against the light, flashed him another entreating look.

"Oh!" He had almost forgotten. "Yes." He drew the papers from his pocket. "I came upon a curious thing the other day."

He unfolded the papers and spread them on the soft pile of the Persian table cover under the old lamp. To the two women, old eyes steadily upon him, young eyes dilating and looking from him to Mrs. Ridgefield and back again, he told his story. He told it clearly, knowing that each word put Doris farther from him. With the money these wretched records could bring her she could go away, out of his existence, forever. There was a short silence when he had finished.

Then, "Do you mean to tell me that there is something wrong with my husband's gift to Westgrove?" demanded Mrs. Ridgefield.

Her voice was hostile. He could see that her hand holding the old ivory screen



In Montgomery, Alabama

The big wholesale house—Steiner-Lehman Dry Goods Co.—is completely equipped with Baker-Vawter steel files—bookkeeping equipment and supplies.

Hand in hand with the leaders in business everywhere you'll find Baker-Vawter equipment helping them to greater success by simplifying their office methods.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

General offices Benton Harbor, Michigan
We serve and sell direct. Our own offices in 55 cities
In Canada—Copeland Chatterson Ltd. Brampton, Ontario

Originators and Manufacturers Loose Leaf and Filing Equipment

Paul Whiteman
The Maestro who Symphonizes Syncopation on Victor Records by Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra, all played with Buescher Instruments, often sell to a million each

The Nation's Record-Makers

Use and Recommend

BUESCHER

True-Tone Band Instruments

Tom Brown
Wizard with the Buescher Saxophone in Victor Records

Clyde C. Doerr

The great Record-Making Orchestras of America use Buescher Instruments.

Six out of seven of the popular Victor organizations use Buescher Band Instruments and Saxophones exclusively—including the Six Brown Brothers Saxophone Sextet and Paul Whiteman's Saxophone Sextet.

Joseph C. Smith
using Buescher Band Instruments and Saxophones

Zez Confrey
Director Zez Confrey & Orchestra. (A Paul Whiteman Clef Orchestra.) Composer of "Stumbling" and "Kitten on the Keys"

Seven out of eight of the famous Brunswick Dance Orchestras use Buescher Band Instruments and Saxophones exclusively.

Victor, Brunswick, Columbia, Edison, Aeolian, Okeh—there is no make of record in which you cannot hear Buescher Instruments played by all-star organizations. Write for a free copy of "The Nation's Record Makers."

Dan Russo
struments and Saxophones

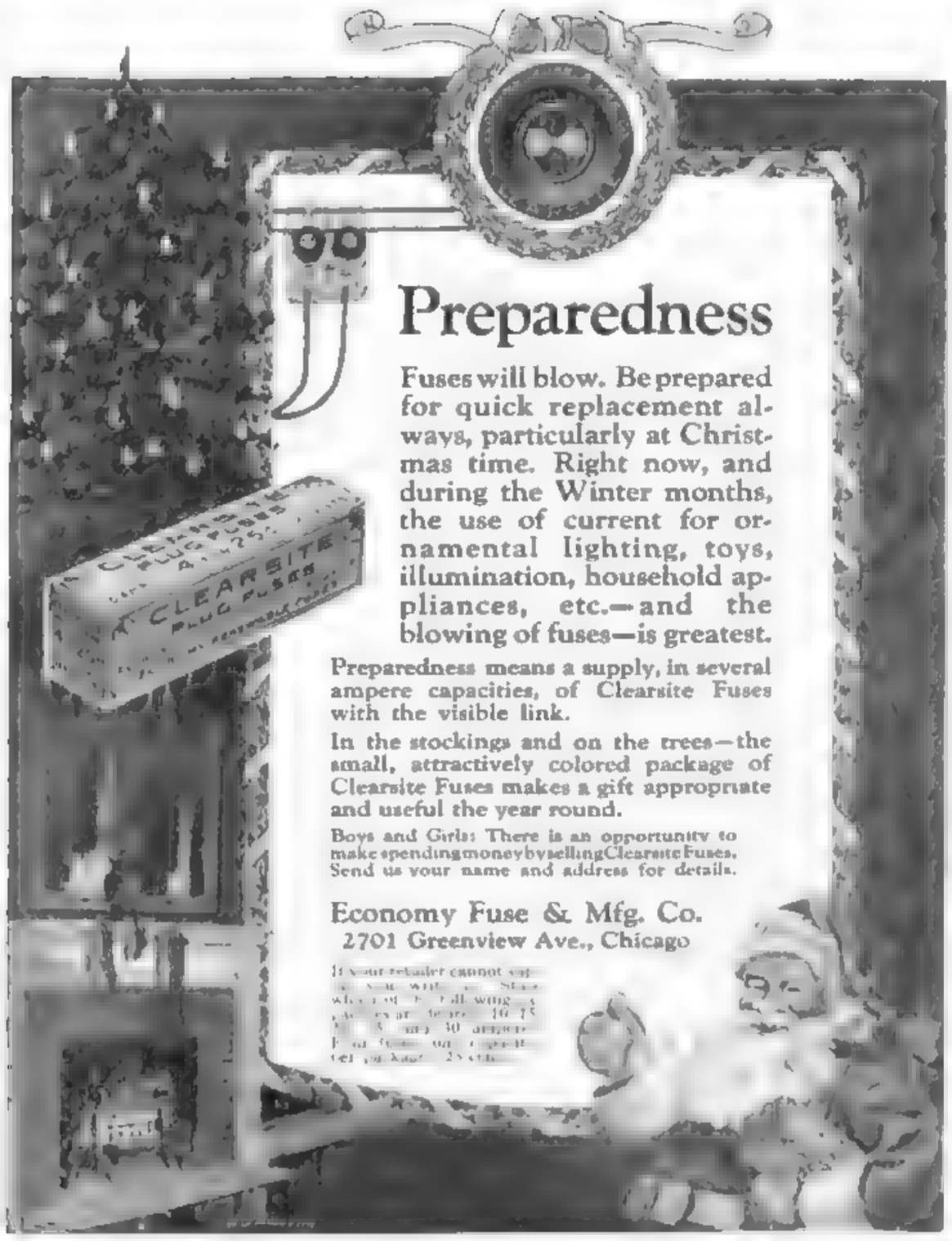
Bennie Krueger
Director Bennie Krueger and His Brunswick Records. Hear the Jazz Wizard with his Buescher Saxophone

Buescher Band Instrument Co.
Makers of everything in band and orchestra instruments
5977 Buescher Block
Elkhart, Ind.

Saxophone Book FREE!

After nearly 300 years' supremacy, string instruments are almost entirely displaced by Saxophones in all nationally popular orchestras. Our Free Saxophone Book tells which Saxophones take violin, cello and bass parts, and many other things you would like to know. Ask for a free copy

Paul L. Specht
Director Paul L. Specht and His Orchestra. Hear his Buescher Instruments in superb Columbia Records



Preparedness

Fuses will blow. Be prepared for quick replacement always, particularly at Christmas time. Right now, and during the Winter months, the use of current for ornamental lighting, toys, illumination, household appliances, etc.—and the blowing of fuses—is greatest.

Preparedness means a supply, in several ampere capacities, of Clearsite Fuses with the visible link.

In the stockings and on the trees—the small, attractively colored package of Clearsite Fuses makes a gift appropriate and useful the year round.

Boys and Girls: There is an opportunity to make spending money by selling Clearsite Fuses. Send us your name and address for details.

Economy Fuse & Mfg. Co.
2701 Greenview Ave., Chicago

If your retailer cannot supply you with Clearsite Fuses, write us, stating which of the following you require: 10-15 amp., 20 amp., 25 amp., 30 amp. For fuses over 30 amperes, ask for Clearsite Cartridge Fuses.

Of Course You Have Spare Hours To Sell

CHARLES PIFER imagined he was a pretty busy chap—and well he might! He is a student in the University of Illinois, and to help pay his way through college he works eight hours a day aside from the time required for his studies. There is no exaggeration in his statement: "I have but a short time to devote to your work each day Some days I can't solicit at all—I haven't time." Yet, in his very first month as our subscription representative we paid him $29.30 extra for his spare time.

Even if you are busy eight or ten hours of every day, you can still find a few minutes to spare—and those few minutes are worth money to you.

LET US BUY THEM FOR CASH

AS a subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, you have an opportunity to pick up extra money at all hours of the day—whenever you have a spare moment to tell your neighbors, friends and others that you are ready to take orders for these three popular publications. You need not neglect your regular work—this profit is *extra*; it is *clear gain*. You will be surprised at the ease with which an inexperienced beginner can gather orders in odd moments that would otherwise be wasted.

Let us tell you about YOUR profit opportunity.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
932 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: I haven't much time to spare, but I'd like to know, without obligation, what you will pay me for it. Please send details.

*Name*_____ *Street or R. F. D.*_____

*Town*_____ *State*_____

THIS COUPON BRINGS FULL DETAILS

trembled. How could he know what he had done to her? For years she had looked out, lonelier year by year, behind her French windows, while the town that had not known him did honor to Preston Ridgefield and said, "Isn't it a funny thing about his wife, the old skinflint?" To keep his memory honored, to let them call her what they liked if they praised her husband—for more years than this young man had lived this had been her life. She could not know what generous desire filled him to give her body comfort, to give the pleasant things of every day to the girl beside her. She only knew that he had laid a hand on the past. He had torn aside a veil that must not be disturbed. He even implied that Preston Ridgefield might have blundered. For all these years she had known only one fear, that Preston Ridgefield's memory might not get its due. The young man thought she might not understand. He explained gently that she could be a rich woman. The inexplicable oversight that had left her name from the deed of gift meant that the city had never really owned the art museum at all. The property had immensely increased in value. To secure itself the city could be forced to pay her a very large sum of money.

"Money?" asked Mrs. Ridgefield, turning to the girl. "What in the world is he talking about?"

"Oh, darling!" begged Doris. "He only means if we should—could want to do it."

The eyes that met his as she turned to him from the empress were not the eyes of a girl demanding ease of life. They were the eyes of Preston Ridgefield, seeing not what life might give him but what he might give to it to make it more worth living. A logged-off hillside, left in its ruin by those who had taken their will of it, had been to such eyes a place to restore to its heritage of beauty, a place from which men might look out upon splendid, far horizons. A man's life, looked at by such eyes, meant his opportunity to realize his truest dreams, to make of living a vantage point from which he might look out as from a hilltop.

Looking into such eyes and hearing such words spoken, the smart young man felt himself lifted on the wave of a great excitement.

"Why, of course!" he cried.

He wanted to shout. Of course they couldn't want to do it! What had been the matter with him? He looked at the empress, standing, her ashes-of-roses scarf about her, ready for flight.

"Fast Siders!" He could almost hear her thinking. "Cheap people, every one of them!"

"Of course!" he said again, and struck the table with his hand. "That's just it! If you could want to—but of course you couldn't. And we can fix it so you needn't."

He saw the look in the old eyes of the empress upon him change from disdain to hope, to mistiness. She sat down.

"Do you mean," she said in a little voice, "that you could bring me something to sign that would make it right?"

"I mean just that," said the smart young man. "We can fix it up tomorrow."

She leaned forward a little, her hands clasped.

"And no one else need know? No one but us three?"

He looked from her face, a pallid cameo trembling into speech from its carved secrecies, to the girl's face across the pool of lamplight on the Persian table rug. How could he have thought these women could care for their own ease? How near they must have come to despising him!

"Not a soul in the world but us three," he said, conscious that the words made a binding ritual for the trio in the quiet room.

"Oh!" said the empress. It was the relieved cry of a small hurt creature. She pressed her hands upon her eyes a moment. Then she looked at him. "They laughed at him," she half whispered. "No one must ever laugh at him again! He was so fine, so much finer than the ones who laughed. And he was so right. Always. Money!" A little smile flickered over her face. Her voice was gentle. "People who have nothing else have to be rich! But we"—she looked at Doris, and back at him—"we have so much besides. Would you like"—she stopped, looked tremulously at the girl again—"do you think he would like to look at the old blue prints? They're in this drawer."

"Oh!" said the smart young man. "May I?"

She brought the old, old papers from their drawer and laid them in the pool of light. The three stood looking at them.

"I remember when he spread them out before me that first night. I can hear him yet," she said, "planning it all. His voice was so beautiful."

She folded the drawings again in their breaking creases and laid them softly away. The young man felt that he had stood bareheaded in a sacred place.

"Thank you a thousand times," he said. "You are very rich indeed." As he looked at her, and then at Doris, he could not help adding, "And he was very rich, because of both of you. Any man"—he stopped, aghast at his boldness; then, looking still at Doris—"any man would be," he finished quietly. He gathered his papers together and turned to leave. "Good night," he said to the empress.

"Remember," she answered, "just us three."

He left her standing there, a little old figure, vital with a tremendous purpose.

"Your grandmother's a wonderful old lady," he told Doris at the door.

The girl put out her hand.

"You've made her so happy!" she said. "She has always been afraid there might be something wrong: that someone would come upon it who would not understand. You've been so wonderful."

He looked down at her, possessive adoration in his eyes.

"Do you think I have been wonderful?" he heard himself daring to say. "I've been afraid you would think I had gone beyond had intruded ——" He floundered, then heard himself go on: "You know, for your sake, I should like to be incomparable."

"Oh!" she said softly, and in the lamplight he could see the color flooding her face and throat. "Oh!" she said again. "You've not intruded." Her eyelids dropped before his gaze, then lifted. "We think"—she hesitated—"I think you've been—incomparable."

Her eyes rested earnestly upon him and she smiled.

"Good-by," he made himself say.

"Until tomorrow," she answered.

He stood a moment, his head bared in the moonlight, looking at the door she closed behind him. Then down the broken steps, over the weed-grown walk, past the hedge that needed clipping, he strode, his shoulders squared as if to undertake some considerable enterprise. At the gateway he paused, looking back at the dim windows where, perhaps, Doris' figure moving to and fro made shadows. Her tender eyes remained upon him, her voice, full of lights and darks, like a cello, rang in his mind, beside the reedlike tremolo of the empress.

"Money! Whatever is he talking about?"

"Remember, just us three!"

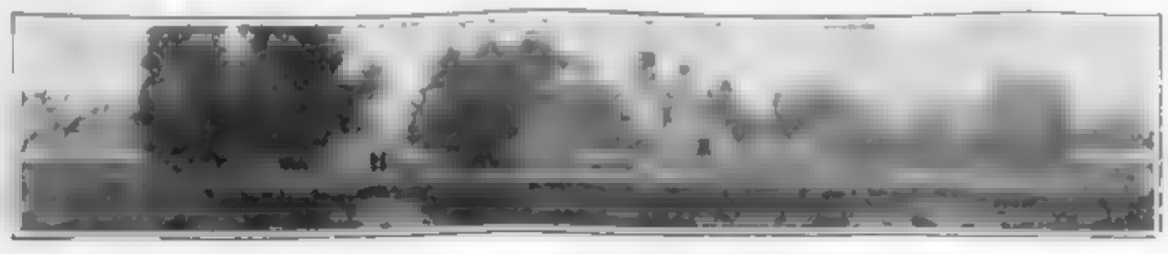
"Until tomorrow."

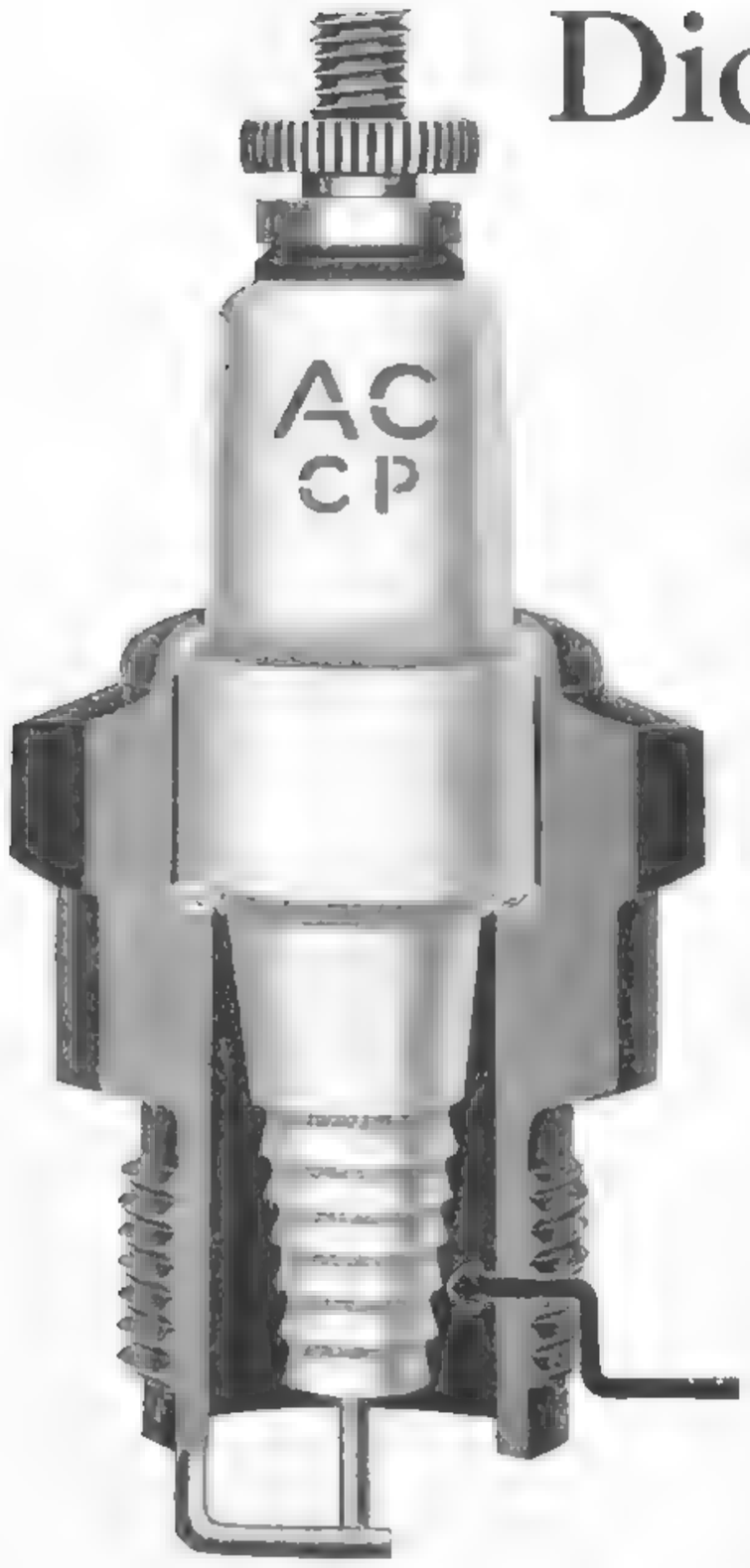
The old voice and the young voice sang together in his memory. In his eyes there lingered the image of the pool of lamplight, and lying in it the worn old blue prints.

In the moon-flecked shadow he lifted his hat to the old house whose cupolas silhouetted themselves against the sky. He saluted its decaying splendors as he found a discriminating phrase.

"It all has class," he said.

He stood a moment so, the night magic about him. Then down the street past the cut-rate drug store, past the five-reel feature and the Hopkins Business College he walked swiftly, whistling as he went. He was one of three, he was saying to himself. He had not intruded. She had smiled. He belonged behind the ragged hedge. And tomorrow was not so very far away.





Did your car start hard this morning?

Hard starting and poor performance in cold weather have always been bad enough, but these difficulties become worse each year because of fuel conditions. Spark plugs with the ordinary smooth-surface porcelain permit an accumulation of soot, particularly when the choker is used to any extent. Upon stopping the engine in cold weather the gummy deposit on the surface of the porcelain will harden, causing short circuit and making it almost impossible to start.

These troubles of hard starting and poor performance are experienced in cold weather by most motorists and particularly with old cars.

Many motorists resort to priming, but no amount of priming will start a motor in which the plugs are shorted with carbon.

With AC Carbon Proof Plugs the saw-tooth edges of the high temperature fins do not permit the carbon to accumulate over the entire surface, as these thin edges heat up rapidly and burn away the soot before it turns to carbon. This effectively breaks up short circuits, makes for easier starting and a better running engine.

AC Carbon Proof Plugs facilitate starting and give a sweet running motor to all cars, even old ones that pump oil.

When a motor is out of tune it often happens that costly repair bills are incurred, various adjustments made, and finally it is found that new spark plugs are the remedy. Avoid this expense by first putting in a new set of AC's.

Put a set of AC Carbon Proofs in your car today. Any good dealer or garage can supply you with AC Carbon Proofs that were specially designed for your engine.

The Function of a Spark Plug

is to deliver the *entire* spark at the gap. If part of it leaks away through the insulation, or due to an accumulation of carbon on the surface of the porcelain, there will be no spark, or it will be so weakened that it will not properly ignite cold mixtures when starting.

AC
TITAN

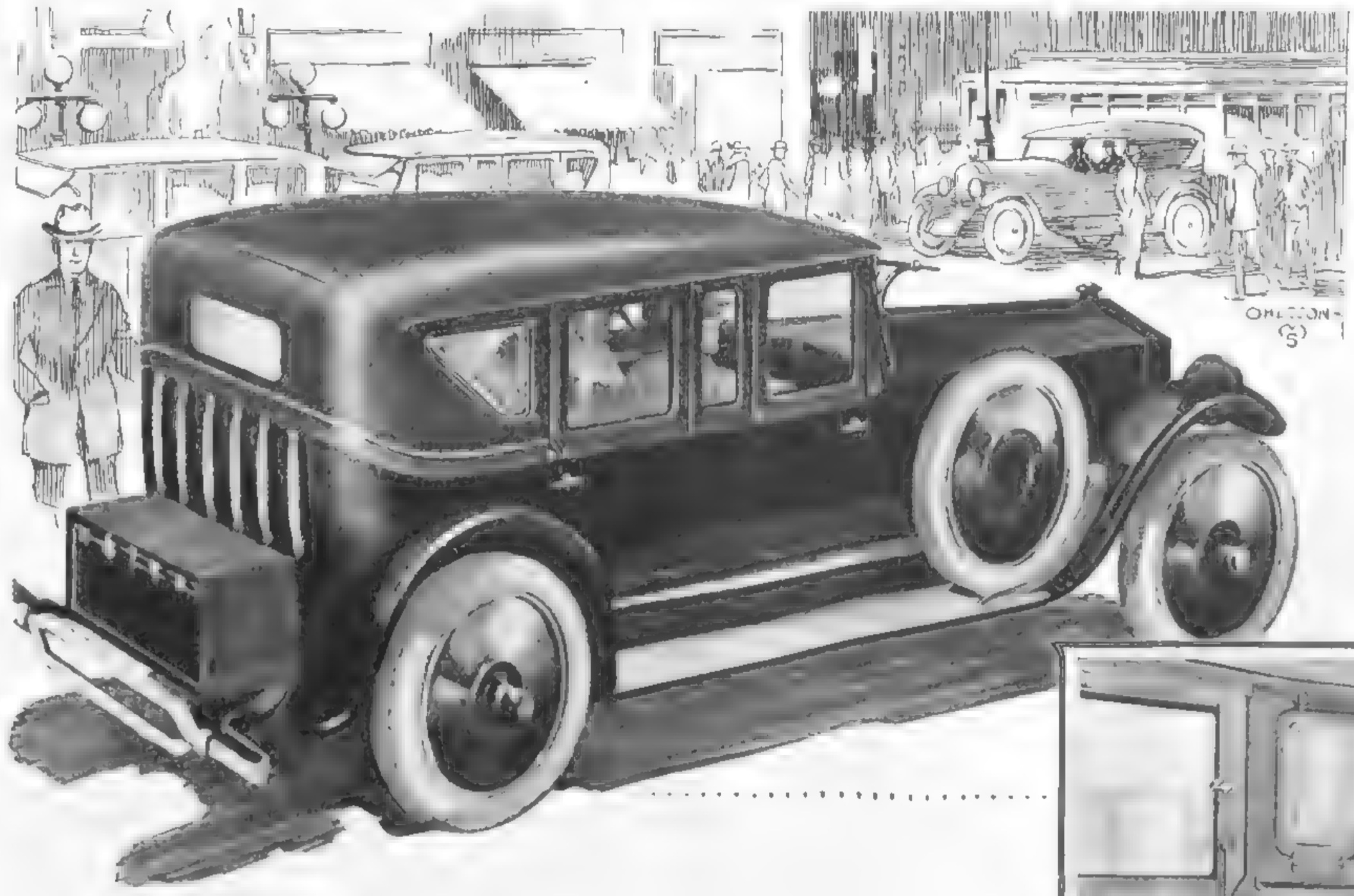
The Standard Spark Plug of the World

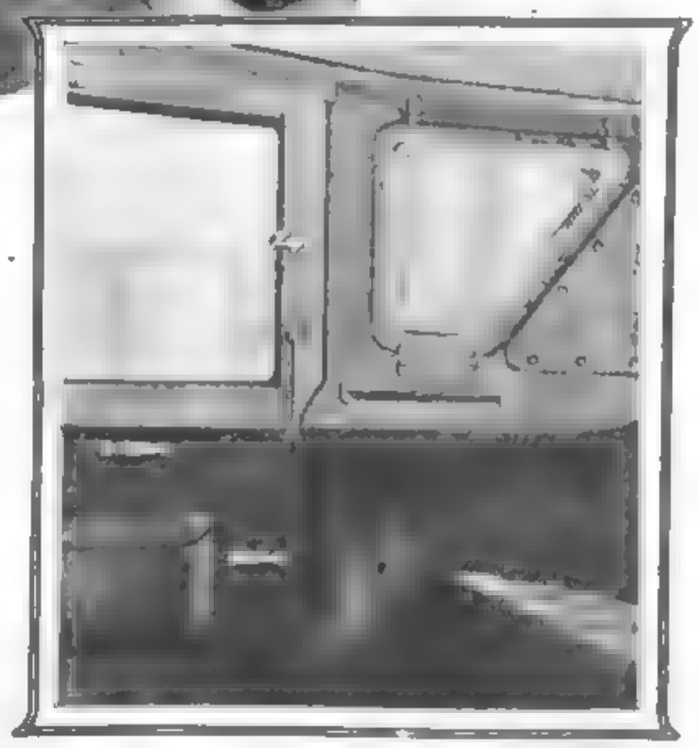
Ford Owners

The AC 1075 for Ford engines is the plug you should use. It has our patented wire clip for the Ford terminal, our new design electrode which prevents oil from lodging in the spark gap, and the famous AC Carbon Proof porcelain with its high temperature fins that attain sufficient heat to burn away oil deposits, thus offering effective resistance to carbon. If your Ford dealer will not supply you, any other good dealer can meet your needs.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915, U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917 Other Patents Pending





Perfect ventilation is assured by the vanity shown with down and the ... Rex Rear Lamp which may be instantly taken out as required. For carrying this panel when it is not in use a convenient pocket is provided

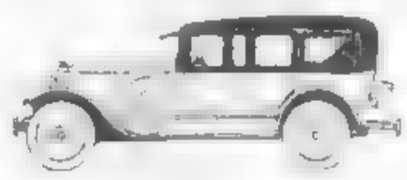
Today you may be driving an open roadster or touring car— with nothing to protect you from the bitter snow and storms of winter.

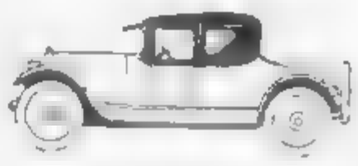
Tomorrow, by the installation of a Rex Top, you can be riding in a snug coupe or sedan, a smart creation of graceful flowing lines, deeply bevelled plate glass, and other luxurious appointments.

With its design "hand-tailored" to harmonize perfectly with the lines of your particular car, the Rex Top gives you all the comfort and distinction of the closed car—at a cost made possible only by the great production of the world's largest manufacturer of automobile tops.

Rex Tops are immediately available for all of the cars listed below and are installed in a few hours by any dealer for these cars.

Buick *Lexington* *Haynes* *Cleveland*
Essex *Hupmobile* *Nash* *Studebaker*
Dodge Brothers *Reo* *Hudson*





REX MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA

Manufactured under license in Canada by Carriage Factories, Ltd., Orillia, Ontario (19)

Rex Top

THE MANEUVERS OF MOLLY

Continued from Page 13

follow instead of precede Dawn. It would help her reports plenty—besides making it a lot harder for us. But she's out of luck. Mark Morris gave the audience almost as big a kick as we did today. The bill won't be changed. We're all right until we get to Frisco."

"Why Frisco?"

"The only two towns you've got to make good in on this circuit are San Francisco and Chicago. If we don't get over in Frisco we're apt to lose our Chicago date. And if the reports from the next few towns aren't good we may never get into Frisco at all."

"They'll be good, Chick." Little Molly's little chin snapped her jaws shut. "What can Mother Durand do to prevent it?"

"It isn't so much what she can do, as what she will do," I grinned.

We began to find out the next Sunday afternoon, in Duluth. Just as I spoke the line in the Scotch impersonation—Molly had begged another week's trial—which drew the biggest laugh in the act, a piece of heavy scenery fell back of the drop in front of which we were working. The crash of it killed the laugh. The audience missed my last words.

"What a shame!" Mother Durand indignantly declared as we came off at the close of our turn. "I gave my carpenter the devil for his carelessness."

That night, with all the critics out in front, during an imitation in which Molly and I depended on facial expressions I noticed the curtain back of us swaying in long ripples that chased themselves across it from side to side.

As I watched, someone backed into the curtain, bulging it out toward the audience, whose attention was of course taken from Molly and me. A minute later the steel chains which Dawn used in a slave dance dropped on the floor with a rattle and clank at the exact second I finished saying a line that was good for a slow but sure-fire laugh—if the audience was given a quiet second to see the point.

"You couldn't know any better where our best laughs come if you'd written the act yourself," I told Mother Durand as soon as we got off.

"I'm awfully sorry," she apologized. "It won't happen again."

"What can I expect next week in Winnipeg," I asked, smiling pretty—"hammering or loud talking?" Which I figured would prevent her from using those two tricks.

"It's awfully hard to believe she's doing those things intentionally," Molly said that night as we stood a moment at the door of her hotel, where I'd taken her after the show. "She's so jolly and—and likable outside the theater."

"Have you been chumming around with her and Dawn?" I asked.

"Well, being in the same hotels with them—and you always at a stag hotel—you know, at mealtimes and—and that quieting-down hour after the night show—like now—well, I ——" She hesitated.

"Oh, it's all right, I guess," I smiled. "Good night."

"Oh, Chick!" Molly detained me.

"Yes?"

"Don't you think it would be—er—aren't you going to call a rehearsal for tomorrow morning?"

"What for?"

"Well, the—the Scotch impersonation."

"Commencing next week, the Scotch impersonation is out," I grinned. "It's getting no better rapidly."

"Oh," murmured her majesty, drawing herself up regally to all of her four foot eleven.

"Nix on the upstage stuff," I had to smile. "If anyone's got a kick coming it's yours truly, losing that laugh. Some day you'll maybe pick up the dialect, the way I did, the only right way, by chasing around for a couple of weeks with a real Scotchman, listening to him talk."

"Oh," again said Molly. "Good night." She started toward the desk, then suddenly turned. "I may have some word about our partnership contracts in another day or so."

"No hurry," I said, taking the air.

She must have believed me. It was over three weeks before she even mentioned the contracts again. Not because she hadn't heard from Ransome, because she did. A letter I found in Winnipeg proved that. But in the meantime Molly had picked up her John, the Honorable Archy Hepplestone, etc., etc., Cavendish.

You must know that by the time we crossed the border everybody knew everybody else on the bill. The two most popular members of the troupe were Molly and Georgia Melody, one of the three girls in the musical act that went on second. Georgia was about twenty-four, a natural clown on and off the stage. She had a man's voice, really a deep rich contralto, and she talked and kidded like a man, with never a sting or a backhanded swipe in her chatter from one week's end to another. No one on the bill but myself knew that Georgia recently had quietly married a good friend of mine and was making her last trip as a member of the trio, living cheaply and saving hard in order to protect her husband and herself against any unlucky breaks that might befall the double act they intended to try out during the summer.

"Listen, Chick," Georgia told me in Winnipeg Monday night just before I went on for our turn, "one of the acrobats thinks I'm Cleopatra. He wants to take me to an Egyptian or maybe Armenian chop-suey joint tonight. I told him I'd love to, only I had a date with you. Are you going to make good?"

"Sure," I laughed. "Where shall we go?"

"I know a place where fifteen cents buys the most beautiful sandwich in Canada. And the beer—oh, boy!"

"Can I come too?"

It was Molly. She'd come up while we were talking.

"Nobody's barred who's got the price," Georgia welcomed her. "But listen, doll: you'll have to cut out all the rough stuff. This place is a ree-fined dump inhabited by ladies, gents and remittance men. There ain't even a bouncer to size you up as you enter."

As we entered the café, a small, clean, cozy little hideaway off the main thoroughfare, I saw, taking his hat check from the girl, a tall, heavily tanned, clean-featured young chap with a magnificent pair of shoulders on him. His keen blue eyes fell on Molly. At that instant she saw him. Her face lit up with a pleased smile.

"By Jove, Miss Wills!"

"Mr. Cavendish. This is a surprise!"

"Rather!" Cavendish smiled, wringing Molly's hand. "Delighted beyond mere syllables, of course." In spite of a certain brittleness in his pronunciation, even without that "mere syllables" line, you couldn't mistake Cavendish for any but one of his British majesty's loyal subjects.

"Won't you join us?" I asked after we'd been introduced.

"Oh, I say, now ——"

"Please do," Molly urged.

"Thanks so much, but only on one condition: It shall be my party. You'll do me that favor, what?"

Before I could protest Molly had taken Cavendish's arm and was following the head waiter to a table.

"Pretty soft," Georgia whispered. "This John looks lousy with money."

It appeared that Cavendish had met Molly in the States during a golf tournament at Molly's country club, but from the way they gabbed it up you'd have imagined they'd been brought up in the same block instead of knowing each other for only a week. And Molly was doing most of the leading.

The last thing she said that night as we stood in the lobby of her hotel was "You won't forget to call for me in the morning—about ten o'clock?"

"No fear," Archy replied.

"We're going golfing," Molly explained. "You don't play, do you, Chick?"

I shook my head.

"Too bad," mumbled Archy, like you and I would say "Gimme ginger ale."

For the rest of the week the only times I saw Molly were on the stage. She came to the theater just in time to make up, play the act, dress for the street and meet Cavendish, waiting with a taxi at the stage door. I won't say that had anything to do with it, but toward the end of the week I began missing regularly some of the comedy points in the act.

"Listen, Chick," Georgia asked me after watching the Friday matinée at my request—Georgia and I were clowning along, digging up cheap and filling restaurants

The Trade Mark

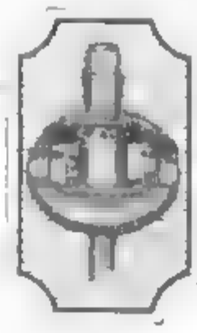
BOSCH

IGNITION
STARTING
LIGHTING

THE dependable qualities of Bosch Starting, Lighting and Ignition Systems are so well known that they are recognized everywhere as the standard QUALITY products. Built by a manufacturing organization whose wide experience and high standards are known throughout the world, they are accepted by owners and manufacturers alike as the most efficient and dependable electrical units available for automotive use.

Be Satisfied! *Specify Bosch!*

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORP'N
New York Springfield, Mass. Chicago
Detroit San Francisco



Bosch Battery Ignition Governor

Ingenious Spark Control Mechanism

WHITING-ADAMS

That name is all you need to know about a

BRUSH

IT GUARANTEES

HIGHEST QUALITY
LONGEST WEAR
LOWEST PRICE

WHITING-ADAMS
Trade VULCAN Mark
Rubber Cemented Brushes

Inside the binding of each brush every bristle is set in pure plastic RUBBER vulcanized hard and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

No second-hand junk rubber is used—no substitute—no imitation—no synthetic rubber—nothing but new, clean, pure, strong RUBBER.

Send for Illustrated Literature

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
BOSTON, U. S. A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over 113 Years

Whiting-Adams Brushes awarded Gold Medal and Official Blue Ribbon, the highest award at Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915

Cravener Carried On—

And Earned $736.00 In His First Three Months!

Mr. George Cravener

THIS story dates back about ten years—to the time when Mr. Ellery Mahaffey of Pennsylvania first became our representative. Since then Mr. Mahaffey has earned his way through school, college and law school with Curtis dollars (we have paid him as much as $600.00 for one month's summer work). Then an extensive law practice compelled him to discontinue with us. So he asked Mr. George Cravener to carry on—*and Cravener did!*

A Permanent Profitable Business

WHEN writing us that he recommended Mr. Cravener as his successor Mahaffey said:

"My experience as a salesman for your publications is the most valuable asset I possess as a lawyer."

That the Curtis plan is permanent and extremely profitable is evidenced by the fact that George Cravener, in three months, secured approximately 1000 renewal and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, for which we paid him $736.00—profits at the rate of $9.50 a day for an average of 13 subscriptions. Why not let us establish *you* in a well-paying business?

Mr. Ellery Mahaffey

Why Not You, too?

The Curtis opportunity is just as big as you have a mind to make it. You may devote as much or as little time to our work as you wish. Your time is your own. And you need no previous experience to succeed—just the willingness to try. Profits begin at once. But let us tell you all about our cash offer.

This Coupon is for YOU—Use it!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
930 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Indeed I am interested in your offer. While I assume no obligation in asking, please send me full details.

Name

Address

City State

PATENTS. [illegible] RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY
[illegible]
Kel-Lac Kompany Paducah, Ky

Decorate Your Walls
With FRENCH SCENIC PAPERS
Which are in effect beautiful mural paintings
[illegible]
A. L. DIAMENT & CO. 101 Park Ave., New York

and inhaling the rarified Manitoban atmosphere during morning walks—"have you wised Molly up to Mother Durand?"

I nodded. "Why?"

"Nothing. Only I know that Dawn and her doting parent are horning in on the after-theater suppers Cavendish is buying every night. He spends loose for a Scotchman, doesn't he?"

"I thought he was English."

"Molly told me his father is a famous Scotch golf-course engineer, or something in-trick-ate like that. Anyway, your act needs a stiff rehearsal."

Two rotten performances the next day, Saturday, proved it Going to Molly's dressing room, after packing up, I found her dressed and ready for the street.

"In Calgary," I started ——

"Did you know Archy is going on to Calgary with us?" Molly interrupted, working on her gloves. "Isn't that nice?"

"Nice for you," I politely replied.

"Chick, why are you so cantankerous? Why don't you like Mr. Cavendish? Why don't you ever accept any of his invitations?"

"Why," I stalled, "every time he's asked me I—I've been dated up with Georgia Melody."

"She's so jolly, isn't she?" Molly answered, pulling a button off her glove. "I wish you liked my friends as well as I like yours."

"It's none of my business who your friends are," I told her. "You can string Cavendish for all the parties you please ——"

"Chick!" Molly's eyes flashed fire.

"Excuse me. Maybe you are really fond of him. And that's none of my business. What is my business is the habit you've developed of walking away from me while I'm talking to you on the stage."

Molly's eyes opened wide. "Why, I thought—I understood ——"

"So do I," I cut in smoothly. "It's the oldest trick in the game for attracting the attention of the audience to yourself."

"Perhaps you'd better call a rehearsal for the act," Molly answered quietly. "We could talk things over better."

Turning on her heel she walked out to Cavendish, waiting to drive her to the station.

Turning to follow her I noticed a long legal envelope on her make-up shelf. Picking it up to learn whether it might be something of importance my élite society partner had overlooked in her haste to meet Archy, I saw in one corner "Return to A. W. Ransome." The postmark was three days old. Though the envelope was empty it told me plainly that Molly was holding out on the partnership contract, one way or another.

"Listen, goof," Georgia said the next day on the train, "does Molly know we're the separate-check kids? Does she realize I've been in the business too long to expect or let any performer pay for my meals? Is she hep to the fact that we're taking turns buying tickets to the movies we see after dinner once in a while?"

"How do I know?" I asked.

"Does she know I'm passionately bugs over my husband?"

"You asked me not to tell anybody you were married," I answered.

"Honest, Chick"—Georgia rose and stepped out into the aisle—"if my husband was as dumb as you I'd be a widow."

I blamed the audiences in Calgary for the poor results we got. But when in Vancouver—to which metropolis Cavendish Pullmaned right along with the troupe—we created barely enough applause at the opening matinée to take two bows; when the papers, Tuesday morning, instead of saying, "The hit of the bill was Molly Wills and Chick Stedman, a good-looking, likable young couple in an engaging skit"—the sort of notices we'd been getting—when instead of that they read, 'Others on the bill were Wills and Stedman, and the Boswing Brothers, sterling acrobats," I knew something had to be done or we'd never get a chance at the Frisco audiences. And that would mean the finish of our act on the big time.

I began to watch every move Molly made on the stage. During the next three performances she pulled every known trick to kill a laugh, distract attention and otherwise make it impossible for her partner. If she'd been getting her own laughs I'd have understood she was trying to hog the act. But she was ruining her own stuff as completely as mine.

I knew she hadn't been in the game long enough to have learned for herself all the selfish tricks she was employing. Someone must have told her. Not Cavendish, with whom she golfed every morning; he didn't know anything about show business. But someone had coached her who —— I got it. Mother Durand! Mother Durand, posing as a friend, giving innocent little Molly advice, double-crossing her, persuading her to put in this bit of business and that gesture—systematically ruining our act because it was too great a hit for Dawn to follow successfully.

Finding the answer helped only a little. One rehearsal would clean up that part of it But the big thing, the thing that had taken the life out of the act, was that Molly and I were not working together harmoniously. There was no unction, no spirit, no pleasure in our work. Even if mechanically correct, until we could recreate the kiddish, kidding, gosh-ain't-my-partner-clever atmosphere and impression, the act would never be the hit it had been before Molly's John became the wonder of the troupe.

Worrying over it led to the explosion I staged Wednesday night, the explosion which settled my fate, even though I didn't know it at the time. Halfway through our act I heard voices—two men. I could tell they were standing directly back of us behind the drop curtain. As their conversation grew more animated I recognized Archy's voice and the high-pitched tones of Kleinburgh, the fiddle player with Dawn's act.

"Quiet, back there!" I grated, turning my back to the audience.

The voices sank to a whisper. But a moment later they rose again, just loud enough to drive Molly and me crazy as we worked. Mother Durand's voice made it a trio a second later.

"Quiet!" I ordered again.

Molly started an imitation, the longest and most difficult she had. The voices back of the curtain rose. Came a snicker. Molly twitched with nervousness. Suddenly a low laugh rang out from behind the curtain. Molly's tongue stumbled. That frightened her. Repeating, she tripped on the word a second time. I saw she'd forgotten her next line. Even when I prompted her—put the words in her mouth—she was too flustered to continue. In the ghastly second of dead silence that followed her complete breakdown I saw her eyes sicken with mortification.

Catching the leader's eye I gave the cue for our closing number. Hurrying through, while the house was still half-heartedly applauding, I walked straight up to Kleinburgh, still chatting with Cavendish and Mrs. Durand. Swinging from the hip I landed square on his jaw.

"When you get up," I said, "I'd like to hear the funny story you were telling while my partner was trying to do her hardest imitation."

"Chick!" Mother Durand seized my arm.

"I'll show you a copy of the wire I'm sending the office tonight, mother, telling them about the noisy stage crew you're carrying," I told her.

"Stedman, old chap, I'd like to apologize." It was Cavendish.

"You're going to—but to Molly, not to me," I said, not seeing his hand.

Naturally when Jim Penning, the house manager, stopped me as I entered the theater the next afternoon, I was prepared to hear something not so pleasant.

"I thought you might like to know," he said, "that Kennison will be in Seattle Monday afternoon to look over the bill before it goes into Frisco." He started to leave.

"Wait, please, Mr. Penning." I'd got the tip of course. Reports on the show hadn't been any too good, and Kennison, vice president and Coast manager of the circuit, was going to give it the once-over in Seattle to determine which acts to take into San Francisco and which to sidetrack. "What kind of a report did you send in on my act?"

Penning gave it to me between the eyes. "Rotten. Neither of you is delivering the goods—you're simply walking through the act. If I didn't know you were a darn clever performer I might not be so sore. But when you gyp audiences, young man, you're not gypping anybody but yourself, as you'll realize if you lose Frisco. Think it over."

I was still thinking it over when I slipped on a smooth spot on the stage during our finishing dance and went down in a heap,

(Continued on Page 129)

STRIKES!

The Farmer Always Gets Stung

THE recent railroad and miners' strikes are estimated to have cost the farmers in California, alone, $25,000,000. How much have they cost you? Will yet cost you? No matter who wins in a capital and labor fight, the farmer has to pay—and pay big. How can these conflicts be stopped? How can the farmer be protected from having to foot the bill every time? Governor Allen of Kansas has developed a remedy.

A number of other prominent men have been studying all phases of the way this industrial situation is grinding down the farmer.

What they think they tell you in vigorous fashion *in the next 13 issues* of *The Country Gentleman*.

Every strike you can help prevent puts money in your pocket. Get behind this movement to abolish strikes.

Why Can't You Make More Money, Too?

Harry O'Brien traveled 3200 miles asking "dirt" farmers what makes them the most money.

What crop is most profitable in your locality? What enterprise? Are your methods right?

Is it good business to take on an additional enterprise?

O'Brien knows what will coin the most money. He got his information from successful farmers who have dug through these problems and whose proof is their bank balance.

Read what he says—*in the next 13 issues* of *The Country Gentleman*.

One item, one bit of fact, may mean the difference next year between an ordinary profit and a *big* profit for you.

How Much Do You Pay For Liquor?

Whether or not you buy any, you're paying for it.

Investigation shows that 90% of the farmers are dry.

The farmers voted for Prohibition because rum interferes with the successful operation of their farms. The present slipshod handling of the rum question is costing the farmer money.

How can rum-running and bootlegging be stopped, once and for all?

The Country Gentleman is publishing a remarkable series of articles showing what is happening and what can be done. Included is a stirring article by JAMES R. HOWARD, President of the American Farm Federation, on the farmers' attitude toward Prohibition.

These articles *in the next 13 issues* furnish the best answer to the "straw votes" with which we are being flooded.

13 ISSUES FOR ONLY 25 CENTS

We will send you the next 13 issues of *The Country Gentleman* containing these and many other important features for only 25 cents.

The Country Gentleman is a practical "dirt" farmer's publication.

It emphasizes the *business* end of farming, shows you constantly in hundreds of different ways how you can make more money out of farming in your section of the country.

40 pages, each week, packed with meaty, sound *help*.

Mail this coupon with 25 cents—coin, check, money order or stamps—we take the risk.

Your first issue, mailed promptly, will be worth to you more than the whole amount.

Only 25 cents. Mail the coupon *now* while you are thinking about it.

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

231 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
231 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Here's my 25 cents. Please send me *The Country Gentleman* for thirteen issues, beginning at once.

25¢

Name

R F D

Town

State

THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES DEALING WITH THE VALUE OF ART IN YOUR CHILD'S EDUCATION

Building habits of clear thinking —with school art

PERHAPS the most vital problem facing the teachers in the schools today is that of helping your child to think clearly and accurately.

His mind is busy with a confusion of ideas, half-formed images that have never been shaped into concrete thoughts.

The teachers realize this and are meeting the problem vigorously and intelligently. They are building in your child the capacity to observe, to understand and to remember. And this capacity lies at the very base of sound thinking.

This is the power which has made famous many of the great characters of history. John Hay said of Sir Walter Scott, "His power of acquiring and retaining serviceable facts was almost inconceivable."

The significance of school art

Art education is claiming a leading part in this work and is considered by prominent educators an important influence in developing the child's ability to think clearly.

With classes in drawing your child is being taught to do for himself. From your own experience you know what a vast difference exists between doing a thing and seeing it done. The doing demands creative thought, occupying the attention, capturing the interest and busying the hand. Thus is the thought of the accomplishment stamped indelibly upon your mind, and your store of knowledge increased.

In such a light is the significance of school art seen. Hendrik Van Loon says in his Story of Mankind, "The experiments of many years in the Children's School of New York have convinced the author that few children will ever forget what they have drawn, while very few will ever remember what they have merely read."

Thus art in the school has become a means of developing close attention and keen observation. Through it the young mind is growing in its power to sift, to accept and reject facts.

And beyond these benefits which are measurable by their practical returns is the cultural benefit of art. Without the development of the artistic sense no man or nation ever reached the heights of a rounded culture.

The need for vigorous support

Great credit belongs to the art directors, teachers, school superintendents and school boards for the very real progress that is being made in school art today. Theirs has been a battle fought almost single-handed against a widespread public indifference.

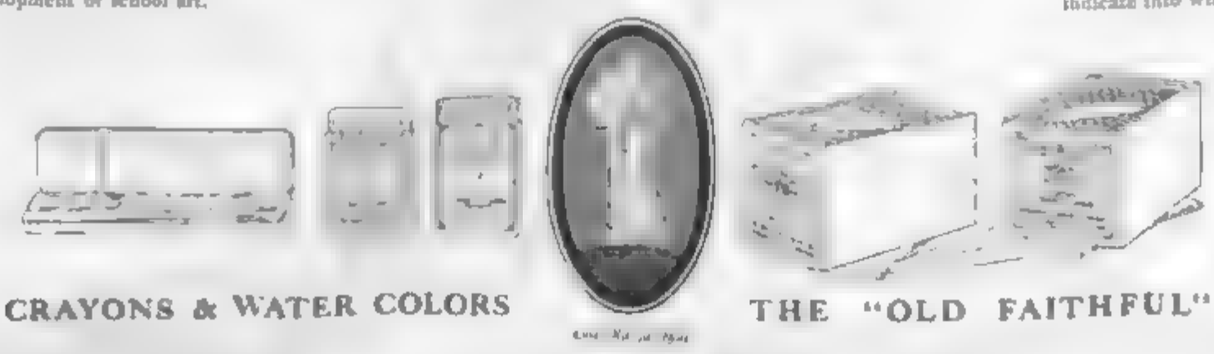
If the schools of your community are backward in this growth it is largely because the parents have failed to lend the measure of support which this subject deserves.

For the good of your child and every other child in your town, you should discover what your school art situation is. You should actively encourage the men and women who are engaged in this work of building habits of clear thinking in your child, and who are thus raising your community to a higher level of efficiency and culture.

Since 1835, when the ... a first stick of chalk was made in Waltham, Mass., The American Crayon Company has faithfully served the schools of America. The "Old Faithful" chalks—Waltham, Hygeia, Dovercliff and Sterling—are among the most widely used in America. Prang Water Colors, Prang Crayons and Prang Pencils have for more than fifty years played an important part in the development of school art.

THE AMERICAN CRAYON COMPANY
Established 1835
Sandusky, Ohio New York
The world's largest makers of chalks, crayons and water colors

If you are an art director, school superintendent, teacher, member of a school board or parent of a boy or girl in school, the future of school art is a thing of direct concern to you. We have further interesting and valuable information on this subject which we believe you will want. In writing for it please indicate into which of these groups you fall.



PRANG CRAYONS & WATER COLORS THE "OLD FAITHFUL" CHALKS

(Continued from Page 126)

my foot under me. Crack went the old ankle. Nothing broken, but a nasty sprain that would keep me limping for three or four days, that would keep me off my feet every possible minute, hoping to get it in dancing condition for Monday in Seattle; a sprain that would prevent me rehearsing until after Kennison had seen the act.

Good-by, Frisco! Farewell!

The slight hope that all might yet be well which welled in my sunken bosom when I saw Cavendish left on the pier waving his handkerchief to Molly as the steamer swung us out into the Sound, added to the fact that I knew my ankle would carry me through our dances Monday, was squashed one minute before I stepped on the stage for the fateful matinée. Mother Durand called my attention to Molly, standing on the opposite side of the stage.

"Isn't that a love of a hat Molly has? And so becoming!"

It was bigger than an umbrella, the thing Molly had on her head; one of those flapping, flopping picture hats trimmed with every known species of flower and grain.

All she had to do in that hat was to turn her profile to the audience, and not only would the customers not be able to see her face but also they wouldn't be able to understand a third of what she said. Which is exactly the way Molly stood all through our first number.

"Take it off," I whispered to her. She pretended not to understand.

"The botanical garden—take it off!" I told her when by mistake the natives laughed at something.

Molly shook her head.

"Atlas had nothing on you," I said out loud, touching a sheaf of wheat and barley stalks on the hat. "He carried the world on his shoulders, but you're juggling the whole country on your head."

I figured the big laugh that got—from everybody except Molly—might induce her to remove the lid.

"I can't take it off," she told me coolly. "I didn't have time to do my hair."

That licked me. I quit like a yellow pup. With Kennison out in front, with our future at stake, my partner hadn't thought enough of the act to take time to comb her hair.

After stealing one bow at the end of the dismal flop I started toward my dressing room.

"Have you anything to say to me?" Molly asked.

I shook my head. Then, just to make sure, I asked, "Where did you get the idea of wearing a hat like that?"

"Mother Durand told me ——"

"She wins," I interrupted, turning away.

"Just a moment, please." Molly's tone was as unemotional as a cold corn fritter. "There will be a rehearsal immediately after the matinée today—for the good of the act."

"Or what's left of it," I added. "Very well, your majesty."

After the audience had been played out, after the musicians had left the theater, after the stage hands had neatly piled the scenery and props along the side walls of the stage, after the Boswing Brothers had washed up and slammed the stage door behind them, I walked out to Molly on the big bare stage, on which a single pilot light, standing down near the cold footlights, threw huge black distorted shadows.

"Where do you want to begin?" I inquired.

"At the beginning: from the moment you first mentioned the contract to me."

"I beg your pardon; is this a rehearsal or ——"

"It's for the good of the act, or, as you so sweetly put it, what's left of it," Molly replied evenly. "If you imagine I'm going to release you so you can team up with Georgia Melody ——"

"Team up with Georgia!" I gasped. "What the heck are you talking about?"

"Mother Durand told me ——"

"Oh, she did, did she? Well ——"

"And my own ears and eyes informed me that you preferred her society to mine. So when one of the girls in the act told me this was Georgia's last trip with the trio ——"

"It is. She's going out next season in an act with her husband."

"Her husband!" Molly stared at me. "Has she a hu-husband?"

"Would you like to see the note he wrote me asking me to look out for her comfort on this trip?" I asked.

Molly's chin protruded ominously. "Why didn't you tell me ——"

"Maybe you can recall some moment when you weren't too occupied with your remittance-man friend ——"

"Remittance man!" Molly's voice rose, weakly shrill. "Archibald Hepplestone MacTague St. John Cavendish, the son, heir and partner of the greatest engineer in Scotland, a rem——" Her voice died away. "So that's why I got no help from you!"

"Help? You know I'd only have been in the way."

The hot fury that began sputtering and spilling from my partner's lips wasn't anything spontaneous or newborn.

"Do you suppose I'd have walked millions of miles and grown calluses on every finger and toe, pushing silly rubber balls over the prairies of Canada with a man who can't talk of anything but the bunkers and hazards he gets paid for cluttering up the landscape with, if he hadn't had a Scotch dialect that cropped to the surface and stayed there the minute he got his hand on a mashie?"

"Scotch dialect!" I echoed.

"Didn't you tell me that was the only way to learn it—to chase around with a real Scotchman?"

"I know—but I thought ——"

"Oh, ye thocht, did ye! Weel, laddie, I'll admit that Wulls and Stedman hae both been vur-r-ry thick; but o' the pair-r, I'm conveenced that you are the thicker-r-r. D'ye ken?"

Mad as she was, I had to laugh. Holy finnan haddie, what a burring, crackling dialect little Molly Wills had planted in her musical voice!

Slowly Molly quieted down. "So much for that." With something of hesitancy in her manner she took a letter from her bag. "Now about the contract. Please read this."

It was a letter dated the same as the postmark on the envelope I'd found in Winnipeg on Molly's make-up shelf. Skimming through it I came to the last page:

—— and I positively will not traipse up to Canada to meet your new-found friend. The score between your intuition and my advice is overwhelmingly in your favor. Then why, suddenly, are you so dependent on my judgment?

In short, my dear, I'm far too old and old-fashioned to bicker with you. Provided he be honest, courageous, no fool, and fond of you to the extent of crossing you when necessary, I stand ready to relinquish my hectic guardianship to whomsoever you choose—and may the Lord have mercy on his soul!

As always your devoted
ARTHUR W. RANSOME.

"Does this mean you and he rowed over the contract—and he's resigning?" I asked.

"He's pitifully glad to resign, the old duck. He's been trying to for years. That is why I barely got on the stage in time today. There were so many papers I had to sign before notaries and persons."

"Papers?"

"Yes. The petition—our petition to the court to appoint the new guardian I've chosen."

Something in the quaver of her voice, something in the roundness of her eye started a sinking sensation in the pit of my being.

"Do I know er—who is he?"

Molly sighed. "You."

"Me!"

"Mr. Ransome agreed with me that any man eager to murder a fiddler, a fiend and a foreign golf bug all at the same time in my behalf had the proper foundation to become my guardian."

"I know, Molly, but ——" I shook my head. A thousand reasons crowded into my mind for refusing. "Good Lord, it's impossible! I ——"

I noticed a quiver of that square little, soft little, aristocratic do-and-be-damned-to-you chin.

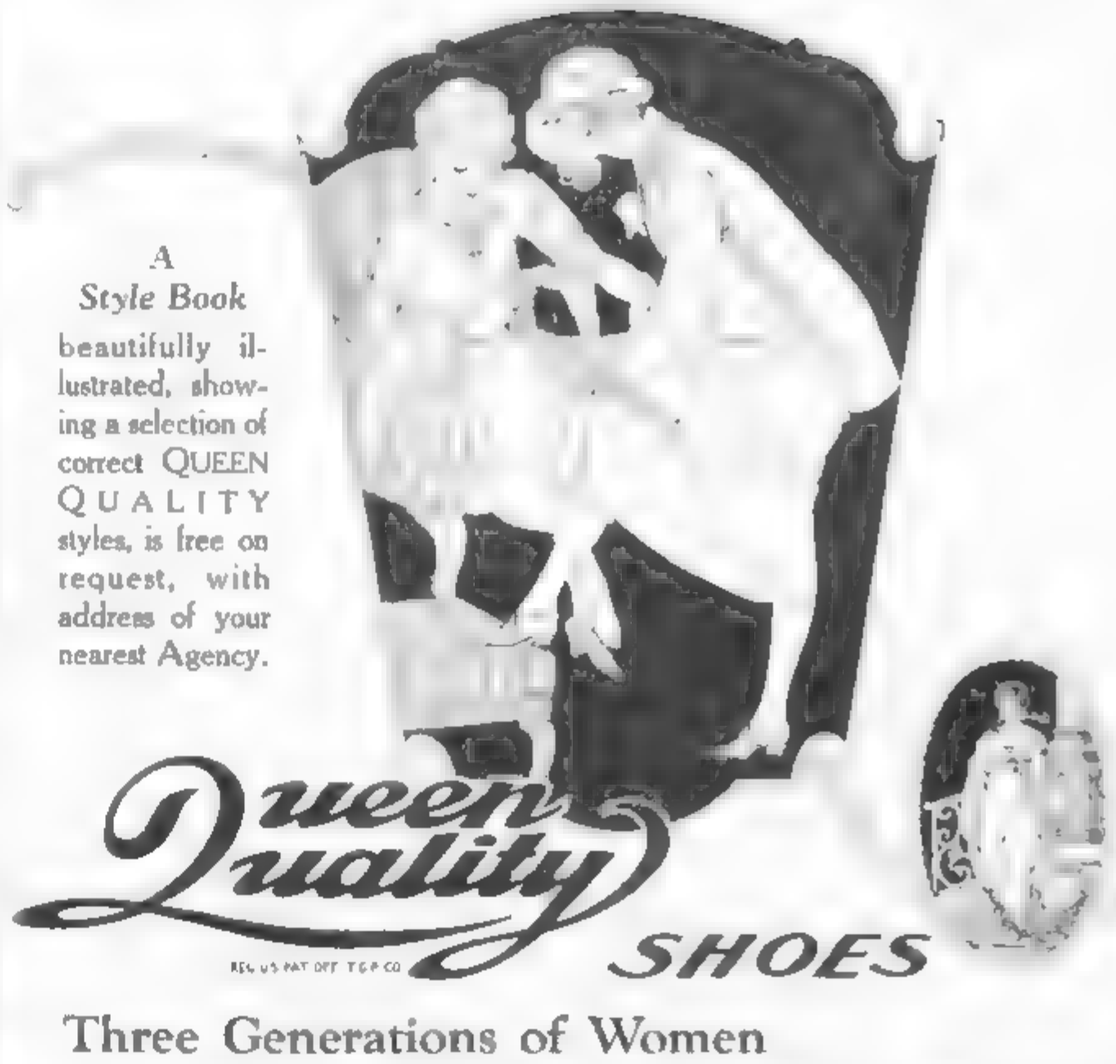
"D-don't you w-want to be b-bothered with me, Chick? D-don't you l-like me enough ——"

A big tear caught the rays of the pilot light, sparkled a tiny rainbow and rolled slowly down her cheek. Before it dropped I had my arms around Molly and was telling her a lot of things not even remotely connected with vaudeville.

We hadn't said nearly half the things that kept popping into our heads when the stage crew began drifting in.

"Suffering Greek restauranta!" I said. "Seven o'clock."

"And we haven't rehearsed," Molly wailed. "And Mr. Kennison is going to be out front tonight!"



A *Style Book* beautifully illustrated, showing a selection of correct QUEEN QUALITY styles, is free on request, with address of your nearest Agency.

Queen Quality SHOES

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. T.G.P. CO.

Three Generations of Women
Know that "Barefoot" Comfort!

MOTHERS, daughters and granddaughters are wearing Queen Quality shoes for their beauty and style—and for that wonderful "barefoot" ease. In Queen Quality footwear this comfort begins with the beautifully modeled lasts and is built into every step of style, design and manufacture.

You can best know Queen Quality style and comfort in actual wear, and if you will write us a beautifully illustrated booklet with the name of your dealer will be gladly supplied.

Look for the name—it is stamped on every pair

THOMAS G. PLANT COMPANY, *Makers*, BOSTON 20, MASS.

Wish Him a
WARM CHRISTMAS

IF he drives a Ford he absolutely NEEDS an Arvin Heater De Luxe for winter driving. It takes the edge off raw mornings and evenings and the bite from frosty days. It heats the Ford quickly and thoroughly in zero weather. No mechanical changes, nothing to get out of order, ABSOLUTELY NO UPKEEP. Make him happy for Christmas with a present of year 'round comfort. All accessory dealers sell ARVIN.

Buy it Today!

INDIANAPOLIS PUMP & TUBE COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

The ARVIN HEATER
De Luxe

For Ford Cars	$1.75
West of Rockies	$1.90
Canada	$2.50

Dodge $7.50
Maxwell $6.00

An Ideal Gift For a Man

EVERY year, about this time, don't you begin to wonder what you should choose for Christmas to please the men-folks of your family, or your men friends? Instead of spending too much time in searching and too much money for the purchase, why not send them a gift which is sure to be welcome and which is easy for you to order—a remembrance that is inspiring, entertaining, and will be used for a whole year? We have just such a gift to recommend to you. It's a year's subscription for

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FROM corporation president to junior clerks, real men (and women, too) smile with delight at the arrival of "the new Post." Because one always finds in every issue something unusually clever and interesting, you will make a sure hit in ordering The Post for any friend.

Only $2.00 for 52 Issues

TO every person whom you delight with this most worth-while but inexpensive gift, we will send *cost-free*, in your name, in time to arrive in the Christmas mail, a superb gift announcement. This small black and white reproduction of it gives only a hint of the colorful loveliness of the original—from Murillo's master painting, "The Madonna and Child." Mail your order and remittance now to the address given below, giving your own name and address as well as those of the friends you select.

Two Other Desirable Gifts

You should also consider two other desirable gifts *The Ladies' Home Journal*—$1.50 a year, 12 issues—an ideal present for every thinking woman; and *The Country Gentleman* $1.00 a year, 52 issues—to please any rural friend

The Saturday Evening Post

929 Independence Square Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Tonight? Wasn't he there this afternoon?"

"No. Didn't you know his train was delayed? He wasn't expected till 4:30. Mrs. Durand told me."

"That's the one nice thing she's ever said," I told Molly. "She knew what that hat would do ——"

"Oh, Chick," Molly interrupted shyly. Head down, she started twisting a button on my coat. "She told me not to wear that hat if—if I hoped to retain my features intact."

"Then why——"

"Gee-whiz, I tried everything else to get you to call a rehearsal! But when you persisted in remaining aloof and North Polish, and when I saw that Mother Durand was satisfied we'd never go into Frisco with her darling daughter, I decided I might as well have my features wrecked along with the act—for all the fun I was getting out of life."

And what that remark made me do gave the stage hands something to talk about.

I spotted Kennison in the sixth row as soon as we went on that night. In three minutes we had him sitting up in his chair just like all the paid customers. He tried hard enough, but he couldn't help joining the laughs that were rolling toward us in waves. For, mister, little Molly and I were giving a show!—each trying to help the other fellow, both of us kidding each other, the audience and the world in general, working as smooth and joyous as a combined harvester and reaper in a field of golden grain. What our Scotch imitation did to them was simply brutal murder.

Taking our sixth bow I saw Kennison clapping one lily-white hand upon the other.

I'd just finished dressing when he entered my room. "Where's Miss Wills?" he growled.

I led him to her room.

"What's been the matter with you two the last week or two?" he asked sternly.

I looked at Molly. Molly looked at me.

"Well," I stalled, "you see, it was—er——"

"Never mind," Kennison cut in. "I just wanted to make sure Georgia Melody knew what she was talking about. Now"—he cleared his throat—"how many performances like the one you gave tonight could you give me in a week in San Francisco?"

I gulped "Fourteen, sir."

"We'll hope so. I'm shifting Mark Morris over to Oakland for a week before bringing him into San Francisco. Is there anything in your contract, young lady, which prevents you from appearing in the next-to-closing position?"

"I—I'll have to refer you to my guardian," Molly dimpled slyly.

"You?" Kennison faced me

"Yes, sir. You know, of course, we're not getting a next-to-closing salary."

"You can get it on a return tour of the circuit if you prove you can hold down the spot," Kennison returned.

"Oh, we can hold it down, sir," Molly piped.

"Um. Your confidence is assuring. I think that's all I had to say. Good night."

"Chick! We're made!" Molly crowed, dancing me around the room as soon as Kennison left. "Oh, wait till I write Sam Kovich! He told me there was a great future for us if I could keep you."

"Keep me!" I yelled.

"Yes. He said if I could persuade you into signing a binding contract——"

A great white light descended around me. "Molly!" I held her down by her shoulders. "Look at me in the eye. This guardianship—these papers I sign tomorrow—is, er—are——"

"Why, Chick," Molly replied, her big eyes full on mine, "you told me yourself that theatrical contracts were no good. So I had to get something that was, don't you see?"

"Let me write to Sam," I begged.

But we didn't. Instead we sent him some clippings from the Frisco papers. The shortest one of the clippings started off:

"Held over for their second week, the honors of the bill again fell to dainty Molly Wills and the smiling Chick Stedman," and so on, and so on, and so on.

Oh, boy!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

December 16, 1922

Cover Design by Neysa McMein

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Art for Red Gap's Sake—*Harry Leon Wilson*	3
Shylock—*Will Payne*	10
The Maneuvers of Molly—*Walter De Leon*	12
Cheap People—*Grace Torrey*	16
Finer Clay—*Frederic Arnold Kummer*	18
Who's the Boss?—*Robert Simpson*	32

ARTICLES

The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator—*Edwin Lefèvre*	8
Our New Transportation System—*Forrest Crissey*	14
The Magnetic West: The High Virgins—*Joseph Hergesheimer*	20
From McKinley to Harding—*H. H. Kohlsaat*	23
Back Stage—*Ruth Scott Miller*	38
As I Remember—*Jefferson Winter*	48

SERIALS

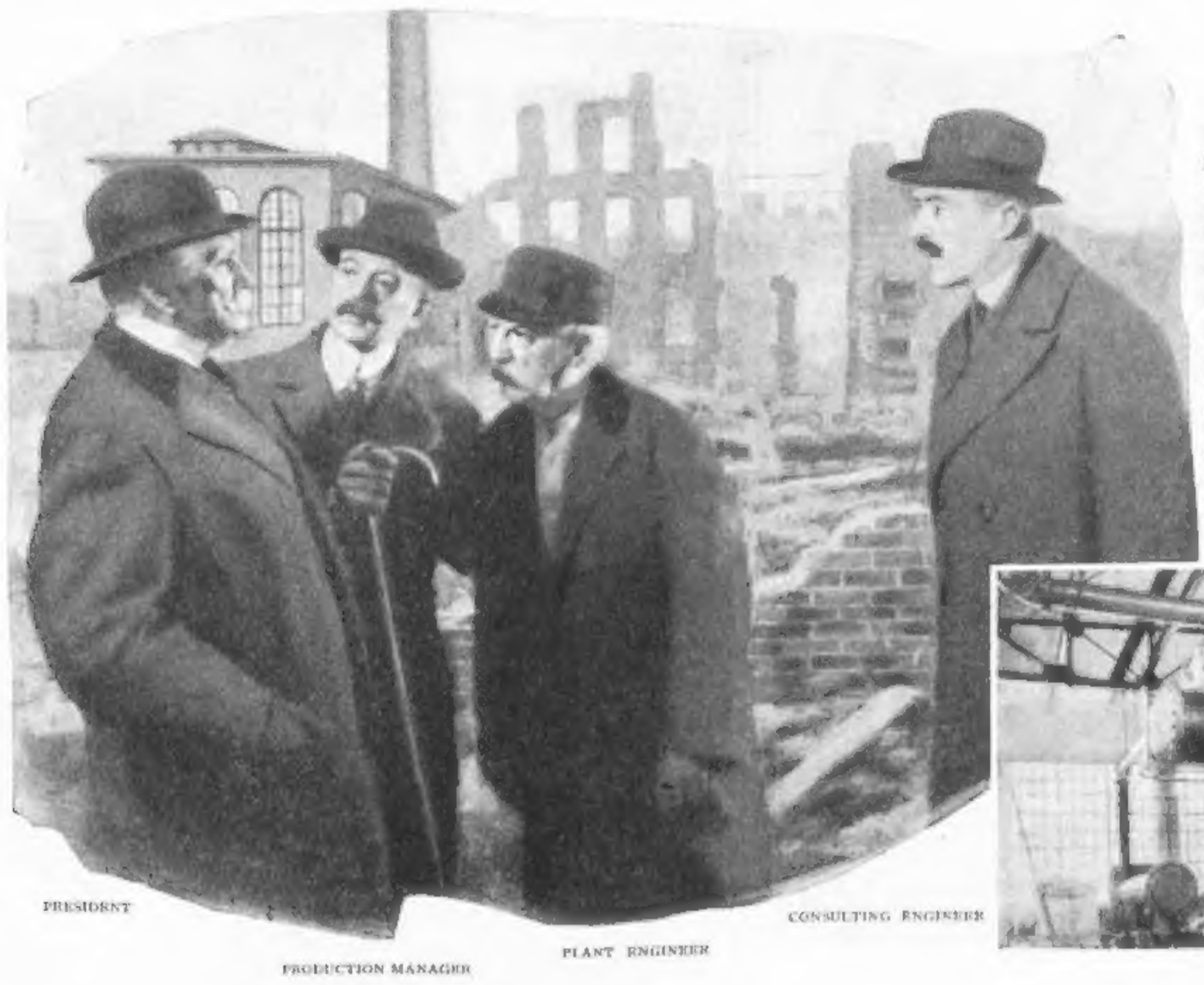
The Princess of Paradise Island (In five parts)—*Kenyon Gambier*	5
The Return of Frank Clamart (Fourth part)—*Henry C. Rowland*	26

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials	22
Short Turns and Encores	24
Sense and Nonsense	74

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

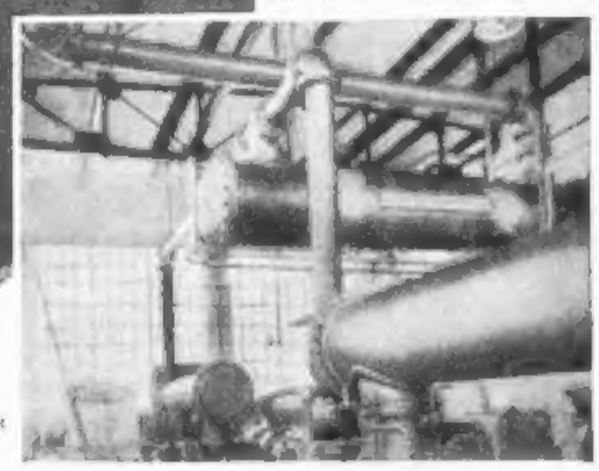
THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS REPEATED BY REQUEST



Dramatized Facts out of The Day's Work

No. 5
Where the facts came from

The speed with which the Grinnell Company served the great Wilson Foundry and Machine Company at Pontiac, Mich., during the war, when semi-steel shells were needed, closely parallels this incident. Their foundry is pictured below. Our first contract was completed six years ago. Since then, as the plant grew, we have executed eleven other piping installations for them. Smith, Hinchman & Grylls, Architects for Machine Shop, Foundry and Boiler House; Mills, Rhines, Bellman & Nordhoff, Architects for Foundry and Power House Extensions.



When a man's in a real hurry—

"Sixty days to clear the debris," said the Consulting Engineer. "By then we can get material on the ground for two standard buildings 80′ by 200′."

"Sixty days—nonsense!" exploded the President. "They told me the new buildings could be delivered in twenty!" Savagely he turned to his Production Manager, "Didn't you 'phone Pittsburgh to buy and ship machines at once?"

"Yes, and to pay any price. But the wrecking company can't clear the site—"

"Wait!" The President, who had not been himself since the night of the fire, paced up and down a moment, his head sunk almost on his chest, his hands nervously twisting and turning.

"Start to tear up our sidings, run a 200-foot steam main through the storage yards from the power house to the base-ball grounds. That'll save time!" Triumphantly he faced them.

The Plant Engineer stared—the Old Man's mind must have broken; he was maudlin. What could he mean?

But the Consulting Engineer caught the idea. "It's a cinch!" he said. "The new factory doesn't have to adjoin the old power house. We can start foundations in the ball-park tomorrow."

"How about the heating and all the process piping contracts? That work has to wait until the roof is on," said the Production Manager.

"They didn't wait during the war for a roof on the big Wilson Foundry job. The right kind of piping contractor will fabricate most of this work right in his own plant and have all his tools and materials on the job ready to begin on a day's notice. The piping crews will hang pipe as fast as each new steel section goes in."

With his old-time vigor the President said, "If we could only get one reliable concern to give that kind of service on all six installations—*then* we'd go some!"

"We can. Reliable? The Grinnell Company puts a guaranty behind ideas, men and materials. They're the people who did the Wilson Foundry job."

"Fine," laughed the President. "That reminds me we've *seven* contracts, not six. We almost forgot the Sprinklers."

Send for your copy of the "Grinnell Bulletin." Address Grinnell Co., Inc., 302 West Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

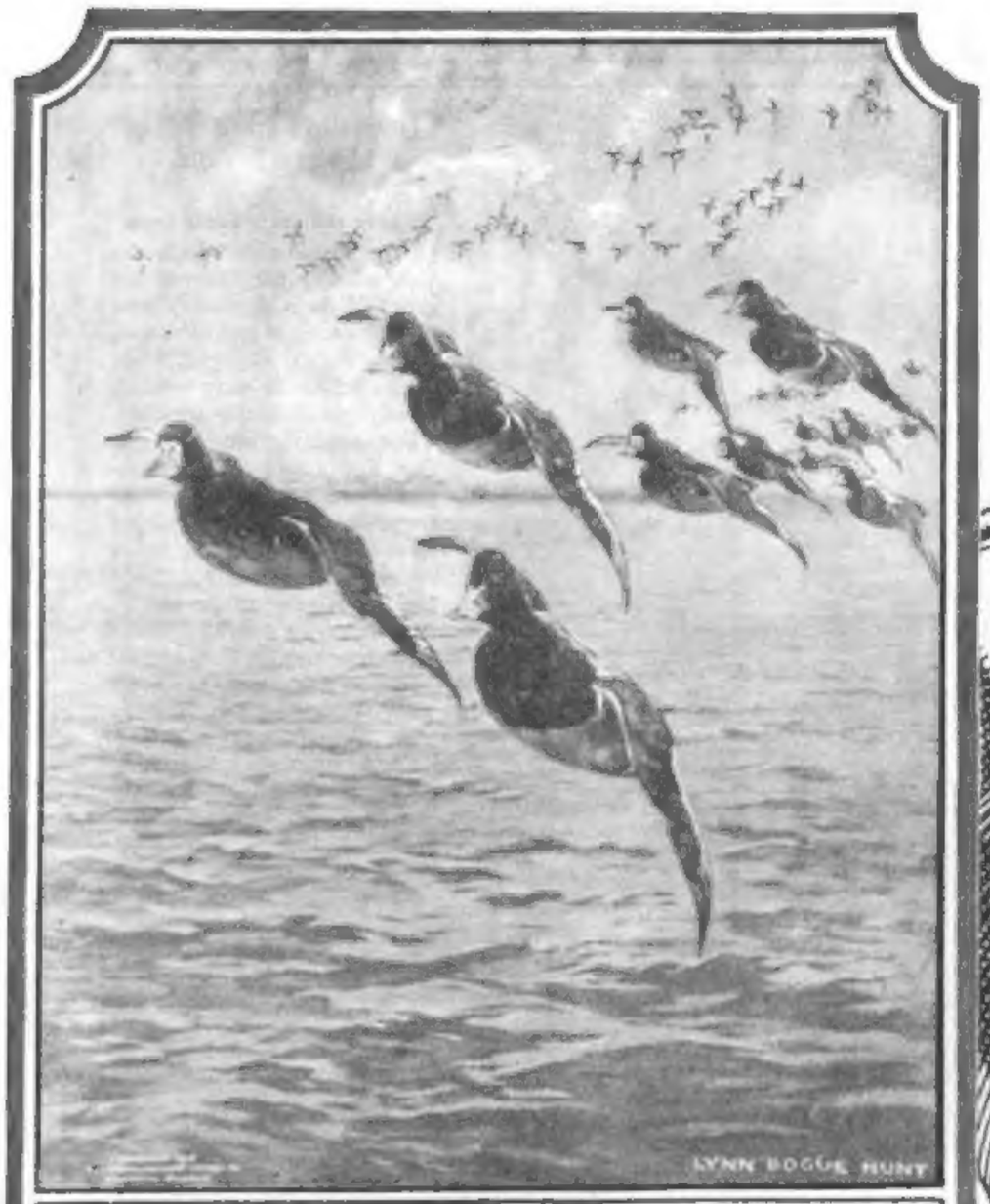
GRINNELL GUARANTY

Plant owners naturally hesitate about adopting improved types of piping equipment which they have never tried out. But engineers know that Grinnell Company maintains one of the world's greatest industrial laboratories and that its road force of 1300 men can be depended upon to do erecting work on a par with the finest engineering. They know the value to business men of *a courageous guaranty behind ideas, men and materials.*

GRINNELL COMPANY

Automatic Sprinkler Systems | Steam & Hot Water Heating Equipment | Humidifying and Drying Equipment | Fittings, Hangers and Valves | Pipe Bending, Welding, etc. | Power and Process Piping

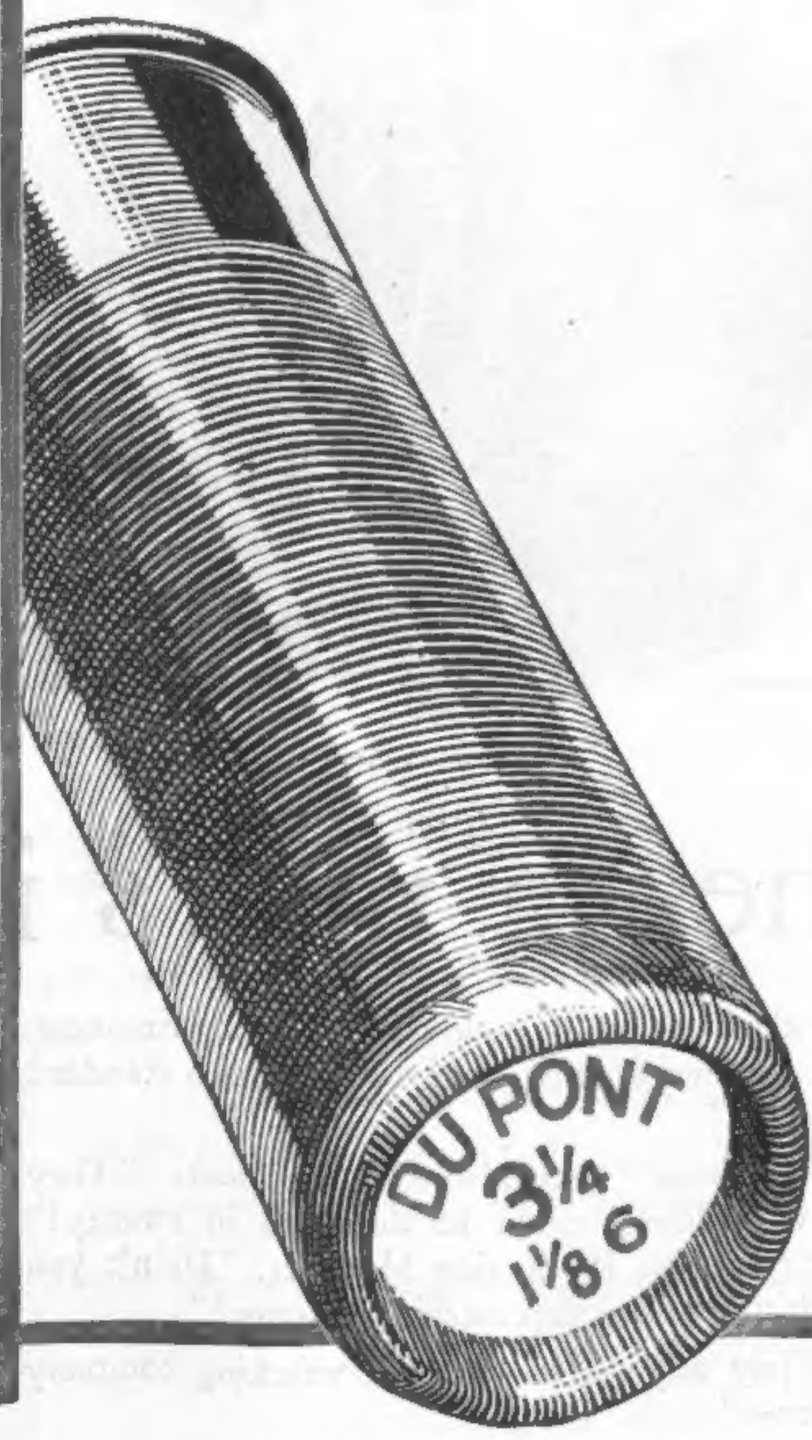
If it's Industrial Piping, take it up with us



Here they come—down wind like an express train, straight for the blind. This is the time for cool judgment, a steady hand and a load of dependable Du Pont or Ballistite Powder.

Du Pont makes powder—not shells. Du Pont Powders are loaded in every brand of shell. The name "DU PONT" or "BALLISTITE", printed on the carton and the top shot wad, tells you what powder you are shooting. Specify the powder when you buy the shell.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE



There must be a reason for the overwhelming preference for shells loaded with Du Pont and Ballistite Powders. There is—shooters can depend on their accuracy.

SHOOT DU PONT POWDERS

DU PONT

How many of the next generation will live 100 years?

MANY individuals have lived 100 years. The Englishman, Thomas Parr, lived 153 years, on a diet chiefly of milk. The eminent biologist, Metchnikoff, believed that milk was responsible for the many centenarians in Bulgaria and Serbia.

Milk is nature's most complete food, complete in elements that build bone and muscle and supply energy. But it is almost impossible to *drink* enough milk to supply our bodily requirements. We should have plenty of milk in our cooking, too, so that each person may be sure to get his full share of it.

Borden supplies safe, pure milk for every purpose, anywhere in this country. There is Eagle Brand, famous for generations as an infant food; Borden's Evaporated Milk for general household use; and the new Chocolate Malted Milk with the chocolate flavor right in it. Borden's Confections, too, are rich in milk.

For longevity and good health eat plenty of milk in your daily fare. Let your order always be for Borden's—you will thus be sure of quality in any milk product.

THE BORDEN COMPANY

Borden Building New York

Stamp out Tuberculosis *with Christmas Seals.*

Christmas morning—and in come the greatest artists!

The surprise and delight of a Victrola for Christmas! Music appropriate to Christmas; music for every day in the year; music so lifelike that the greatest artists select the Victrola as the one instrument to carry their art into the home. Buy a Victrola this Christmas—but be sure it *is* a Victrola. $25 to $1500.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.